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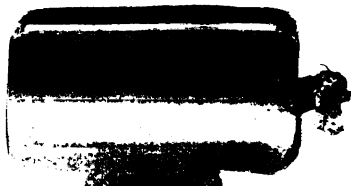
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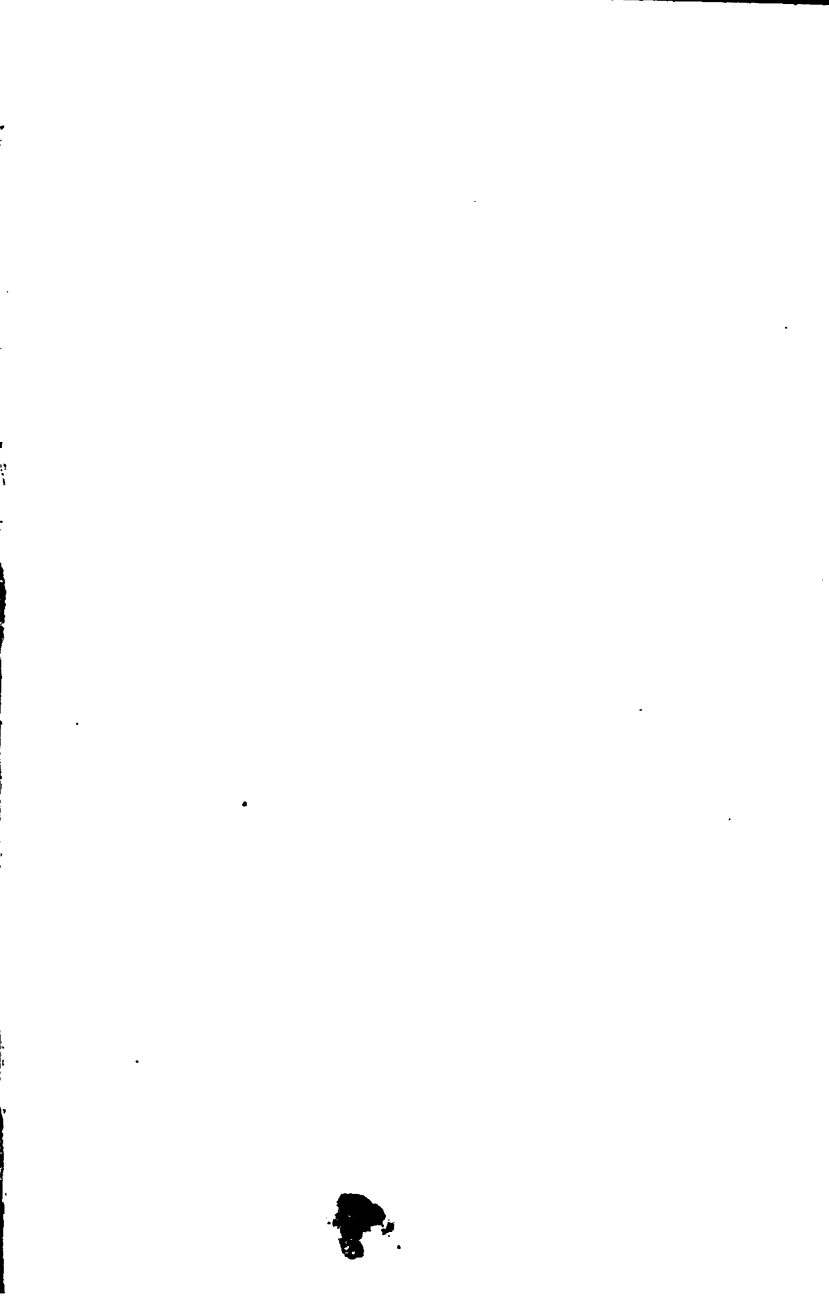
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IO ANCHE!

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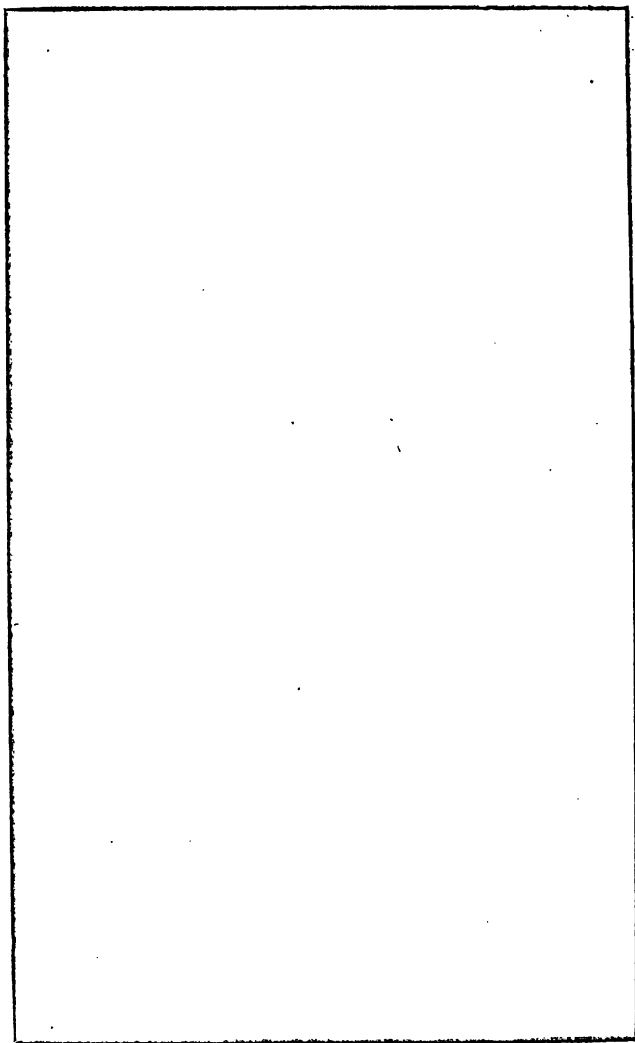




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With the Author's Compl<sup>ts</sup>

IO ANCHE!



I O A N C H E !

P O E M S ,

C H I E F L Y L Y R I C A L .

BY

THOMAS SMIBERT.

EDINBURGH: JAMES HOGG.

LONDON: R. GROOMBRIDGE & SONS.

MDCCL.



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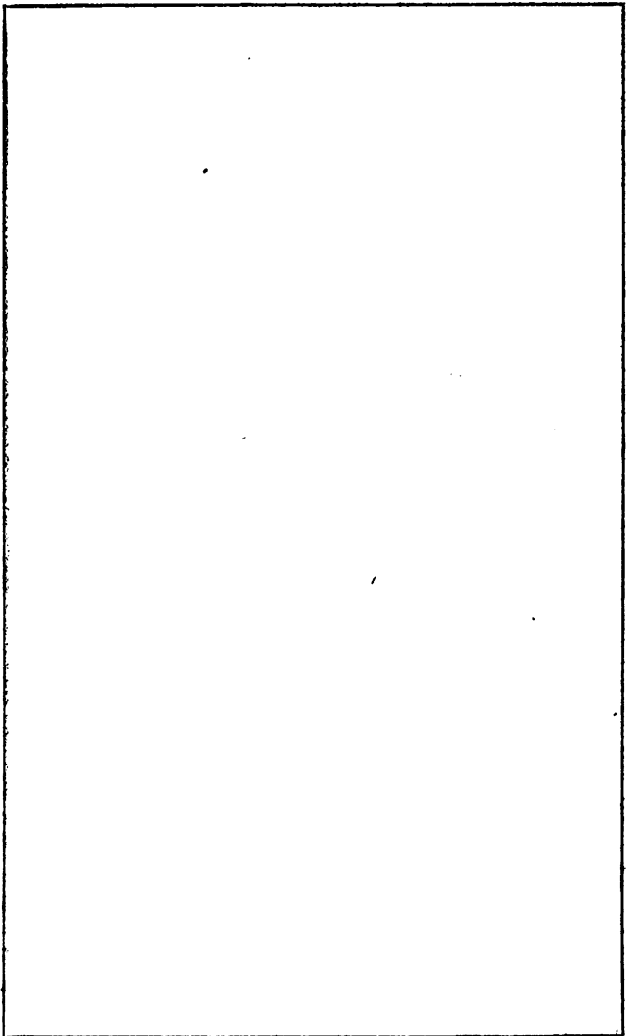
TO MY SISTER.

*Sister ! though thou dost say me Nay,  
My heart must here have its own way.  
To whom should be inscribed, indeed,  
These breathings of my humble reed,  
Saving to thee? But for thy love—  
Precious to me all loves above—  
And cares, so long, so often shown,  
Such strains, perchance, had been unblown.  
All that a wife could be, or mother,  
Hast thou been to a wayward brother,  
Since we were left on earth alone—  
Our parents to the last sleep gone,  
And those who with us shared their blood  
Borne elsewhere on the living flood.  
Alone yet dwell we ! But to me,  
All wants are counterpoised by thee.  
True friend, for ever by my side ;  
Companion, counsellor, and guide ;*

*A solace in the griefs of life,  
And calmer of its moods of strife ;  
In all that yields me pleasure sharing,  
For all I care for, warmly caring ;  
Ever a hope, a trust, a stay,  
Whatever troubles cross my way :—  
More hast thou been—more hast thou done—  
And recompense hast looked for none,  
Save that thy love with love should meet,  
And Home be still with Peace replete !  
What patron may have claims on me,  
Like these which appertain to thee ?  
Then, though it pain thy modest eye,  
Sister, do not my boon deny ;  
Forgive me, if I persevere  
My grateful breast to lighten here.  
Let me take joy, when comes my hour,  
To feel that, while within my power,  
My love for thee I spoke aloud,  
And in thy love was glad and proud.  
Give me the pleasure of the thought,  
That, if this book containeth ought  
Fitted to live, thine own dear name  
Shall share what meed it wins of fame ;  
And that, as on this earthly ball  
We have so long been all in all  
To one another, still we may,  
When frailty seeks its kindred clay,  
Of an associateship partake  
Which not the tomb itself can shake,*

---

*And which hath its abiding-place  
In the remembrance of our race !  
If thus I joy to hope, that here,  
Even on this transitory sphere,  
We may not wholly part, O ! how,  
In thankfulness, the heart should bow  
To Him who hath the prospect given  
Of endless fellowship in Heaven !  
Loved Sister, to the pure and good,  
Fixed ever hath this promise stood.  
Should I in life such trust secure,  
Our long communion must be sure :—  
Thou ever hast been Good and Pure !*



## PREFATORY.

IO ANCHE! All who are acquainted with the Italian language, however slightly, must know the literal meaning of these two words to be, "I ALSO!" Their appearance thus prominently, on the title-page of the present volume, may be explained in a great measure at the option of individuals. Whoever so chooses, is at liberty to regard them as indicating, merely, that the author is conscious of having here made a doubtful venture, such as many before him have tried, and few, of late days, with the full measure of success desired. Others, again, if so disposed, may give to *Io Anche* the not less justifiable signification of "EVEN I," and hold it accordingly to be expressive simply of a proper humility. However, in addition to such more superficial expositions, yet another view of the Italian phrase may be taken, and taken by parties to whom it is neither new nor devoid of associations. They may call to mind, that the famous painter Correggio, whose temperament, like his pencil, was modest exceedingly, laboured long under harassing doubts as to his own powers, now working at his easel with enthusiasm and pride, and now turn-

ing from it with dismay and despondency; and that the approbation of one whom he well nigh idolised, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, had alone power in the end to dispel his vacillating tremors, and to call up, from the depths of his heart, the delighted cry of *Io anche son pittore* ("I also am a painter")! But it was from the very fulness of his admiration for the works of others, it is to be noted, that Correggio thus spoke. His self-appreciation, so moderate in its character, and so slowly attained, led him to decry no man—to compare himself with none. Enough it was for him to feel, that his own long toils had not been wholly misdirected; and that in the days to come he might hope to be named, in however humble a place, among the followers of his beloved Art. As observed, this anecdote may be remembered now by some parties; and they may feel inclined to ascribe to it the suggestion of the title of the present volume. If so, let them likewise, in fairness, keep in mind the unpretending and unenvious spirit in which the words were originally employed, and generously assume a similar feeling to have here exercised a similar influence. Nor, if the Italian incident has been in view on this occasion, will it be just to hold, that it is desired to represent the two cases as intrinsically parallel or analogous. Spenser was the Correggio of our poetry; and presumptuous he would be, indeed, who should think of mating himself with the Laureate of Fairy-Land!

The secondary title of POEMS, here adopted, has fallen into too common use now-a-days to excite any remarks; although it may justly be held to assert

directly what *Io Anche*, at most, only leaves to be implied. This circumstance has not now been forgotten, and has even led, indeed, to some hesitation in prefixing to the following compositions a designation whose proper meaning cannot be too highly estimated. All this may seem to savour of affectation; but the truth is, that there exists much inequality in the contents of the present volume; and of this the author is so deeply conscious, that, though perhaps endowed with a fair share of egotism, he cannot but regard the collection, on the whole, with more of pain than either pride or pleasure. He has used the pen almost incessantly during a literary life of some considerable duration; and when he asks himself if this work be indeed all, or the best, which he can now offer to the world, to bear evidence to the labours of the past, or justify a claim to respect in the future, sentiments of regret are awakened in his mind in real earnest. Undoubtedly, a vast deal more than appears here has been written, and, in one or another place, published; but the great mass, being produced for temporary purposes, neither deserves nor could bear re-issue. On all those portions which do advance any feasible claims to be so honoured, the author has sat in personal and uncontrolled judgment, and finds himself constrained to admit, that almost every effort in verse—the species of composition here concerned—which is of value even in his own partial eyes, is compressible, and comprised, within the limits of this small publication. Such sweeping exclusions as have been deemed necessary, however, could not be made without exciting some melancholy



reflections—not on account of the value, but of the want of value, of the matter rejected. There is a period of life, when the prospective cry of Cowley, "What shall I do to be for ever known?" assumes the retrospective form of "What have I done to be for ever known?" At that period, even those who have done much are prone to think that they have done but little; while those who have really done but little are apt to imagine that little less. Nor must it be conceived, that such feelings can only assail parties impressed with a high opinion of their own powers and endowments. He who is conscious, that at best he could not have effected much, has all the more reason for regret, when he feels, perhaps too late, that even that limited amount has not been accomplished.

Common, too common, must be the latter case at the present day. The chief cause may be easily pointed out, and in some measure calls for such indication here, since it affords an apologetic explanation of circumstances that have affected alike the position of the present writer, and that of multitudes of contemporary cultivators of literature. An immense change has taken place in the condition of the literary world within the current century, and more particularly during the last thirty years. Above all, perhaps, has its influence been observable in relation to Poetry. Many persons among us are apt to feel astonished, that the progress of poetry does not bear an even ratio to the advance of society in general intelligence. If the ruder days of Greece, it is argued, gave birth to a Homer, and England, when just emerging

from comparative barbarism, sent forth a Shakspeare, what miracles of a kindred class ought not England, in the enlightened nineteenth century, to originate hourly? Nay, how comes it (continue the same reasoners) that even the generation of our own immediate sires should have emitted a most glorious galaxy of poetical constellations, while we, their successors, who have gone incalculably beyond them in so many other walks and ways, cannot boast of one single name in poetry, properly and distinctly our own, which deserves to be ranked with even the less exalted of theirs? To the former and general question answers have often been proffered, and the matter need not be re-argued here. To the latter interrogatory, however, which is the most interesting, as bearing specially on our own days, it is germane to the purpose on hand to give some attention. The point is one in which many are concerned.

The days which beheld the dawning efforts of Wordsworth, Rogers, Crabbe, Moore, Campbell, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, and other poetical lights of the last generation, though so little removed from our own, differed from these in several very important features. One distinction stands prominent above all others. PERIODICAL LITERATURE can scarcely be said to have had an existence in the earlier epoch. It is a creation of the nineteenth century, to all intents and purposes, and in all its principal existing phases, from Quarterly Reviews to Weekly Penny Magazines. Newspapers may even justly be accounted the growth of the same recent era, the few previously published

having been scarcely more than mere Gazettes, recording, less opinions, than bare public and business facts. At this day, the number of Periodicals issued in Great Britain, of one and another class, is well known to be very great, indeed immense. Equally vast, of necessity, is and must be the amount of literary talent engaged upon these journals, steadily and unremittingly; while a large additional amount of similar talent finds there occasional and ready outlets for its workings. Can this so strikingly novel system of things, it may then be asked, the creation entirely of the last thirty or forty years, have failed to affect, partially and aggregately, the "literary mind" of the nation, and deeply to modify, for good or for ill, the tone and character of all its products?

It is not to the bearing of Periodicalism on the public mind at large—not to its influence, good or bad, on society—that allusion is here made, the reader will observe. Its operation on the actual producers of literature is the matter under consideration; and there its effects have certainly been not less extensive than momentous. Most of all, as before remarked, have they been ~~felt~~ in the domain of Poetry. When even the bards of the very last generation were pluming their pinions for ethereal flights, not more than one or two worthy but anile journals, such as the Gentleman's and Scots' Magazines, existed as periodic outlets for the workings of juvenile genius; and, from glancing at the effusions there commonly introduced to view, one may apprehend with what scorn a Wordsworth would have scouted the idea of using such vehicles

for his inspirations. And well was it, indeed, to all appearance, for himself and his young contemporaries, that matters then stood thus, since they were not tempted to fritter away their minds upon "Poet's-corner" triflings, but felt impelled to high and sustained efforts, resulting in works deserving of being laid before their country isolatedly, and destined to immortality. Let it not be imagined, however, from these remarks, that the intrinsic genius of such men as Wordsworth, Crabbe, and Campbell, is here lost sight of or undervalued. Their intellects were of too high an order to be either the creations or the puppets of mere circumstances; nor is it even insinuated, that the current generation can boast of their equals, either known or obscure, in embryo or full-blown. All now advanced is, that the position of literature in their times was more favourable, than at present, to the devotion of talent to great single undertakings. They were assuredly not beset by the same seductive facilities for expending their powers on petty objects—facilities all the more fascinating, as comprising the pleasures of immediate publicity, and perhaps even of repute for a day, if not also of some direct remuneration. These influences of full-grown Periodicalism extend now to all who can read and write. But it entices most especially within its vortex those who exhibit an unusually fair share of early literary promise, involves them in its multitudinous and multifarious occupations, and, in short, divides and subdivides the operations of talent, until all prominent identity is destroyed, both in works and workers. To the growth

of this modern system, beyond question, is largely to be referred the comparative disappearance from among us of Great Literary Individualities; or, to use other and more accurate words, by that system have men of capacity been chiefly diverted from the composition of Great Individual Works, and more particularly Great Poems.

The cases of some distinguished writers, who may be said to have lived betwixt the present and the past generations, might be adduced to illustrate these remarks, did they need such illustration. Professor Wilson and Leigh Hunt, for example, might be pointed to as furnishing instances of able men led aside by Periodicalism from single tasks worthy of their powers. Our national literature thus and there lost the poems that should have fulfilled the young promise of the Isle of Palms and Rimini. It is true that these parties have since laboured neither unhonouredly nor uselessly; but their cases show not the less clearly the influence of Periodicalism in causing the modern dearth of Great Poems, which is the same thing, practically, with a dearth of Great Poets. And if men of such singularly rich and brilliant intellects (to whom Hoods and Hooks without number might be added) could be thus affected in their literary developments, and deprived of the power or desire of self-concentration, how much more strongly must less vigorous minds have been impressed by the like distracting causes! Moreover, as periodical writing has become more and more general, its character has by no means grown more elevated. While one or two leading Re-

views, Quarterlies and Monthlies, alone existed, they called for no insignificant individual efforts of mind on the part of their chief conductors and supporters; and these parties almost took rank with the authors of single works of importance. When collected, their writings had an interest independently. But within the last twenty years, periodical literature has become extensively hebdomadal, and even diurnal; and, as a necessary consequence, the essays of those sustaining it in this shape have decreased in proportionate value, at once from the larger amount of work demanded, and from the shorter time allowed for its execution. Such essays may serve the hour fairly, but can seldom be of high worth ultroneously. Still, the million call for such reading, and men of good abilities (if not of the stamp of the older periodicalists) are ready, as usual, to answer the demand with supply. Nor let it be imagined, that a literature of this description is here thought of meanly. It forms the very best possible evidence, on the contrary, of the advancing civilisation of recent days; and much valuable matter is through it put forth, to the lasting benefit of society. Its influence on the producers alone is referred to in the present observations.

The extent and variety of the labours, called for at the hands of those actively engaged on modern cheap periodicals, can scarcely be conceived by the uninitiated public. If their eyes were opened on the subject, they would certainly wonder less why it is that the literary talent of the current generation does not tend to display itself by striking isolated efforts. They

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would also more readily understand wherefore parties in the situation of the present writer (and they are numberless) may well experience some unsatisfactory feelings in looking back on the labours of the past. Though years spent in respectable periodical writing can by no means be termed mis-spent; yet such a career presents, in the retrospect, but a multitude of disconnected essays on all conceivable themes, and such as too often prove their hurried composition by crudenesses and imperfections. With very different feelings would the writer of such things (so he is at least apt to imagine) have viewed a single careful effort of his mind, had he been fortunèd to devote thereto the same term of his life. Few will be able to comprehend such sentiments, unless they have a clear idea of the extent of the cause; and therefore it is, partly, that the author of this volume has Appendixed a summary view of some of his own labours, in the way of periodical writing, during a number of years. The list will form, besides, no improper apology for imperfections in the contents of this volume, since these constitute the fruits, in the main, of the mere leisure moments snatched from other occupations. The record may also furnish a salutary lesson to the many among the young at this day, who, possessing some literary taste, imagine that the engagements of common life alone stand in the way of its successful development; and that to be enabled to pursue a life of professional writing, in any shape, would secure to them both fame and fortune, to the height of their desires. They here err sadly. No doubt, super-

eminent talents will, sooner or later, make themselves felt under almost any circumstances; but the position described, assuredly, offers no peculiar advantages for the furtherance of that end. Ebenezer Elliott, leaving his forge at eve with a wearied body, could yet bring to his favourite leisure-tasks a mind less jaded than that of the litterateur by profession. Even the days of Grub-Street, when the "skeleton in the house" of the poor author was perpetual poverty, left yet to the intellect superior facilities, in some respects, for self-concentration. Professional writers, too, had even then a larger concern both in the fame and profit of their own productions. The regular periodicalist of the modern class has no more stable interest in his compositions, usually, than has the counting-house clerk in the cash-books which he keeps. These productions may be stereotyped, and issued, and re-issued again and again; but he hath no portion in them. To publishers and conductors fall the lasting fruits. Let those among the young, who feel the ambition to seek fame and fortune in the walks of literature, think well of these things, and, above all, ponder seriously, ere they quit with such views any fixed occupation of another kind.

Since literature assumed its present peculiar forms to suit the wants of the age, and became in truth a regular and extensive profession, the parties following it have really been thrown into novel and precarious positions. Produce what they may, they can seldom attain to any individual repute in the majority of cases, though such repute to them, more



than all men, is emphatically BREAD, seeing that thereon hangs continuous occupation. Rarely, moreover, can they acquire any fitting or secure provision for the contingencies of life—an evil all the more weighty and grievous, as the delicately constituted organ, on which their maintenance hangs, is but too apt to give way prematurely under the calls made on its powers. When it does so begin to fail, and, indeed, when the faculty of production is even for a very short time suspended, the situation of the modern litterateur by profession becomes oft embarrassed in the extreme. The common artisan may be exposed to similar mishaps, from illness and the like causes, but he can at once bear them much better from his habits, and possesses many chances and sources of relief unknown to the generality of labourers in literature. To the latter, benefit-societies, and other similar and excellent institutions, seldom extend aid in the hour of need. It is an unquestionable truth, that but too many instances have occurred in Britain, in recent days, of literary men perishing in mid-life, and in distressed circumstances. Such has been the case, indeed, with many who have won a fair share of fame in the world; but it has been the case with still more, far more, who have died and left no name. Nevertheless, numbers of the latter class may have spent years upon years in toiling for the instruction and entertainment of their fellow-men, and may, in fact, have had their performances habitually and widely read, appreciated, and even admired. But others than they, along with the solid profit, will be found usually

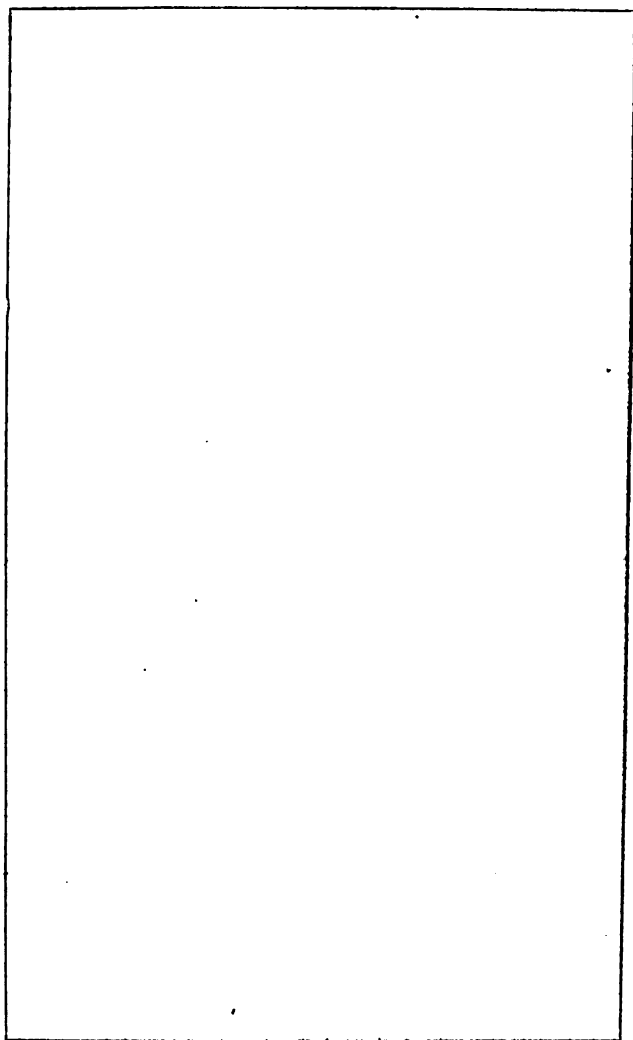
to have likewise borne away the repute. All that the public ever knows of such individuals, for the most part, is confined to a vague impression of their having contributed more or less to the pages of such and such periodicals; and the brief obituary notice of the newspapers, which commonly closes the scene, can, and does, communicate no more. Standing thus in the dark, the public cannot be charged with anything like blameable neglect in cases of the kind. Nor, in reality, is a fault properly chargeable anywhere. It is the actual system of Periodicalism—as it has moulded itself to suit the demands of the time—that has caused these changes in the general position of literature and literary men, to which attention has here been directed, and of which the effects are, in many points of view, not happy.

These observations have been carried to a greater length than was intended. The object of the writer, at the outset, was, mainly, to point out the influence of modern Periodicalism, especially in its cheap forms, on the existing "literary mind" of our country, and to draw thence an explanation of the non-direction of youthful talent, in late days, to the production of single works of importance, and, above all, of Poems of the higher class. The explanation, which is only offered as a partial one, involves also so far an apology for the many who wield the pen at the current time, and who are frequently stigmatised, somewhat unthinkingly, as a race wofully degenerate and incapable. The effects of the present Periodical system on the condition of literary men, as respects fame

and fortune, has also been brought partially under consideration. It has been desired seriously to remind the world, that the tribes of writers who rack their brains continually to supply mental food to the community, and who often do so unseen, unknown, and unhonoured, are not without claims on the public sympathy, and for the most part need such solace. They form literally a new order of labourers in the commonwealth, and their well-being has not yet been rightly looked into and assured. To all connected with letters these circumstances are well known; and this is the moment when they should be made known to, and considered by, the general community. Various living British authors of the higher class, to their honour, have made, and are making, strong efforts to improve the position of the inferior members of their fraternity. In London, Literary Guilds and Funds have been established, or are in progress; and there, above all, are they necessary at the present day, and, in the establishment of these, the nation ought to share liberally.

It will be an error to suppose these remarks to be merely of an interested nature, though so far, beyond doubt, they have been suggested by individual observation and experiences. That the author is among those cultivators of periodical literature who think that their time might have been so expended as to conduce more to their own repute and advantage, he does not deny; but, though no man should hold the solid produce of his labours to be below his consideration, it is to the employment of the

mind, chiefly, that this retrospective feeling points. The writer has been so situated hitherto in life, happily, as to feel few of those practical evils which he has alluded to as apt to befall others in a position akin to his own in the literary world. Nor has he attained to that age when the past becomes irremediable. He has, in short, here put in, in the main, a plea for a class, and a large class; and he has begged for them generous consideration from the world, alike in regard to character and condition. As far as the remarks in this Preface have a personal bearing, they may possibly be held to exhibit a tincture of egotism; but, as before remarked, the man who is conscious of but moderate abilities may feel the most keenly when these have not been in all respects satisfactorily used. The charge of aspiring somewhat highly, however, may not be so readily disproved; and, possibly, such ambition may be misplaced. On this head, the reader must judge for himself. He has in this little book the materials for so doing.



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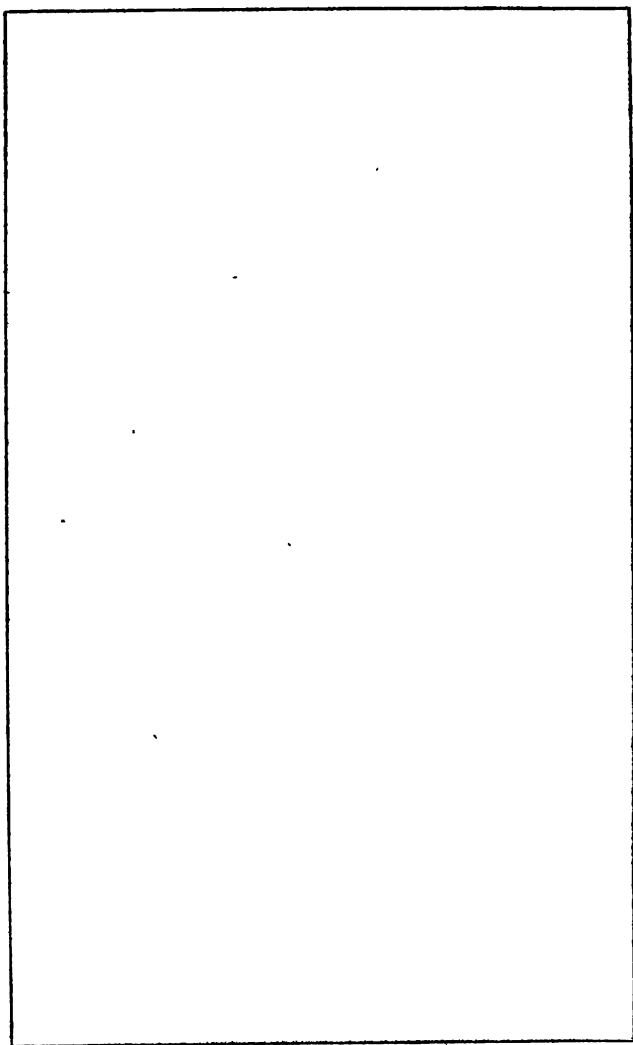
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A decorative horizontal frame composed of intricate, symmetrical scrollwork and floral motifs. In the center of this frame, the word "POEMS." is written in a bold, black, serif, all-caps font.

## POEMS.

### Sonnet.

**H**OW grand the aim to think immortal thoughts,  
And stamp them durably upon the page,  
Which the unborn of many a coming age  
Shall con with eagerness, there leaving blots  
(O ! the great glory of these usage-spots !)  
To show that tears, perchance, have fallen above  
The record, or 'that, with admiring love,  
Men there have studied, winning antidotes  
For sublunary cares ! Blessed, indeed,  
The gift to mitigate one thrill of pain ;  
Divine the power to make the tear a smile ;  
But with perennial wisdom, in their need,  
The race of man to raise and to sustain—  
That hope an age of labour might beguile !

## The Voice of War.

"The language of passion, and more peculiarly that of grief, is ever nearly the same."

A N Indian chief went forth to fight,  
 And bravely met the foe;  
 His eye was keen, his step was light,  
 His arm was unsurpassed in might,  
 But on him fell the gloom of night—  
     An arrow laid him low.  
 His widow sung, with simple tongue,  
     When none could hear or see,  
     *Ay, cheray me!*

A Moorish maiden knelt beside  
     Her dying lover's bed;  
 She bade him stay to bless his bride,  
 She called him oft her lord, her pride,  
 But mortals must their doom abide—  
     The warrior's spirit fled.  
 With simple tongue, the sad one sung,  
     When none could hear or see,  
     *Ay, di me!*

An English matron mourned her son—  
     The only son she bore;  
 Afar from her his course was run,  
 He perished as the fight was done,  
 He perished when the fight was won,  
     Upon a foreign shore.  
 With simple tongue, the mother sung,  
     When none could hear or see,  
     *Ah, dear me!*

A gentle Highland maiden saw  
     A brother's body borne,

From where, for country, king, and law,  
 He went his gallant sword to draw;  
 But, swept within destruction's maw,  
     From her had he been torn.  
 She sat and sung with simple tongue,  
     When none could hear or see,  
     *Oh, hon a-ree!*

An infant, in untimely hour,  
     Died in a Lowland cot;  
 The parents owned the hand of Power,  
 That bids the storm be still, or lour;  
 They grieved because the cup was sour,  
     And yet they murmured not.  
 They only sung, with simple tongue,  
     When none could hear or see,  
     *Ah, wae me!*

### Sonnet.

WHY do I fancy in my noon of life,  
     Ere any furrows yet unsmooth my brow,  
 That this fair globe no more of beauty now  
 To me can show—that Time, so lately rife  
 With joys that compensate all terrene strife,  
 May not henceforth with these my path endow?  
 Before such dark imaginings I bow,  
 Yet most reluctantly. Firmly the knife,  
 Touching the keen nerves of this mortal frame,  
 Could I endure, and smile away the smart  
 Of all defacing ills that come with years;  
 But feelings are there, which we cannot name!  
 The wrinkles of my days are on my heart—  
 It is the eye of thought that drops sad tears.

## The Scottish Widow's Lament.

**A**FORE the Lammas tide  
Had dun'd the birken tree,  
In a' our water side  
Nae wife was blest like me;  
A kind gudeman, and twa  
Sweet bairns were 'round me here;  
But they're a' ta'en awa'  
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate,  
And made me, when it cam',  
A bird without a mate,  
A ewe without a lamb.  
Our hay was yet to maw,  
And our corn was to shear,  
When they a' dwined awa'  
In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,  
For aye I trow I see  
The form that was a bield  
To my wee bairns and me;  
But wind, and weet, and snaw,  
They never mair can fear,  
Sin' they a' got the ca'  
In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens  
I see him 'mang the ferns,  
The lover o' my teens,  
The faither o' my bairns;  
For there his plaid I saw  
As gloamin' aye drew near--

But my a's now awa'  
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie rigs theirsel'  
Reca' my waes to mind,  
Our puir dumb beasties tell  
O' a' that I hae tyned;  
For wha our wheat will saw,  
And wha our sheep will shear,  
Sin' my a' gaed awa',  
In the fa' o' the year?

My hearth is growing cauld,  
And will be caulder still;  
And sair, sair in the fauld  
Will be the winter's chill;  
For peats were yet to ca',  
Our sheep they were to smear,  
When my a' passed awa'  
In the fa' o' the year,

I ettle whiles to spin,  
But wee, wee patterin' feet  
Come rinnin' out and in,  
And then I just maun greet;  
I ken it's fancy a',  
And faster rows the tear,  
That my a' dwined awa'  
In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O Heaven abune!  
To ane sae wae and lane,  
And tak' her hamewards sune,  
In pity o' her maen;  
Lang ere the March winds blaw,  
May she, far far frae here,  
Meet them a' that's awa'  
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

## A Visit to a Churchyard.

**O**F late I visited the old churchyard,  
 Where sleep my fathers. By an open grave  
 I stood when last upon this scene, and gave  
 A dear one to the callous earth in ward.  
 Deeply it pained me then to see the sward  
 Littered all round me with ancestral bones;  
 And, but that fresher grief repressed the tones,  
 The voice of outraged nature had been heard.  
 When there once more, how chill I thought the place!  
 New things of life, but speechless life, had found  
 Their birth, meanwhile, betwixt the dead and me,  
 And formed as yet of these the only trace.  
 Their epitaph was but the lowly mound—  
 The long, green grass their sole biography!

## PREFACE.

**I** LOVE the sacred, silent hours,  
 That link the palms of Night and Day,  
 Wedding the coy reluctant powers  
 In bands of silver grey.

I love them, though too oft they shake  
 Oblivion from its proper throne,  
 And bid the restless soul awake,  
 And the dear Sleep begone.

The Thoughts that centre in the brain,  
 The Feelings lodged within the breast,  
 Should then awhile at peace remain,  
 Like fledgelings in the nest.

Yet, by their very calm, these hours  
Appear to me their calm to mar,  
Setting the tired corporeal powers  
With active mind at war.

Quick Fancy then revives old schemes,  
That died as born, all unfulfilled;  
While Memory calls up dearer dreams  
Of things attained as willed.

And Melancholy claims her share  
In that half-sore, half-sweet unrest;  
She mourns lost friends, and yet can bear  
The loss that leaves them blest.

Still this grey season hath for me  
A charm of deeper feelings born;  
With bright peculiar thoughts I see  
The rising star of Morn!

Wayfaring friends were we of old,  
In summer's heat and winter's snow,  
Though Hesper paced the sky in gold,  
And I trod earth below.

The draught of bliss that Morning sips  
Is vast as ocean in its pool;  
The cup ordained for mortal lips,  
Though small, may be as full.

And of the joys for man designed,  
A bounteous store fell then on me;  
And, far as suiteth with our kind,  
I shared the day-dawn glee.

And why was thus my bosom light?  
And wherefore were my spirits gay,  
As on I roamed alone by night  
Upon a lonely way?



Love was the power that led me on—  
Love was the lamp that lit my path;  
Love made long miles seem light as none,  
By mount, and moor, and strath.

O! fair was she to whom I gave  
The first love of my fervent years—  
A love not springing from a grave—  
No growth of widowed tears!

O! she was fair! Those dark bright eyes,  
The veined marble of that brow,  
That cheek of rarely blended dyes—  
Methinks I view them now.

Still fondly doth Remembrance hold  
By those dear times which saw me rove  
By night across the lonesome wold  
To taste one hour of Love!

The closing eve beheld me go;  
The dawn saluted my return;—  
But why begin these tears to flow?  
Poor heart, why idly mourn?

If she be happy, be thou glad,  
Nor vainly what is past deplore;  
And yet, how may I be but sad,  
Since I can love no more!

O! rightly have the poets sung,  
That when Love's vernal bloom hath flown,  
No more, where once it freshly sprung,  
Can the fair flower be known!

The wayside plants of Friendship—Hate—  
Of common Joy and common Pain—  
If bruised, soon re-assume their state,  
But Love blooms not again.

It is not that my hair is grey,  
Nor that my blood is thin and cold;  
Few seasons, since young Passion's day,  
Above my head have rolled.

Nor am I, if I know me well,  
Of that affected whining crew,  
Who rave of blights and blasts that fell  
On joys they never knew.

The cup was full, brimful of bliss,  
Which it was mine erewhile to drain;  
I loved—was loved: the end is this—  
I cannot love again!

### W a r.

**B**BETTER it may be for the weal of man  
That war should be transmuted to a trade,  
Where not on strenuous arm and trenchant  
blade  
Hangs victory, but on strategic plan,  
The cannon-car and ammunition-van,  
With all the arms that from a distance strike  
The valiant and the timorous alike,  
And ranks on ranks at once to death trepan.  
Yet strife was grander in the olden day,  
When chief and vassal, on the battle-plain,  
Owed to their own good swords their own renown.  
The chivalry of gore hath passed away:  
Once for the head the hand would laurels gain,  
But now the head both wins and wears the crown.

### The First Swallow.

WHITE-throated herald of the coming May,  
It joys me much to see thee here again!  
Once more shalt thou, sweet bird, at dawn of day,  
Chase my dull slumbers with thy cheerful strain;  
Thy parent-labours, at my window-pane,  
With placid morning thoughts my breast shall fill,  
And I shall quit my bed,  
Full-fraught in heart and head  
With soothing trust in God, and unto all good-will.

Who can behold the nicest art and care,  
With which thou labourest thy little home,  
Nor think of Him, whose hand is written there—  
Even on thy tiny edifice of loam—  
As visibly as on the vast air-dome?  
Or who can mark the fond firm ties that bind  
Thy chosen mate and thee,  
In toils alike and glee,  
Nor yearn with deeper lovingness for all his kind?

On thee, indeed, and all thy dark-winged race  
Who cleave the air or skim the glassy pool,  
Conspicuous are the tokens of His grace,  
Who holds Infinity beneath His rule:  
When autumn winds our norland climate cool,  
Doth He not kindly lead you far away  
To some more sunny land,  
Where skies are ever bland,  
And make your span of life one long bright summer's day?

So do we ofttest deem, at least, of thee,  
Sweet page, that holdest up the skirts of spring!

Usher of flowers—foretype of songs to be,  
Albeit less perfectly thyself may sing!  
Yet doth a veil hang o'er thy passaging!  
Haply thou hiest thee, as some do say,  
To lonely pool or brook,  
Or dark secluded nook,  
And there, like bedded stone, dost sleep the cold away.

Dark as the polar secrets of the north,  
Have been thy ways, thou pilgrim of the sky,  
Since, bringing light and life, Time first stood forth,  
A finger-guide in bleak Eternity:  
Though questioned long by man's deep searching  
eye,  
Thy course is full of doubt, when all is done,  
And still we can but guess,  
That when the chill winds press,  
Thou seek'st a home in climes that front the prone-  
rayed sun.

Welcome, thou gentle haunter of the eaves!  
Gladly I welcome thee, come whence thou may;  
Whether the spirit that evolves the leaves  
Hath called thee from the deep to bask in day,  
Or thou from far-off lands hast winged thy way.  
I love thee, and with joy will watch anew  
The labours, to and fro,  
Which thou must undergo,  
Ere from their beauteous shells thy young step  
forth to view.

Men wrong thee, my poor bird, when they compare  
A summer-fly of human kind to thee;  
Although thou comest when the skies are fair,  
And at the winter's touch dost straightway flee,  
No faithlessness in thy career we see;

Thy comings and thy goings both are sure;  
 And with us might'st thou stay,  
 If bound not to obey  
 The laws that through all time unbroken must endure.

More justly wert thou likened to the young,  
 Who immaturely quit us in their noon,  
 And most of all to those whose lips have sung  
 The brief preludings of a pleasant tune,  
 But have grown dumb and bloomless all too soon!  
 These are thy prototypes; but as we bend  
 With meekness to the blow,  
 That lays such dear ones low,  
 Be we content with what we have of thee, sweet  
 friend!

### Thirst.

HOW many of my years have passed away,  
 And yet how little has been done for fame?  
 Oh! shall this burning wish to leave a name,  
 That may re-echo to a distant day,  
 Know nor in life fulfilment nor decay,  
 But still consume my bosom—now a flame  
 Fuelled with noble hopes, and now a tame,  
 Dull gloss, that wastes, not lights, this frame of clay?  
 Is it, then, fruitlessly that thus I yearn?  
 May Heaven have planted in the human soul  
 This deathless thirst for an immortal urn,  
 And yet made unattainable the goal!  
 From thought to thought, from view to view, I  
 turn,  
 And meanwhile pauselessly the seasons roll.

### The Missing Swallow.

WHERE dost thou linger all this pleasant time,  
Sweet bird, that wontest to forerun the May?  
Above what scented grove of southern clime  
Pursuest thou on earnest wing thy prey,  
Feasting and sporting through the livelong day?  
Or over what supremely favoured pool  
Dost thou now nimbly fly,  
Sending, in passing by,  
One arrowy streak of night along the waters cool?

When infant day from off the glossy leaves  
Sips nursing dew to nerve its manly noon,  
I cannot hear thy twitter in the eaves,  
Though longing, sleepless, for the tuneful boon;  
Nor have I yet beheld thee, late or soon,  
Darting with levin speed athwart my view,  
Eager in quest of food,  
Or, for thy annual brood,  
Toiling to prop some ancient home, or build a new.

Haply thou dalliest, my gentle bird,  
Betwixt our chill climes and the southlands warm,  
Loath to advance, because thine ear hath heard  
The snorting of the war-horse of the storm?  
Shall wintry blasts our summer fields deform?  
And hath, indeed, thy keen instinctive sense  
Forewarned thee to remain  
Where mild airs daily reign,  
And night, with all her damps, can do thee no of-  
fence?

Yet come, and fear not, cleaver of the skies!  
Things frail as thou are here, and know no blight.

Ever at night-shut doth the lark arise,  
A darkling star, to spot the arch of light,  
And pour his notes, cascade-like, from the height;  
And even the callow youngling of the wren  
Boldly erects its crest  
From out the parent nest,  
Nor fears, beneath the leaves, or cold, or wind, or  
rain.

Step we abroad to breathe the fragrant air,  
And blended with the tints on mount and lea,  
Our charmed eyes shall notice, everywhere,  
The golden kirtle of the forest bee;  
And we shall hear him humming joyously;  
And mark, besides, safe-swinging in the breeze,  
And gleaming to the sun,  
The spider's cordage, spun  
Between the sheltering branches of the full-leaved  
trees.

Nay, weaker things by far than these can dwell  
Securely where thou shrinkest to appear.  
Within the chalice of the small blue-bell  
May be discerned, by him, who gazeth near,  
A busy world, assailing eye and ear;  
And not a flower in garden, field or grove,  
Nor blossom of the bough,  
But is sonorous now  
With voices eloquent of life, and joy, and love.

Come, then, my bird, and dream not of mischance,  
Since thus all nature is astir with life!  
Come! for the season gives not to my glance  
The sweets with which thy presence made it  
rife;  
And when autumnal gales begin their strife—

Long ere the winter furs the earth with snow—  
 Far hence may'st thou be gone,  
 To climes by us unknown,  
 Where spring smiles all the year, and cold blasts  
 never blow.

Come, counsellor! for such wert thou to me.  
 Come! and once more let my first waking thoughts  
 Brood sweetly on thy home, thy young, and thee;  
 And, while my ear imbibes thy modest notes,  
 Thou shalt the lesson teach me, which promotes  
 The heart's best loves; and, seeing all the care  
 God hath of thee and thine,  
 Up to the throne divine  
 My soul shall mount, and find hope, peace, and com-  
 fort there.

### Sonnet,

ON LUTHER THROWING HIS INK-STAND AT A SERMING APPARITION OF SATAN,  
 THE MARKS OF WHICH MISSILE ARE SHOWN ON THE WALLS  
 OF THE ROOM HE OCCUPIED.

WHEN the Reformer of the Church of God—  
 Rapt by deep musings in his lonely cell  
 Beyond the limits of the visible—  
 Descried the foe of man in his abode,  
 Or what permittedly such semblance showed,  
 He raised his arm against the thing of Hell,  
 And launched thereat his ink-cup; where it fell,  
 The stains, effaceless, down the wainscot flowed.  
 How high and noble here the allegory!  
 Doth it not say, with voice potential,  
 That Superstition to the conquering Pen  
 Shall strike the blood-red banner of her glory,  
 And all the thrones of Tartarus shall fall  
 Before the scrolls of might it gives to men?



### The Absent Swallow.

**W**HEN the long chilly nights of autumn came,  
And day rose grumbling from the eastern wolds,  
I lost thee last, most gentle, not most tame  
Of birds that spread on air their pinion-folds:  
And winter hath been here with all its colds,  
Dappling the landscapes of our northern sphere;  
And spring with all her flowers,  
And summer with her bowers,  
Have since rejoiced us twice, and still thou art not  
here!

Now is it May, and morning. From his bed,  
Lo! the young sun, true to his plight with time,  
Lifts up triumphantly his lovely head,  
And darkness, shrinking like a thing of crime,  
Veils its wan shadows from the blaze sublime  
Behind each tree and temple in its way;  
But the proud orb of light  
Will scale these in his might,  
Or chase his foe around them all the passing day.

No gloomy presence shall have leave to mar  
The seasonable light, and love, and joy,  
Of which all creatures may partake that are,  
If for themselves they fashion not annoy;  
And chiefly shall the bliss have no alloy  
To nature's own sweet children of the air,  
Who at her bidding go  
Swift-passaged, to and fro,  
And ever rest upon her elemental care.

Why, gentle swallow, art thou absent now,  
When blessings from above so rich are drawn?

Earth at this hour, methinks, holds up her brow  
For dewy baptism at the font of dawn;  
And every hill, and vale, and slope, and lawn,  
With all their brood of green inhabitants,  
And all the plumed race  
That there the while have place,  
Taste the fresh benison the heavenly morning grants.

I mourn thy absence from such scenes as these,  
And all the summer-happiness to be;  
Thou wert a link that bound my sympathies  
With the whole world of airy things like thee;  
On my awakening ear thy note of glee  
Came ever sounding sweetly from the eaves;  
And, ere I looked abroad,  
I knew that the good God  
Had sent full joys to all the dwellers in the leaves.

Thou winged cricket of the outer earth,  
That followest the warmth where'er it goes,  
And, like our in-door cheerer of the hearth,  
By chirpings dost thy presence still disclose,  
Where art thou? Not the wisest of us knows.  
Upon thy ancient periodic ways  
A mystery ever lies—  
And deeper the surprise,  
When thou dost shun, as now, our fond expectant gaze.

Oh! had I wings, dovelike, to flee away,  
And seek thee in thy chosen place of rest,  
In the warm south, or nigh the springs of day,  
Or by the green savannahs of the west!  
Where'er thou dost suspend thy luted nest,  
By lady's lattice, or from cottage wall,  
There would I gladly be,  
Thy works awhile to see,  
And all my old enjoyments once again recall.

I loved thee, little one! and took delight  
By day to note thy victories o'er the air;  
While graver joy I felt to muse by night  
How both lay cradled on one Being's care;  
A high and holy bond entwined us there!  
Hath it been rent? Strong is it as before.  
Then, since we are apart,  
Let this console my heart,  
That thou art the Divine One's charge for ever-  
more!

### The First Grey Hair.

THERE is an epoch in the life of man,  
Compelling thought, if power he has to think.  
It is not in the palsied hours which brink  
Eternity, that he is forced to scan  
His bypast ways. As one light tinge of gold  
On grain foretells the reaping-time to be,  
So doth the first grey hair which we may see  
The coming doom to all of us unfold.  
That sign announces that a novel thread  
Hath been inwoven with the web of life;  
And that yet more and more, while we have breath,  
Shall streak the fabric. Then with doubtings dread,  
And awful questionings, the mind grows rife.  
"Who casts that shuttle?" Heart and soul cry,  
"Death!"

### The Expected Swallow.

THE merry month thou lovest comes once more,  
O gentle darkener of our window-panes!

And the same earnest longing as before,  
To see and hear thee, in my bosom reigns.

Come, then, as May her summer throne regains!  
Pass thou before us like a lightning flash,

Though not of flaming hue,

But soft in course to view

As oriental maiden's long and dark eyelash.

Thrice, dearest swallow, hath my feeble tongue,

Moved by deep musings on thy mystic ways,

Of these and thee in measured numbers sung,

For that I loved thee in the bygone days;

Though better hymned by far wert thou in lays  
Chanted of yore by the Athenian youth,

When they, from door to door,

Wander'd their cities o'er,

And in thy name awaken'd charity's sweet ruth.

Lauded wert thou in anthologic verse,

And many a tender elegiac line,

Such as our poets fondly would rehearse,

Could they attain the reach of art divine.

But vainly would they on those strains refine,

Which have come down to us through age on age,

Mellow'd thereby, like airs

Which the mild night-breeze bears

Over some far-spread lake where tempests never rage.

But loved more fondly wert thou not of old

Than now by me, O! builder in the eaves,

Who clingest unto man with constant hold,

Unlike the common perchers in the leaves;

And for my love that ever to thee cleaves,

Appear, sweet wanderer, in my sight again;  
Once more beside me dwell,  
And all the cares dispel  
That on my brow of late have camped like armed men!

When winter with her snows our vision blinds,  
And tempests lay the general landscape bare—  
When pine-trees answer lonely to the winds,  
And shake the fringes of their still green hair—  
I pardon thee thy long delaying where  
No bitter colds can vex thy tender frame,  
Nor fiercely driving hail,  
Nor swift o'ertaking gale  
May ruffle thy fine plumes, and thy soft members maim.

But now the slumbers of the May are done,  
And forth, like some great painter in his pride,  
With pencil dipped in radiance of the sun,  
She comes, to spread her colours far and wide,  
Warm, rich, and varied. Now may'st thou abide  
And summer safely in our northern clime,  
Finding abundant food  
For thee and for the brood  
Which may delight thy heart amid the floral prime.

Come, thou fine plasterer with the tiny bill,  
Apt at thy work as man with hands and tools;  
And who cementest, too, with equal skill,  
Gathering thy compost or from streams or pools,  
Or stores within thyself, as instinct schools;  
For, placed by nature in thy form, we find  
A fountained liquid, fit  
Thy dwelling-walls to knit,  
And keep thee still at ease despite the beating wind.

Ere to my theme once more I bid farewell,  
Let me anew entreat of thee to come,

And in my sight at morn and eve to dwell,  
My window-nook again thy favoured home.  
Re-open to me thy instructive tome:  
Industry, patience, and domestic love,  
Order and care, may be  
The lessons learned from thee;  
And, more than all, a trust in Him who rules above.

### The Friend, the Sage, and Stream.

"THOU Sage of the broad and lofty brow,  
That sittest at midnight alone,  
I come as thy friend and helper now,  
And such, save myself, there is none.  
I do not require thee before me to bow,  
Or acknowledge my potent throne;  
Accept but my aid, and thy name shall sound  
With glory wherever thy race may be found.

"I know thee as one whom the fanciful fears  
Of thy fellow-men do not appal,  
And therefore I come, though my vigilant ears  
Have listened in vain for thy call.  
With the graven scars on my front of the years  
That witnessed my soaring and fall,  
Unveiled—for I know thou art strange to dismay—  
I come, all my might at thy service to lay.

"The choice of my elements thou shalt have,"  
Said the Prince of the Powers of Air:  
"The strong-winged wind shall become thy slave,  
And the fire shall lend thee its glare;  
The boisterous wave thy behests shall crave,  
Nor to disobey thee shall dare."  
"By the help," said the Sage, "of a higher than thou,  
Winds, waters, and fire, to my will must bow."

"Contemn not my proffer," replied, with a frown,  
The chief of the fallen from Heaven:  
"The billows shall rise when thy foeman must drown,  
And to atoms his bark shall be riven;  
And his places of strength shall the storm bring  
down,  
When thy word for the deed is given."  
"Not mine," said the Sage, "is the right to avenge:—  
He spoke so, whose word man may doubt not nor  
change."

"Not one life, but thousands, shall rest on thy sign,"  
Urged further the Angel of ill:  
"For the frost, and the snow, and the hail, shall  
be thine,  
To compass thy pleasure and will;  
And the rain and the drought shall moreover  
combine,  
What seems to thee good to fulfil."  
"Such powers," said the Sage, "I from Nature have won,  
As leave thee and thy agencies shamed and outdone."

"Thou know'st not the range of my greatness and  
might,"  
Said the King of the sable Powers:  
"I can give thee command of the shades of the night,  
And a sway o'er the noontide hours:

From place unto place shalt thou pass like the light,  
Proof to cold, and to heat, and to showers."  
"With the aids," said the Sage, "which my know-  
ledge hath found,  
To me time and space can prescribe not a bound."

"And what may this weapon of wonderment be?"  
Cried the Father of evil with scorn.  
"Thine eyes," said the Sage, "now the marvel  
might see,  
Had they not of their vision been shorn.  
My fire bears a vessel, which singeth with glee,  
And a vapour from out it is borne:—  
That vapour is all," said the Sage, "I require,  
To make each of the elements serve my desire."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Fiend; but the Sage, in  
his turn,  
Contracted his brow to a frown:  
"Thou co-mate of Sin! it is idle to spurn  
At what, but for guilt, thou had'st known;  
The earth has too long felt thy gloomy sojourn,  
And thy rule shall ere long be o'erthrown;  
The boons which he asked in his madness from thee,  
Man finds strewn around him like sands by the sea.

"He shall pass like the Lightning from place unto  
place,  
Yet be blamed for no compact with thee;  
Time shall he annihilate even as Space,  
And in face of the Whirlwind shall flee;  
On the wrathfullest Sea shall he sportively race,  
And the Fire shall his minister be;  
All lies in that vapour—that light, curling STEAM!"  
"Ha! ha!" laughed the Fiend. I awoke—did I  
DREAM?



## Truth.

TRUTH dwells with Night. Unthinking men are  
they,

Who deem that only to the glaring sun  
Is bared the forehead of the stainless one,  
UNA well named in allegoric lay.

By lamps, whose light is not as light of day,  
Truth shows herself most truly; hovers round  
The couch where Slumber lies, or should be found;  
And cleaves to Murder in the darksome way;  
Sweet dreams she gives to bruised and blameless hearts,  
But, with a hand incapable of ruth,  
She tears aside the masks that brave the light,  
And curses Guilt with sight of its own arts.  
The fall of evening is the dawn of Truth:  
She is a star, and dwelleth with the Night.

## Despair.

DEEP in the core and marrow of my being  
One passion lies,  
In days long past fed through my raptured seeing  
At thy dark eyes;  
And now, though with my heart's peace disagreeing,  
It never dies.

Could I have dreamed that thou would'st so have started  
Aside from faith,  
I might from thy too perilous side have parted  
While free from scathe,

And would not now be roaming broken-hearted,  
Longing for death.

Why did I fondly deem it all but fable,  
When poets told  
How woman's heart was as the winds unstable,  
As night-dews cold—  
And how her strongest love was aye unable  
To withstand gold!

And yet how could I think so, while enjoying  
Thy sweet, sweet love,  
That seemed, like mine, as far from bound or cloying  
As bliss above—  
Too deep-felt to be dropt like idle toying—  
Changed like a glove!

Ah! when thy faith began, methought, to falter,  
How oft I prayed  
And knelt before accursed Mammon's altar,  
Crying for aid!—  
To compass gold and thee, scarce could the halter  
My course have staid.

Alas! when thou wert lost to me for ever,  
The unsought dross  
Came, like autumnal leaves upon a river,  
My path across:  
I cursed it—it undid me, but could never  
Make up the loss!

Yet let me not, my soul's love, too much blame thee  
For all the past;  
Just was thy fear lest biting tongues should shame thee,  
As one by-cast,  
If thou, the first—as all conspired to name thee—  
Wert mated last.

I know not if 'twill bring thee pain or pleasure  
To see these lines,  
And learn that one, as for a stolen treasure,  
For ever pines;  
Finding no solace, save when in sad measure  
Sad words he twines.

Still is thy name with all his musings blended,  
As heretofore,  
When valentines his love to thee commended  
In days of yore;  
And so 'twill be, until, in sorrow ended,  
His days are o'er.

### Human Life.

GREAT God! how strange a thing is human life!  
Though borne by us, and felt, enjoyed, and seen,  
Inexplicable ever hath it been,  
To calm self-study, or the curious knife.  
Minds rich with genius, and with knowledge rife,  
Have doubted even if being truly be;  
And if the firm-set earth we seem to see—  
The scene of all our joy, grief, love, and strife—  
Be more than fancy—an Idea. Strange,  
O! very strange, indeed, the life of man!  
Beyond the walls of time and space to range,  
And all the now invisible to scan,  
It were not much to die, if by the change  
We might appreciate the wondrous plan!

### My Young Punker Nephew.

COME hither to me, little one!  
Come, boy, and let me view thee rightly;  
Thy look bespeaks both sense and fun—  
Sedate, at once, and sprightly.

Lift up that keen, clear eye to mine,  
Like one that dost contemn all blinking;  
Yes! underneath that brow of thine,  
Already is there Thinking.

Though thou hast seen but some five years,  
Thy front, so knotted and so ample,  
Announces one on whom his peers  
May not with safety trample.

Thou seemest worthy of the breed,  
Whom old-world burdens and distresses  
Sent to new climes, to raise a seed  
That Freedom loves and blesses.

Still thou, perhaps, alike wilt show  
The good and evil of thy brothers,  
Whose better points, at times, we know,  
Self-estimation smothers.

Thy garb, in parts, suggests these truths;  
Thou art a little man completely;  
Such Wellingtons are scarce for youths—  
Though thine do fit thee neatly.

And these side-pockets, too, which lend  
Thy coat its most distinguished feature,  
Are less for boys like thee, my friend,  
Than for the full-grown creature.

From such-like trifles may we catch  
Proofs of the spirit of thy nation,  
Which thinks its very babes a match  
For men throughout creation.

Befall, dear boy, what may befall  
To thee in life (to speak more gravely),  
Thou wilt perform thy part to all  
Justly, I hope, and bravely.

Thou comest of a noble stock,  
The strong-souled breed of Gothic Norsemen,  
Who shook the earth with earthquake shock,  
And rode the seas like horsemen.

Each warrior of them was a "smith,"  
And "bright" swords each, they say, could  
hammer,  
The which himself would wield with pith,  
Amid the battle-clamour.

From some such "bright smith" comes thy  
name;  
And thou, it strikes me, wilt inherit,  
What gave thy stock its lasting fame—  
The enterprising spirit.

Deeds of high note did Greece and Rome  
Leave stamped upon historic pages;  
But little good drew mankind from  
Their victor-acts through ages.

One only race has known to blend  
Conquest with colonising glories;  
That race is thine, my western friend—  
A New World tells their stories!

And bright the promise of the days  
In store for thee and for thy nation,  
Though perilled by too bustling ways  
That o'erleap moderation.

Be thou of those, in future years,  
Who hold that peace all good excelleth;  
And that contention springs from fears,  
While calm with courage dwelleth.

Scorn thou the gain that some obtain,  
Who fix a chain upon their fellows;  
Touch not a grain from off the plain  
Which human sorrow mellows.

Be bold and active with the best;  
Go manfully "ahead," like others;  
But prize thou nought that brings unrest  
To white or coloured brothers.

Deem not the black by God decreed  
Unworthy of the white communion;  
Justice apart, such thoughts may lead  
From union to disunion.

These maxims do thou still repeat—  
"Enslave thou none! To none be slavish?"  
Hold both these things alike unmeet,  
Detestable, and knavish.

I speak to thee as one who may  
Yet win a name among the masses;

Thou wilt not, must not, spend thy day,  
Noteless of all that passes.

The time draws nigh, when wrecked Crusoe,  
And doomed Scheherezade shall charm thee;  
Feast on the wonders which they show,  
Nor fear lest they should harm thee.

The point by youth to be attained,  
Is first to found a love of reading;  
More solid tastes, that goal once gained,  
Will come with years succeeding.

And then, dear boy! make then thy mind  
Familiar with the thoughts of sages,  
Who swayed in other days their kind,  
And still sway passing ages.

Read, above all, with earnest care,  
The annals of thy island-fathers;  
The Anglo-Saxon genius there  
Its fittest lessons gathers.

And con thou, too, the pilgrim-tales—  
The records lofty as romantic—  
Of those who left their native vales,  
To cross the broad Atlantic.

But, while thou laudest these brave bands,  
Who scorned to stoop to throned Oppression,  
Let not Old England at thy hands  
Take blame for that transgression.

Be thou of those who hail the Isle  
With filial pride and warm affection;  
The homes that nursed thy sires erewhile  
Strike not from recollection.

Rejoice at once that thou by birth  
Art freeman of a mighty nation,  
And come of fathers on the earth  
Unmatched in reputation.

Farewell, loved boy! thine is a name,  
But little known to old-world story;  
Do thou in novel climes win fame,  
And give it lasting glory!

### The Wife of Seneca.\*

WITHIN an inner chamber of her dwelling,  
A noble Roman lady sat alone;  
No sculptor ever, from the Parian stone,  
Carved features more than hers in grace excelling;  
And yet but for the tear-drop slowly welling  
From the large eye, the gazer-on might say  
That in that form nor life nor motion lay,  
So pale she was, so wan beyond all telling.  
Whence came that hue? When Nero doomed her lord  
His vital current in the bath to spill,  
She sought to share his fate; but rude hands tore  
Her forth, when half her life-blood was outpoured.  
And thenceforth lived she on; but icy-chill,  
With lip and cheek that knew bloom never more!

\* This Sonnet records a true story. The philosopher Seneca, being doomed to death by Nero, entered by choice a warm bath; and, a large vein being opened, life soon ebbed away. His wife used the same means to ensure a participation in his fate; but the emissaries of the tyrant were on the watch, and cruelly restored her to undesired existence. The loss of blood which she had sustained, however, gave her ever afterwards the singular aspect of a living statue.



### Doubts and Fears.

**W**HY fainteth thus my spirit now?  
Oh! wherefore sinks my heart so low?  
Whence come these clouds upon my brow?  
What bids my tears to flow?

Glorious as ever is the day,  
The morn, the noon, the starry eve;  
And no dear friend hath passed away,  
And left me here to grieve.

Yet cold, dull, listless feelings creep  
Athwart my heart-strings by degrees,  
And, if I could, in dreamless sleep  
I fain would seek for ease.

Alas! let midnight stretch its hand  
My weary eyes in ruth to close,  
And, like a billow, tempest-fanned,  
The mind lacks still repose.

It is not that my frame doth bear  
Fierce pains to breed me this unrest;  
Nor by unwonted worldly care  
Am I the while oppress.

Something I feel, but cannot paint—  
A wearing weight, a want, a void,  
As if all nature had a taint,  
Or I with all were cloyed.

A sense that "All is Vanity"  
Envelopes everything in gloom—  
The thought how soon man's memory  
Lies in his body's tomb.

One goal there is—one only goal—  
Worthy to point our noblest aims;  
And that all else is nought, my soul  
Eternally exclaims.

MIND only smiles at the grim Death;  
Its works alone for ever live;  
And hence I yearn, when reft of breath,  
That fate such life should give.

Within the bosom-bower that veils  
My dearest thoughts from common day,  
And where, when vexed by earthly ails,  
My soul seeks rest and stay,

One question ever will upspring,  
With doubts and fears my brain to tease,  
When on THE POETS pondering—  
“Oh! am I, too, of these?”

The answer which my spirit makes  
To its own asking, then and there,  
Too oft my frame of being shakes,  
And tempts me to despair.

And yet, ere long, some thought will rise,  
On which my fancy fondly dwells,  
As such as only, to my eyes,  
From the true poet wells.

Howe'er it be, one truth stands clear:—  
To exercise the gifts bestowed  
Is to ourselves a duty here,  
And to the giver, God.

Then, dark Despondency, away!  
Sluggard! put forth thy all of might;  
He merits not to bask in day,  
Who, perverse, courts the night!

### Portrait of John Keats.

GAZING upon thee now,  
Absorbedly I lie,  
Thou of the Milton brow,  
And Shakspeare eye!

What folds of thought lie coiled  
Behind that compact front!  
What stores of fancies, wild  
And eloquent!

Long had I known thy works  
Of poesy divine,  
Where subtlest genius lurks  
In every line;

And on my fancy's eye  
Was limned a brow of grace,  
Such as might worthily  
Thy mind encase;

But nature better far  
Hath here performed her part;  
Instinct these features are  
With soul and heart.

A poet's glorious name,  
So long as man shall be,  
These thought-swoln temples claim,  
Dear Keats, for thee!

Abhorred of all be they  
Who wrung thy spirit here,  
Marring thy ripening lay  
With envious sneer!

Yet prized is now thy worth,  
Where Milton hails a son  
In him who shadowed forth  
Hyperion;

And Shakspeare ever joys  
To hold sweet speech with him,  
Who sung the Latmian boy's  
Moon-haunted dream.

Yes! painful though it be  
To think how vast our loss,  
When malice shook thee free  
From earthly dross;

Thy soul, delightful bard,  
But all the earlier sped,  
To taste its rich reward  
With the Great Dead!

### The Great Anarchy.

**I**S there a man so dull of soul and sense,  
That he can walk at morn, or noon, or eve,  
Upon that mighty field which hath no fence  
Save what it doth from airy space receive,  
And, while the birds their varied notes enweave  
Into one complete whole for him, can hear  
The glorious descant flow,  
Without a bosom-glow,  
Without one thrill of joy, or one full-hearted tear?

Thus wholly apathetic none can be.  
If the wild thunder, throeing as in pain,  
And generating, over land and sea,  
Dread air-quakes to alarm the souls of men,  
Be held God's voice of wrath, oh! surely, then,  
The sounds that rise from copse, or grove of pine,  
By mount, and vale, and stream,  
Are such as man may deem  
A voice of love—of love eternal and divine!

Beauty is planted with the seed; and, till  
The flower puts on its perfect summer-dress,  
Grows with it, waxing ever richer still;  
The verdure of the grass is loveliness;  
And on the mountain-pine, when breezes press  
Its coying stem, and comb its flowing hair,  
Sits a majestic ease;  
These green existences  
Such attributes display, ever and everywhere;

Yet, decked with every seasonable charm,  
Nature, though not, like sculpture, still and cold,  
Is even as a lovely human form,  
When quickening speech informeth not the mould;  
The brightest flowers that, Hebe-like, uphold  
Their cups with dewy offerings to the sun,  
Ask yet a voice; and where  
May voice with that compare,  
From the full-choiring birds by heavenly favour won?

Most beautiful, in truth, the doings all  
In Nature's own Great Aviary seem!  
What time the shadows, night's dim relics, fall  
Prostrate in worship of the young sunbeam,  
Go, rouse thee from thy gross and worldly dream,  
And, while the woods are peanning the morn,

Thine eye and ear employ,  
And thou shalt taste a joy  
Of all that can delight the mind and senses born.

Chances thine eye to light upon the home  
Wherein two little ones, heart-wedded, dwell—  
Whether it be the mavis' bowl of loam,  
Or the quick sparrow's moss-encrusted cell—  
Whether aloft, like tongueless, upturned bell,  
It swingeth in the breeze, or lieth low,  
With tender care concealed  
In some green bank or field—  
Gaze there, and say if aught more fair the eye  
could know?

But, oh! peer gently through the fringy covers;  
And be the parley of thy foot with earth  
Soft as the vows of love to ears of lovers,  
Or as the dew-falls which have unseen birth  
When evening turns to tears the gay day's mirth;  
Admire but touch not what may meet thy view,  
Lest the scared mother fly,  
And leave the hopes to die  
That rest within her shells, so smooth and rich of hue.

Ah! sad the thought how many, many a time,  
Stirred by the rude hands of the thoughtless boy,  
Those mated ones, unknowing human crime,  
Must fly, like man, the Eden of their joy;  
Not that the riflers, haply, would destroy,  
But that they seek to form a circlet rare,  
And rich with many dyes,  
Though seeming to the wise  
An Iris fraught with hopes converted to despair.

So fondly doth the mother watch her home,  
That, move one shell, and she will note the change;

And it may drive the poor one forth to roam,  
 And all her sweet economy derange;  
 And should man's footstep, loud to her and strange,  
 Startle her brooding o'er her young, her heart  
     Counts time upon its sides,  
     As wildly as the strides  
 Made by high-mettled courser on the racing mart.

But why so linger on a theme like this?  
     Poorly, at best, can pen or tongue display  
 The fullness of the beauty and the bliss  
     Cast by the birds on this our earthly way;  
     And while to us thus pleasing, who will say  
 Mute nature hath for them nor eyes nor ears?  
     Oh! yes, believe it well,  
     That, when their anthems swell,  
 Rejoicing each tree and flower both sees and hears!

### She cares na' for me.

**B**ESIDE yon bit burnie that rows thro' the mead,  
 And sparkles and sings on its way to the Tweed,  
 There lives a dear lass, wi' a bonnie black e'e,  
 But I fear that she cares na' a bodle for me.

She's lovelier far than the comin' o' day,  
 And sweet is her voice as the laverock's lay,  
 And bright as a star is the light o' her e'e,  
 But I fear that she cares na' a bodle for me.

She frowns when anither would maybe look kind,  
 And aft to gie scorn for her scorn I'm inclined,  
 But it a' flees awa' at a blink o' her e'e,  
 Tho' I fear that she cares na' a bodle for me.

Her scorning is dearer than mony ane's kiss,  
 Her No sounds as sweetly as mony ane's Yes;  
 Sae what can I do but love on till I dee?  
 Altho' she may care na' a bodle for me.

There's mony a wooer that's fond o' the pelf,  
 Cares naething ava' but for siller or self:—  
 I'd be thankfu' to get her wi' ne'er a bawbee;  
 O! it's hard if she cares na' a bodle for me!

### "The Audging Our."

FULL many a time and oft, when modest eve,  
 Earth's nightly fire-woman, hath robed in gloom  
 This mystic ball on which we live to grieve,  
 The passive playthings of resistless doom;  
 When brightlier through my solitary room  
 The unsunned fire sends out its cheering rays,  
 Leaving one where a shade,  
 While other spots are made  
 By its unthinking favouritism all a-blaze;

O! then, when Fancy has my sense in keeping,  
 A low and plaintive voice falls on my ear,  
 As if of Rachel for her children weeping,  
 And dropping melody with every tear;  
 A sound it is, so sadly sweet and clear,  
 That Silence well might be content to cease  
 Her intermitting reign,  
 If but assured that strain  
 Would take her place for ever, and all else be peace.



Then, too, before my musing eye, the form  
Appears of one most excellently fair—  
A creature surely meant to know no storm,  
No cross in life, no sorrowing, no care;  
But, ah! what Heaven was pleased to make so rare,  
Man's hand hath stricken with a cruel blight,  
And brought upon her path  
The tempest's heaviest wrath,  
And plunged her gentle soul in woe's obscurest  
night!

Drooping beside her solitary hearth,  
She sits and dreams the long, long hours away;  
Knowing no taste of comfort or of mirth,  
Save from remembrance of a bygone day.  
If she at times doth smile, 'tis when a ray  
Of joy, reflected from some infant face,  
Upon her spirit beams,  
Caught through her eyes' full streams  
Like images which one in pool or lake may trace.

She smiles when from the glass of memory  
The forms of her sweet boys peep brightly out;  
And to her ear come sounds of childish glee,  
The ringing laugh, the clear and happy shout:—  
But all too soon that smile is put to rout;  
Happy though she would ever have her boys,  
A pang of natural pain  
Will ever rise amain,  
To think that far from her they still can taste of joys.

Who that beheld the fairness of the morn  
Which smiled upon that lady's opening path,  
Could once have dreamed to see her thus forlorn,  
The victim of misfortune's fellest wrath?  
Such lineage as mortal seldom hath—

A heritage of talent, rich and rare—  
Honours, reflected back  
From a long glorious track  
Of years and acts—fell to that mourner's cradled  
share.

And brightly, nobly, as in years she grew,  
Did she sustain her claim of high descent;  
With charms of person, such as shine in few,  
A mind was hers of finest temperament;  
And from her freshly blooming lips were sent  
Poetic tones, so sweet and yet so strong,  
That all the land stood still,  
Struck with a wondering thrill,  
To hear such melody from one so fair and young!

Green grew the leaves upon that crown of bays,  
Left to her from the brows of many a sire;  
Not brighter was their verdure in the days  
When even her brilliant grandsire woke the lyre;  
But suddenly, like flash of levin-fire,  
Black defamation smote that soul of song,  
Came o'er her path a gloom,  
Crushed every joy in bloom,  
And bore her far from all whom she had loved so  
long!

Yet was the fount of music unprofaned.  
Though tears may haply mingle with its flow  
So long as life shall have to be sustained,  
And drooping willows by its brink may grow,  
Still doth the spring a crystal clearness show;  
And still from it, as from a pauseless river,  
The pure and good shall take  
Deep draughts, their thirst to slake  
For what is good, and pure, and beautiful, for ever!

Cheerly, thou gentle mourner! many a heart,  
 In many a place, beneath the heavenly cope,  
 Doth sympathise, like mine, with thy sore smart,  
 And fain, like me, would bid thee dwell in hope.  
 Long-erring pride may cease; and then shall ope  
 The temple-gates of love for thee once more;  
 And all home-joys at last,  
 Mellowed but by the past,  
 Be thine till joy and grief, with life itself, be o'er!

### Napoleon at Waterloo.

"ILS sont à moi, enfin donc, ces Anglais!"\*  
 These words came from Napoleon le Grand,  
 When he beheld the English army stand  
 On Waterloo. They did not run away  
 At his approach, as he had feared they would,  
 And he was pleased. But one rode by his side,  
 Who told him, that the men whom he espied  
 Would never leave the field on which they stood,  
 Saving as victors. Soult had seen them fight,  
 And, speaking thus, incurred his master's frown.  
 He spoke but truth. Firm and immoveable,  
 Britannia braved the whole Imperial might  
 Of France, and conquered ere the sun went down.  
 There, not to rise again, Napoleon fell.

\* These words, signifying, "I have them at last, then, these English!" were the exact ones used by Bonaparte on the field of Waterloo, when the morning sun showed to him the British forces, prepared for an engagement. His fear had actually been that they would have "escaped" in the night. Soult remembered Spain too well to join in the exultation of the Emperor; and, for venturing to speak his mind, the Marshal was allowed to remain an idle spectator of the ensuing battle. It is General Foy who styles the British battallions "immoveable."

### The Scottish Martyrs.

**B**UT half an hundred years have passed since the  
Scottish Martyrs lay  
Imprisoned close in dungeon-cells, that yearn in  
vain for day;  
But half an hundred years have flown since, in the  
felon's place,  
They stood arraigned, and pled for life—from jus-  
tice, not from grace:  
But half an hundred years have sped, since fruitless  
proved their cry,  
And they to lands of sin and shame were sent afar  
to die!

High be our hopes as yet for man!—To-day the  
scene is changed,  
And with the pure, the good, the great, these mar-  
tyred ones are ranged:  
In every clime, by every sea, where Britain holds  
command,  
Love, reverence, and honour are the meed of that  
bright band!  
Senates are guided by their thoughts, laws modelled  
on their rules,  
And by their high examples now his child the parent  
schools.

O! well spoke Muir, the wise, the brave, the gentle,  
and the kind,  
When before the despots of the law he stood with  
dauntless mind:—  
“Calm is my conscience when I look on all that I  
have done:

Calm on the scaffold shall it be, should there my  
course be run:  
The cause for which blind bigotry dares thus my  
life assail,  
Is a GOOD, A GREAT, A GLORIOUS CAUSE—IT MUST  
AND SHALL PREVAIL!"

Sing now triumphant songs aloud, and let all hearts  
be light,  
For the promised morn of freedom dawns, and va-  
nishes the night.  
The spirit of the land is stirred, but not, as dotards  
say,  
To kiss again the cruel hands that dashed it where  
it lay;  
It wakes to scorn the empty shows which dazzled it  
before,  
And burst the chains which tyrant power shall rivet  
never more!

### ENTIRE.

THE blue immensity above,  
Seen at the cloudless noon of day,  
Reminds me of thine eye, my love,  
When thou art far away.  
So soft, so pure, so deep in hue,  
Is the great concave of the sky,  
That strange it is not should the view  
Call up to thought thine eye.  
But not by outer forms alone  
Is this sweet sense of likeness given;  
That arch is heaven—and, mine own,  
Thou art on earth my heaven!

### The Sick Couch.

A WAN and fever-wasted form lay sleeping  
On a low bed,  
While earnest watch a sad-eyed youth was keeping  
Close by his head.  
The sick one woke; he saw his boy-nurse weeping,  
And thus he said:—

“What kind unknown art thou, thus ever watching  
Here by my side,  
No rest or slumber for thine own eye snatching  
Night or noon-tide,  
But always thus, my very life-breath catching,  
Who dost abide?

“This crushing ail of mine hath now departed,  
With all the train  
Of wild and burning thoughts that with it darted  
Athwart my brain:  
And now, though very low and heavy-hearted,  
I feel no pain.

“Yet think not, while my fever-fit was highest,  
That I saw not  
Whose form my lonely couch was ever nighest—  
What kind hand brought  
Blest drops of water, when my lips were driest,  
To still their drought.

“A dreamy consciousness through all my madness  
Was with me still  
Of one sweet face, bent over me in sadness,  
But which could fill

My heart with thoughts of hope, if not of gladness,  
Soothing my ill.

"Feelings it roused of anguish mixed with pleasure,  
And made me pine  
For a most priceless but neglected treasure,  
No longer mine;—  
Yet when my eye that face would closely measure,  
Kind boy! 'twas thine.

"O! that but once my love, so long deserted,  
Could hear me say,  
How grief and shame have made me broken-hearted,  
And reft away  
All comfort from my life, since we two parted,  
By night and day!"

The youth, from head and features, wildly weeping,  
Their hoodings tore;  
The sick one saw his love—who his drear sleeping  
Had so watched o'er;  
"All is forgiven," she cried, his cheeks tear-steeping,  
"We part no more!"

### Enigma.

"Misericordie venit sollicitudo Robur."—*Ovid.*

**R**EAD me a Riddle of profounder sense  
Than ever suppliant, statued in suspense,  
Heard from the Dodonean oaks, or where  
The steep of Delphos cleaves oracular air.  
Read me my Riddle! If the power be thine,

His laurels Phœbus shall to thee resign,  
And own thee the Diviner, though he be Divine.

I stand for aye! and, by the eternal law,  
Men name me oft in tones of thrilling awe.  
Yet soft my voice; it murmurs as the bee,  
Or whispers gently as the whispering sea.  
The sound of liquid streams is also mine—  
Of the pure Dee, that sends its onward line  
To meet the circling sea, and in one whole combine.  
My tones are ever blended with the breeze;  
There speak they forth in sweet melodious ease.  
I dwell in music; mark of strain or air  
But half-a-dozen notes, and I am there.  
Yet grave and solemn things do not alone  
Absorb my presence, or direct my tone.  
Like half "the schemes of men and mice" we see,  
I sometimes, I admit, am found "a-jee;"  
So gay, that oft I smart, and must endure  
What Kemble titled *achés* for my cure.  
I have an eye for fun in my own way,  
And pry, and peer about, a very jay.  
A key have I to unlock secret things;  
Yet to the race of man no harm it brings.  
I know their need of charity full well,  
And, where they lack an inch, I yield an ell.  
As old Sir Joshua, when annoyed by stuff,  
Shifted his trumpet merely, and took snuff,  
So I, when folly raves, slow to condemn,  
Give forth but my scarce aspirated "Hem!"  
Heedless though many blame such timid ways,  
And call me "hen," in vilest Cockney phrase.  
But who, I ask, should play the censor proud?  
I am, I know, a cipher in the crowd.  
Well gone in years am I, yet, all may see,  
Full fairly formed, and blooming as a pea.



Old things, old words, I love as well as new,  
Keep up old ways, and sport, I own, a queue.  
From me is framed full many a character,  
Though some may say, perhaps, I make them err;  
And charge me, not unjustly I confess,  
With the display of crooked stubbornness.  
A love of scandal none can lay to me,  
Although I live on talk, and must have tea.  
Such as I am, I think that, were I known,  
Friend that now readest, you would prove mine own.  
And I have dramas, too, that might stir your glee—  
What the gay French call life, *vie—en-de-vie*.  
Shy though you be, as hares when hounds pursue,  
I yet might fairly trust to double you.  
In politics I fail, I must allow;  
I am an *ex*, like greater folks ere now;  
And “all the waves of Wye,” as Shakspeare says,  
Though at command, may not that stain erase.  
Yet, should I not by vanity be led;  
I know myself a cipher, I have said;  
And some may call me, with the bard, a “needless  
zed.”

Now let me ask you—Is my riddle solved?  
Know you the mysteries therein involved?  
If you guess rightly, then you find in me  
A type for all things, present, past, to be.  
If still you stumble, further still explore;  
For I have named me twenty times and more.  
And if you hold that more I ought to say,  
Pray, take it in one grand *et cetera*.

## Our Picture-Dreams.

## SAMSON—IN YOUTH.

TO me at dead of night a vision came,  
And chased oblivious heaviness away.  
I had been reading, at the close of day,  
Of old Manoah, and his son, whose name  
Stands tabletted to never-ending fame,  
Samson. Him see I now, a child at play,  
His long locks glittering in the sunny ray.  
Teased by his envious co-mates in the game,  
The broad-browed boy, laughing amid a frown,  
Grasps his tormentors, though of twice his years,  
And smites their heads, the one against the other;  
Then in a heap to earth he hurls them down.  
Thus doth he, while from forth her doorway peers  
The half-alarmed, half-glad face of his mother.

## SAMSON—IN AGE.

A CHANGE came o'er the tenor of my vision.  
Where high the temple of Philistia rose,  
I saw the Blind One stand amid his foes,  
Called, to make sport to them, in proud derision.  
Deeming him helpless, no renewed excision  
Had his foes made of those God-given locks,  
In which once lay the strength that rendeth rocks.  
Glorious to fallen Israel that misprision!  
Princes, and peers, and dames, a jewelled train,  
Thronged there; and Samson all their hests obeyed.  
At length they placed him, craving pause, beside  
The pillars that upheld that sculptured pride.  
These clasped he, praying. Then, by one dread strain,  
Himself and all his foes in death he laid.

## Death of M. G. Lewis.

[Matthew Gregory Lewis, better known under the title of "Monk Lewis," from his juvenile novel of "The Monk," died at sea under the very circumstances here related in ballad-verse; and, certainly, one cannot imagine an end more accordant with the wonder-working and terror-loving fancy of him whom it befell. Having gone to the West Indies solely with a view to the good of the negroes on his property there, Lewis may justly be said to have fallen in the cause of humanity—a fact that would of itself atone for many errors.]

**T**O the chambers of death he went not down  
As the many are fated to go;  
He closed not his eyelids in hamlet or town;  
No stone doth the place of his sepulture crown,  
To tell who reposes below.

How brightly, yet strangely, he shone by the way,  
While he walked with mortality here!  
Not his was the open effulgence of day,  
But the flash of the wildfire, that scatters its ray  
From a dark and a mystical sphere.

In the spring of his manhood, he startled the world  
By the scenes which he loved to pourtray.  
The senses by these now in stupor were whirled,  
And now to the black depths of horror were hurled,  
Or became to soft pity a prey.

The grave and austere might look cold at his name,  
And reproof on his errors might fall;  
But ever, along with the language of blame,  
High praise of his genius from multitudes came,  
And the man was beloved of all.

How died he who thus took delight to outpour  
Tales of wonder and terror in life?

He departed afar from his native shore,  
Where the blasts on the swelling Atlantic roar,  
And awaken the waters to strife.

They covered him up in the garb of the grave,  
And his corpse in a coffin they laid;  
Then a shrouding of canvass to all they gave,  
And they lowered it gently, with weights, to the wave,  
And the last solemn prayers they said.

When supported no longer, at once in the tide  
Sank the dead in his lone, narrow lair.  
But why, as they lean o'er the swift vessel's side,  
Is the tear of regret by astonishment dried  
In the eyes of the onlookers there?

The leads had dropped off, and the coffin uprose  
Anew to the face of the deep;  
And there, undisturbed by tempestuous throes,  
It floated and rocked in serenest repose,  
Like a child that lies cradled asleep.

But the breeze caught the folds of the canvass at last,  
And it swelled in the form of a sail,  
And away from the vessel the death-boat past,  
Like canoe of the savage, that showeth no mast,  
Though it feeleth the breath of the gale.

Oh! fearful to view was that ark of the dead,  
As it swam on the balancing wave!  
Bold hearts at the spectacle fluttered with dread—  
From cheeks before blooming the bright roses fled—  
And the giddy and reckless grew grave.

And away on the waters—away—and away—  
Did that bark with its mariner go;  
And whither it went no mortal can say:—  
Whether drifted ashore, or afloat till this day,  
It was heard of no more here below!

### Suicides.

**G**AZE on the lonely Thinker in his cell—  
One with the noblest gift of God endowed,  
A Mind by which the elements are bowed  
To do the work of man, and serve him well.  
The annals of remotest time may tell  
Of mighty benefits to mortals done  
By thoughts, which from this solitary One,  
In naked strength, like gems new-quarried, fell.  
But shall he reap in life rewarding fame,  
And have due laurels planted on his grave?  
Too oft he is the Lake amid the hills,  
Untalked of and unseen, the while its rills  
Feed noble Streams, that ample honours have  
From those who of the Source know not the name.

### The Twin Sisters.

**Y**E little ones, ye pretty ones, whose looks of sunny  
glee  
Steal sweetly on the gazer's heart, like morn upon  
the sea,  
What images in Nature's range, what emblems near  
or far,  
May fitly picture you to those who see not what ye  
are?

Ye dancing ones, ye glancing ones, there are in  
heaven aloft  
Twin stars, whose ray, like yours, is bright, yet  
beautiful and soft;

But eold the light that flows from out these lamplets  
of the skies,  
And all unlike the cheering glow that breaks from  
your sweet eyes.

Ye prattling ones, ye tattling ones, fair flowers there  
be on earth,  
That blossom brightly on the stem which gave them  
kindred birth;  
But, ah! have they those winning tongues, whose  
merry-hearted flow  
Makes all the joy of elder ones seem dull and cold  
as woe?

Ye smiling ones, ye wiling ones, there is within my  
view  
One object, and but one, which claims similitude  
with you;  
The lips, the dewy mated lips, of maiden in her  
prime  
Alone may image you to those who see you but in  
rhyme.

Ye laughing ones, ye daffing ones, not far go ye apart,  
But cling like creatures with two frames, and but  
one little heart;  
And so those blooming lips, like you, are ofttest seen  
conjoined—  
Lovely are they, like you, detached, but lovelier far  
combined!

Ye airy ones, ye fairy ones, ye peer the rose in blow,  
And ruddily and rosily the lips of maiden glow;  
Ye smile and prattle charmingly, and when might  
ought eclipse  
The smiling and the melody of youthful maiden's lips!

Ye merry ones, ye cherry ones, all vainly, I confess,  
Does Fancy strive by such conceits your likeness to  
express:—

Bright peerless blossoms as ye are of man's high-  
fated race,

Where may we emblems find for what bears God's  
own form and face?

### The Wallace Wight.

#### I.

**R**ESCUEER, thrice proven, of thy father-land!  
Not that our race and country are the same,  
Do I presume triumphantly to claim  
The highest place for thee in the bright band  
Sent down from God, in charity, to stand  
As champions of the right; to thee a name,  
Above all old, above all recent fame,  
Is justly due. Not he who bore command  
When Freedom won a Transatlantic home—  
Nor the good Archer of the Alpine steeps—  
Nor he who, in the Pass, immortal, bled—  
Gave deeds like thine to the historic tome;  
Glorious the victor lives, the martyr sleeps:—  
Wallace! both honours wave above thy bed.

#### II.

**W**HEN Caledonia in the dust lay low,  
And none dared stretch the hand to raise her up;  
When her proud nobles drank the bitter cup  
Of constrained friendship with the southron foe;  
Who burst the spell, and struck the avenging blow?  
What Chief of high descent and wide renown  
Advanced to pull the haught oppressor down,

And close at length his country's weary woe?  
Nor princely rank, nor large repute had he;  
But on his brow great thoughts were ever camped,  
And, when contending in the battle's van,  
His port was awful as the stormy Sea.  
Her sign had Nature on the Wallace stamped,  
To show to man a master-work in man.

## III.

HE, whom the Heavens have honoured with a call  
To do their high behests on earth, must be  
As the just fire or equitable sea,  
Blind powers, which operate alike on all.  
Great Chief, thy nature knew no taint of gall,  
Nor soughtest thou the downfall of thy kind,  
But the one purpose didst thou keep in mind,  
To free thy land, let ill or good befall.  
Hence was it, that upon the western sky  
Rose suddenly by night a dreadful glare,  
Made yet more dreadful by the flame-borne cry  
Of many perishing in wild despair;  
And hence fair Freedom smiled, as she stood by,  
To view the Burning of the Barns of Ayr.

## IV.

AS in the chancel of some ancient fane,  
Walled with memorials of chivalric days,  
Two forms, obversely niched, exchange a gaze  
Stern as if feeling moved the stone-eyed twain;  
So, where toward the land-embaying main,  
The Carron rolls its stream of many arms,  
Stood once, on either bank, two mail-clad forms—  
Alone, save for their shadows on the plain.  
Elder the one appeared, and counsel sage,  
And proven valour shone in every look;  
The countenance of him of lesser age



Showed even yet a more majestic book;  
That day was famous in historic page,  
When Bruce and Wallace met by Carron brook.

## V.

"WHY comest thou," the Wallace cried, "to sound,  
O princely Bruce! war's trump through thine  
own land?

Unnatural, unfilial is the hand  
Thou raisest; but to play the led bloodhound  
To Edward—O! thy fathers, death-discrowned,  
Must weep to view thee!" From the hero fell  
Hot tears, and scarcely found he voice to tell  
How all ambitious aims himself disowned.  
Anger, remorse, and shame, by turns held sway  
Within the bosom of the listener there.  
At length he answered, "Thou hast wrung my heart,  
Great Chief; but all shall be redeemed, I swear!  
Scotland, from thy dear cause no more I part,  
Till this thy night shall end in glorious day!"

## VI.

O ENGLAND! when the Wallace Wight was led,  
A fettered wonder, to thy capital,  
How cruel, how dispiteous was his fall!  
Yet though in streams his quartered body bled,  
And tasted not the sweets of Nature's bed,  
Vain was that ruthless spite; unmeant, his doom  
But presaged that on him oblivious gloom  
Should never sink, as on the common dead.  
Since the one great Betrayer kissed the Lamb,  
And with the kiss consigned him to the Tree,  
Oh! never hath been done a deed of shame  
Likethine, thou false Menteith! Though famed as calm,  
Thy country's blood boils still at thought of thee,  
And holy men teach babes to hate thy name!

❀! merr than here mi' me.

O! IF thou wert but here wi' me,  
My lassie wi' the nut-brown hair,  
We would be blest as twa could be  
That ken they meet to part nae mair:  
Nae mailens braw, nor jewels rare,  
Nae kists o' gowd are mine to gi'e,  
But aye the best, the foremost share  
Of a' I hae should fa' to thee.

O! if thou wert but here wi' me,  
We twa would steal to yon green dell,  
And big a bower where nane could see,  
And theek it wi' the heather-bell;  
And ferns and rashes frae the fell,  
Wi' lucken-gowans frae the lea,  
Should help to keep the winter snell  
Frae skaithing thee, and me through thee.

I wouldna seek the haunts o' men,  
To set my winsome lily there,  
But keep her far frae ilka den,  
Where Life is but a name for Care.  
She drew her first and halesome air  
By burn and wood, and hill and glen,  
And it would be a sin and mair  
To wile her now ayont their ken.

When simmer's green came on the tree,  
We in the sun would sit and beek,  
On some warm knowe, where we could see  
Our ingle swirling up its reek;

Linties would sing and lammies meek  
 Would race afore us, on the lea,  
 And morn and e'en, frae day to week,  
 A' should be peace round thee and me.

## Shaksperian Faucien.

"CONCOLINEL."

*Armado.* Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

*Moth.* Concolinel! — (singing.)

*Armado.* Sweet air! \* \* \* Boy, I do love that country girl.  
*Love's Labour Lost.*

SHALL I sing to thee of ladies,  
 Who in cities bear the bell?  
 Or of damsels that on May-days  
 On the greensward foot it well?  
 Is thy love a high-born beauty,  
 Or a maid of low degree?  
 Tell!—and it shall be my duty  
 To discourse of her to thee.  
 Tell, come, tell!  
 Concolinel.

Gems the courtly fair discloses,  
 Jewels dazzling every eye;  
 Brow of snow, and cheeks like roses,  
 In the cottage you may spy.  
 Wouldst thou wed for golden treasures,  
 Or for woman woman wive?  
 Tell!—and I shall sing the pleasures  
 Either choice to thee may give.  
 Tell, come, tell!  
 Concolinel.

Rank and mansions one possesses—  
These shall be her bridal dower;  
Beauty, truth, and fond caresses,  
Wait thee in the lowly bower.  
Dost thou say that thou wouldst rather  
To the humble maiden bow?  
Tell!—and quickly shall I gather  
Flowers to deck thy true love's brow.  
Tell, come, tell,  
Concolinel!

“FAREWELL LADY, LADY, LADY!”

*Romeo and Juliet.*

FAREWELL, lady, lady, lady,  
Farewell, lady mine!  
Never more in greenwood shady  
Shall we two recline.  
Never more shall we two wander  
Over hill and dale;  
Never, where the streams meander,  
Shalt thou hear love's tale.

All between us now is over—  
Thou hast sealed my fate;  
I to thee was but a lover—  
Thou hast found a mate.  
But, amid his soft caresses,  
When most dear to thee,  
Think on whom the green sod presses—  
Lady! think of me!

## Railways.

"Is there no nook of English ground secure  
From rash assault?"

*Wordsworth.*

THOUGHT not beseeming well the poet-sage!  
Can the most lovely of terrestrial scenes  
Be marred, when human science intervenes  
To place the marvels of a recent age  
By God's old grandeurs? What may so engage  
And raise the mind, as to behold the proud,  
Long-tameless elements of Nature bowed  
On mortal aims to spend their governed rage?  
How grand the uses made of slightest things!  
Such thin and formless vapours, as the lake  
Gives to the noon-day sun, serve, when man wills,  
To bear him mighty loads on thought-swift wings.  
So summoned, only, earth's full glories wake,  
And echo else were mute on many hills.

## Ballad of Sir Richard Fanshawe.

A GOODLY ship of English mould rode forth upon the  
main,  
To waft across a famous knight unto the shores of Spain;  
Sir Richard Fanshawe was the name this noble pilgrim  
bore,  
And he might veil his cap to none for valour, wit, and  
lore.

Along the seas this ship had sailed a fortnight and a day,  
When suddenly unto the knight the captain he did say,  
"Draw forth thy sword, thou warlike lord! The Turks  
be on our lee!  
Draw forth thy sword, and strike this day for England  
and for me!

"Stand to your guns, my sailors all! the Moslemah are nigh,  
Right well on yonder corsair's mast the Crescent ye may spy!  
Though twice our weight of build she show, fight as ye  
aye have done,  
And England shall the tidings hear of a battle this day  
won!"

The stout Sir Richard waved his sword above his head  
in air,  
And cried, "Where'er the press may be, sir captain, place  
me there!  
And ere this morning's sun go down, God willing, thou  
shalt see  
A good blow struck for Jesu Christ, for England, and  
for thee!

"But go, thou little page, unto my lady's cabin door,  
And bear to her my wish that she come not that thresh-  
old o'er;  
Commend us to her gentle prayers, and bid her have no  
fears,  
For Heaven will fight for Christian men against these  
buccaneers.

"Yet, as I know the mighty love that fills my lady's heart,  
Let this amid the melay be, thou youthful page, thy part:

Keep true and faithful watch and ward that chamber  
door beside,  
And see that by this hest of mine my lady-love abide."

The page bowed low, and left the deck; the good knight  
sought the post,  
Where danger from the Moslem arms appeared to  
threaten most;  
And there he stood amid the crew, all ready for the  
fray,  
From noontide till the sun passed through the folding-  
doors of day.

Meanwhile, although the foe hung o'er the Christian  
vessel's path,  
A distant dropping shot was all that showed their hos-  
tile wrath:  
The unbelievers knew that oak, and where it sprang  
from earth—  
They knew the mettle of the men to whom that soil  
gave birth!

But prudent, as in battle bold, the English captain  
was,  
And still he kept his men prepared for aught might  
come to pass;  
On deck, with them, Sir Richard stood, ev'n till the  
morning light  
Appeared to show no danger near—no crescent-flag in  
sight.

'Twas then the good knight turned to look upon a boyish  
form,  
That through the long, long hours of gloom was ever  
at his arm:—

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the knight, and prest that  
form in fond embrace,  
"What change, what miracles, can through the strength  
of love take place!"

It was, indeed, his lady fair—veiled in the boyish dress,  
Of which her prayers had won the page himself to dis-  
possess—

'Twas she who, thus attired, had crept to where her  
lord was placed,  
And there, unknown, had stood till dawn shone o'er  
the watery waste.

Well might the husband fondly cry, "What changes love  
can make!"

Whose lady braved the cold, the foe, the darkness, for  
his sake;

Though peril she could not avert, yet peril she might  
share,

And if a bullet sought his heart, her own might ward it  
there!

Well might the noble knight exclaim, "What wonders  
love can do!"

When stirs its influence in the breast that tender is and  
true;

The gentlest heart Love maketh bold, the wildest it can  
tame,

In weal or woe, with high and low, its power is still the  
same.

A place Sir Richard Fanshawe hath, high on the roll of  
fame,

And not less bright the halo is, that girds his lady's name:  
Enshrined together in the breasts of all the good they lie,  
Amid the glorious company whose memory cannot die!



## Rustic Belle's Stratagem.

UNDER an auld and withering willow,  
Down by the side of a murmuring stream,  
Sat a fair maiden, and gazed on the billow,  
And sad was her sang, and sadder its theme.

"Oh!" cried she, "that wearifu' siller,  
Sair is the grief it has brought on me;  
It's a' for it I maun marry the miller,  
Leal as my heart is to Jamie at sea.

"Dule on the dusty, sorrowfu' body,  
Ever to think o' a lass o' eighteen;  
Couldna the carle make a joe o' his toddy,  
The thing he has lo'ed sin he kent he had een!

"But gin I maun marry the creatur',  
Black be my cast if he thrive wi' me:  
A' the mischiefs and misfortunes in nature  
The body shall hae for a dowry fee.

"Ilka day his gowd will I scatter,  
And deave his lugs wi' my yammering tongue;  
Syne gin' he winna gae dead wi' my clatter,  
I'll yerk his back wi' a hazel rung."

Sae the lass sang; and wha but the miller  
Heard every word frae the back o' a tree?  
"Foul fa' me," quo' he, "if me or my siller,  
Shall e'er be at mense o' a jaud like thee!"

Lang leugh the lass when he vanished sae crusty;  
Weel had she kent wha was hearing her strain;  
"I trow," cried she, "I have settled auld dusty,  
And now I am yours, my Jamie, again."

### The Wild Earth-Bee.

ONE of my boyhood's dearest loves wert thou,  
Melodious rover of the summer bowers;  
And never can I see or hear thee now,  
Without a fond remembrance of the hours  
When youth had gardened life for me with flowers!  
Thou bringest to my mind the white-thorn bough,  
The blooming heath, and fox-glove of the fells;  
And Fancy, fine of ear,  
Half dreams that in thy murmurs she can hear  
A breeze-borne tinkling from my country's own blue-  
bells.

Most sweet and cheering memories are these  
To one who loves so well his native land—  
Who loves its mountains, rivulets, and trees,  
Withall the flowers that spring from Nature's hand,  
And not at man's elaborate command:—  
But now they are no more than memories;  
For I have dwelt perforce this many a year  
Amid the city's gloom,  
And only hear thy quick and joyous boom,  
When thou my dusky window haply passest near.

No longer can I closely watch thy range  
From fruit to flower, from flower to budding tree,  
Musing how lover-like thy course of change,  
Yet from all ills of human passion free.  
Though thou the summer's libertine may be,  
And, having reft its sweetness, may estrange

F

Thyself thenceforward from the floweret's view,  
No sting thou leav'st behind—  
No trace of reckless waste with thee we find—  
And sweetly singest thou to earn thy honey-dew.

Much have I marvelled at the faultless skill  
With which thou trackest out thy dwelling-cave,  
Winging thy way with seeming careless will  
From mount to plain, o'er lake and winding wave;  
The powers, which God to earth's first creature gave,  
Seem far less fit their purpose to fulfil  
Than thy most wondrous instinct—if, indeed,  
We should not think it shame  
To designate by such ambiguous name,  
The rare endowments which have been to thee decreed.

Hurtful, alas! too oft are boyhood's loves.  
The merle, encaged beneath the cottage eaves;  
The pecking sparrow, or the cooing doves;  
The chattering daw, most dexterous of thieves,  
That oftentimes the careful housewife grieves,  
And nimbly springs aloof when she reproves;  
Happier by far these pets of youth would be,  
Were they but left alone,  
To human care or carelessness unknown,  
Roaming, as Nature bade, unheeded still and free!

Well, too, for thee, wert thou thus left, poor Bee!  
In chase of thee and thy congeners all,  
How often have I coursed the fields with glee,  
Despite all hindrances of hedge or wall  
That in my onward way might chance to fall:  
But, though I took delight to look on thee,  
Thy piebald stripes, perchance, or golden hues,  
How oft through me did death  
Bring sudden pause to thy harmonious breath!  
And all for thy poor bag, too rich with balmy dews.

Nor could the beauty of thy earthen home,  
In a green bank beneath a fir-tree made,  
With its compact and overarching dome,  
Enveloping thy treasure-stores in shade;  
Nor the fine roadway, serpentinely laid;  
Nor all thy lovely cups of honied comb,  
Protect thee from the instruments of ill,  
Who forced thy tiny cave,  
And made a place of peace and joy a grave,  
Killing thy race, though still admiring while they kill.

Vainly against the thoughtless plunderers,  
Didst thou direct thy poison-pointed sting;  
With branches from the super-pendent firs,  
They beat thee down, and bruised thy little wing;  
Thy Queen, although a strangely gifted thing,  
Saw ruin fall on all that once was hers,  
Nor could the hand of fell destruction check;  
Thy cells, of honey reft,  
In one confused, sod-mingled mass were left,  
And thou, thy home and works, lay whelmed in one  
sad wreck.

Hence, though the wild flowers of my native hills  
Before my mind at sight of thee arise,  
And though my sense their fancied fragrance fills,  
And their bright bloom delights my inner eyes,  
Yet painful thoughts the while my breast chastise.  
Oh! could poor man accomplish what he wills,  
I would live o'er my days of youth again,  
To cherish such as thee,  
With kindness unalloyed, thou busy Bee,  
And have thy memory unmixed with aught of pain!

But still to me thou art a thing of joy!  
And the sweet hope is mine that this new age

Shall see thee saved from all such harsh annoy.  
Following a path alike benign and sage,  
The Man doth now his faculties engage  
In teaching early wisdom to the Boy.  
Youth now shall love thee, and have no desire  
To hunt, or hurt, or kill;  
And thou henceforth shalt safely roam at will,  
The happiest, merriest member of the summer choir!

### A Dear, Good Girl.

I WOULD not win thee by the sword,  
Nor breathe of war to thee at all;  
Unmeet it were that one harsh word  
Upon thine ear should fall.

Not by smooth flatteries of the tongue,  
Shall I attempt thy smiles to gain;  
Though thus have poets often sung,  
And maids have loved the strain.

I boast not that I could for thee  
Brave to the death a world in arms,  
Since I may wiselier sue to be  
Blest living with thy charms.

I do not say that, in thee shrined,  
Lie angel-virtues, chaste but chill,  
When my wish is in thee to find  
A life-warm mortal still.

I make no forced comparisons  
Of thee to planet, flower, or pearl;  
I speak the truth of thee at once:—  
Thou art a Dear, Good Girl!

## First of May.

[FROM THE LATIN OF BUCHANAN.]

**H**AIL! morning vowed to immemorial joys,  
First child of May! sacred to mirthful sports,  
To wine, and jest, and song,  
And to the choral dance!

Hail! thou delight and honour of the year,  
Unfailing ever in thy sweet return;  
Flower of the youth of Time,  
That soon again grows old!

When the mild temperance of Spring erewhile  
Cheered new-born Nature, and the primal age,  
Spontaneously good,  
Shone bright with yellow ore:—

Such harmony as thine through all the months  
Ran lastingly; warm breezes soothed the lands;  
And then gave they forth fruits  
Where seeds were never sown.

The like amenitude of clime as thine  
Perpetual broods above the Happy Isles,  
Where none know painful age,  
Nor querulous disease.

Such breathings whisper softly through the groves  
That hold in peaceful shade the Silent Ones;  
Such gales, on Lethe's banks,  
Stir the sad cypresses.

Haply, when God with final fires shall cleanse  
The universe, and to the earth restore  
Her happy days, such airs  
Shall blessed spirits breathe.

Glory of ever-fleeting Time, all hail!  
Day worthy still of memorable note:  
Hail, image of old life,  
And type of that to come!

## Helen Faucit.

"Mirari populum quæ facit? illa FACIT."

—*Facetia Classica.*

YOUNG Fairy, whose commanding spell  
Can stir our bosoms to the core,  
Grateful for joys remembered well,  
We welcome thee once more!

Resume thy charms! awake the tear  
Anew in eyelids of the fair;  
Or bid the smile again appear  
Upon the front of care.

Thine is the power at choice to move  
The chords of sadness or of mirth—  
To rouse to ire, or melt to love,  
Or give dark horror birth.

To continents and isles afar,  
O'er seas and lands, by night or day,  
Unheeding where our bodies are,  
With thee in soul we stray.

Thou wiltest—and in forest glades,  
Beneath o'erarching leaf and bough,  
We con a lore amid the shades  
Richer than worldlings know.

Co-mates in exile we become  
Of noble swains and rustic kings,  
Loving the green walk as our home,  
And all wild woodland things.

Whilst thou, inspirer of the whole,  
Dost trip about in shepherd-guise,  
And with thy happy wit cajole  
Alike the weak and wise.

Wave thou afresh thy charmed rod!—  
And forthwith we in palace-halls,  
And garden-bowers have our abode,  
Within "Verona walls."

There to our gaze a maid is given,  
In whose young bosom feelings glow,  
Potent to raise the soul to heaven,  
Or plunge it deep in woe!

Fervent her spirit as the rays  
Shot from her own Italian skies;  
And in the spring-time of her days—  
With dying love—she dies.

Uplift thy magic wand anew,  
And bid the Murderess of the North,  
Fair as the gilded snake to view,  
But poison-fanged, step forth.

Give us to hear the taunts that bend  
Her consort to the mortal error;  
And show betimes her course's end,  
And thrill our breasts with terror.

All phases of the female heart,  
Whether as maiden or as wife,  
Thou hast the genius and the art  
To mirror to the life.

And such thy wondrous power to teach  
The moral of each passing scene,  
That we, though sadder, rise from each  
Wiser than we have been.



Young Fairy of the potent spell,  
Who comest kindly to restore  
Pleasures by us remembered well,  
We welcome thee once more.

### Antigone.

**O**FT had I roamed in thought the land of Greece,  
And seen its brave, and good, and fair of old,  
But never did my actual eye behold  
A semblance of the Lady of the Fleece,  
Sublime Medea; nor of her, whom peace  
Declared an outcast from its happy fold  
At birth, Antigone, too greatly bold;  
Until a voice, whose tones may never cease  
To sound in fancy's hearing—and a form,  
Whose graces haunt the gaze of memory—  
Entranced of late held every sense of mine.  
FAUCIT, that noble speech and port were thine!  
Though less thyself didst thou appear to be,  
Than some bright Phidian shape, with life grown  
warm.

### Abbotsford.

[TO J. C. W.]

**H**ERE, upon the waveful Tweed,  
Where old shepherds tuned the reed,  
Prone beneath a willow-tree,  
Let me weave a lay for thee.

Would that thou wert with me here,

Now when July warms the year,  
And the Tweed careers below,  
Bright and breakless in its flow,  
Save where trouts leap here and there,  
Divers in the sunny air;  
While, upon the adverse bank,  
May be viewed, in careless rank,  
All the trees which he, the lord,  
Ever-famed of Abbotsford,  
Planted to enrich the lands,  
Won by his toils of mind and hands.  
Peeping o'er the leafy screen,  
May the turrets, too, be seen,  
Of the bright "romance of stone,"  
Built by the Mighty Known.  
Towers, and crystal streams, and trees,  
Ever may the gazer please;  
How much more should such as lie  
Now before my charmed eye,  
Steeped in twilight, dewy, cool,  
Like the landscapes of a pool!

Oft on such an eve have I  
Wandered through these woods hereby,  
Musing on the mighty mind  
Of him who had the scene designed;  
While from every shrub and tree  
Issued floods of melody.  
There the mavis poured its song,  
Like old wine, mellow and strong,  
Calling answers, pleased and loud,  
Even from those echoes proud,  
Which were wonted to rejoice  
At the master-minstrel's voice;  
There the blackbird's stirring note  
Through the woods was heard to float;

And the finch's whining plain  
Mingled with the linnet's strain;  
And an hundred other lays  
Made an evening hymn of praise,  
Such as thrilled that whole arcade,  
Bedded by the dark green glade,  
Till it seemed to nod with glee  
To the pleasing minstrelsy.  
On the hilly slopes in view,  
Propped against the arc of blue,  
Marked I then the heather-bell,  
Grasping close the mountain swell;  
And the broom's bright flowers were seen,  
Yellow stars in skies of green;  
And the fox-glove's purple cup  
Seemed to drink the eve-dews up;  
While, upon some brown scaur-side,  
Waved old Caledonia's pride—  
Emblem fit, in form and deed,  
Of her bold and hardy breed,  
Who, upon their island rocks,  
Laugh to scorn a foeman's shocks.  
As the breeze with deepened plain  
Seems to start away amain,  
When its rash, assailing wing  
Meets the Thistle's wardful sting,  
So, e'en so, do Scotland's foes  
Still repent their hostile blows.  
Well the Minstrel might declare,  
"Breathed I not my native air—  
Saw I not the heather bloom—  
Heard I not the wild bee's boom—  
Once, as every year ran by,  
Surely, surely I should die!"  
Such a scene, and such a land,  
Well might poet's love command!

Die he did! and, well-a-day,  
Short thereafter was the stay  
Of the daughters of his race,  
Who drew life but from his face!  
Brief thereafter was the span  
Of the sweet and gentle Anne,  
Who for her great father bore  
Such a love as child before  
Rarely felt, or may feel more.  
When the complete progeny  
Of bright works that cannot die,  
From that wondrous brain were born,  
And the earthly case was worn  
By the inward fire away,  
And the debt was paid of clay,  
She, the poet's dearest child,  
Endured pangs so deep and wild,  
That, if this should e'er be said,  
Hers was grief beyond all aid.  
Soon did that absorbing pain  
Burst the bonds of life in twain;  
In the tomb was Anne laid low,  
Martyr pure to filial woe.

Who can wander through these woods,  
Or behold these pleasant floods,  
Nor dwell thus on thee and thine,  
Poet of the living line?  
Many a flower is scattered there,  
Nursling of the shaded air;  
But what most I prize, by far,  
Is one that, like an earth-born star,  
Seems to shrine the name of Scott,  
Saying still, "Forget-me-not."  
Yes! sweet flower, so brightly blue,  
Eye which Flora may look through

When she scans our human ways,  
Scott shall boast unfading bays!  
While old Scotland lasts, his name,  
Fitly formed for mutual fame,  
With her own shall co-exist,  
Foremost on her natal list.

Till his land and race are not,  
Glory be to Walter Scott!

I dare not say I love thee.

I DARE not say I love thee,  
So far art thou above me;  
Nor, could word of mine be heard,  
Might it have power to move thee.

While others sue thee boldly,  
I sit and look but coldly;  
Yet the pain, that wrings me then,  
Is more than may be told thee.

The blue sky o'er us bending  
Seems void, though far extending;  
So my love, like heaven above,  
Though viewless, knows no ending.

O! then, while others woo thee,  
Let silence not undo me;  
Words are weak, and cannot speak  
The love I bear unto thee!

### The Bern of Saint John d'Acre.

ONCE more on the broad-bosomed ocean appearing,

The banner of England is spread to the breeze;  
And loud is the cheering, that hails the uprearing  
Of Glory's loved emblem, the pride of the seas.

No tempest shall daunt her,  
No victor-foe taunt her,  
What manhood can do in her cause shall be done;  
Britannia's best seaman,  
The boast of her freemen,  
Will conquer or die by his colours and gun.

On Acre's proud turrets an ensign is flying,  
Which stout hearts are banded till death to uphold;  
And bold is their crying, and fierce their defying,  
When trenched in their ramparts, unconquered of  
old.

But lo! in the offing,  
To punish their scoffing,  
Brave NAPIER appears, and their triumph is done;  
No danger can stay him,  
No foemen dismay him,  
He conquers or dies by his colours and gun.

Now low in the dust is the crescent-flag humbled,  
Its warriors are vanquished, their freedom is gone;  
The strong walls have tumbled, the proud towers  
are crumbled,  
And England's flag waves over ruined Saint John.  
But NAPIER now tenders,  
To Acre's defenders,

The aid of a friend, when the combat is won;  
For Mercy's sweet blossom  
Blooms fresh in his bosom,  
Who conquers or dies by his colours and gun.

"All hail to the Hero!" his country is calling,  
And "Hail to his comrades, the faithful and brave!"  
They feared not for falling, they knew no appalling,  
But fought like their fathers, the lords of the wave.  
And long may the ocean,  
In calm and commotion,  
Rejoicing convey them where fame may be won;  
And when foes would wound us,  
May NAPIERS be round us,  
To conquer or die by their colours and gun.

### Mirth and Melody.

[Suggested by Verses, from the elegant pen of James Hedderwick, which ascribed the power of the Poet to his melancholy, and were entitled "Sorrow and Song."]

GRIEVE thou when the Poet grieves,  
Soothe him in his sadness;  
Song her brightest chaplet weaves  
Round the brow of gladness.

To the smiling dawn the lark  
Chanteth her good morrow;  
Boding screech-owls to the dark  
Croak their notes of sorrow.

Pearls are sought in placid seas,  
Not in troubled waters;  
Summer robes with leaves the trees—  
Leaves the Winter scatters.

Crystal, pure as ever shone,  
But by daylight glanceth;  
And the butterfly alone  
In the sunbeam danceth.

By the warm and glowing hearth,  
Chirps the gleesome cricket;  
Joyous Spring calls pipings forth  
From the budding thicket.

Rills, with music in their flow,  
Flowery banks embosom;  
Not amid December's snow  
Shows the rose her blossom.

To the calm fount flies the deer  
When with thirst he fainteth;  
In the lake serene and clear,  
Heaven her image painteth.

Can the harp of broken string  
Charm us by its sounding?  
Or the eagle's bruised wing  
Bear his skyward bounding?

Grieve, then, when the Poet grieves,  
Soothe thou him in sadness;  
Song her brightest chaplet weaves  
Round the brow of gladness.



### TEARS.

TEARS are the ink with which deep feeling writes  
 Its most enduring bonds of tenderness.  
 What tongue and lips fail fitly to express,  
 Silence, with pen in eye-dew dipped, indites  
 Upon the cheek. Grief draweth solace thence;  
 And Anguish, with the corrugated brow,  
 Feels its sore pains to easeful weeping bow;  
 And hard Remorse so melts to Penitence.  
 But Hope, and Joy, and Gratitude, and Love  
 Emotions are, not less in unison  
 With the effusions of the surcharged eyes.  
 And hath not Nature shown like sympathies?  
 Over the waters came the Blessed Dove,  
 And through celestial drops the Rainbow shone.

### The Best Cuchie.

SOME folk they will threep that siller is a'  
 We need through this life, and the tuiye o't;  
 That wedlock without it is naething ava',  
 But a cruisie that wants the uilye o't.  
 To me gi'e a lass that's couthie and leal,  
 And ane, abune a', that lo'es me weel,  
 And your miss wi' a tocher may gae to the de'il,  
 Or them that care mair for the spuiye o't.

Tho' gear be a gude, there's mony mae things,  
 Ane never should meen to a sairing o't;  
 The joy and content that an eident wife brings  
 Are no to be had for the wairing o't.

A sark to your back will your rich dame sew,  
 Or bake you a bannock to fill your mou',  
 Or darn your hosen, or milk your cow?—  
 Sic wark, gude faith, she'll be sparing o't.

I wouldna' ha'e woman a drudge a' her life,  
 But a birr now and than at the spinning o't,  
 Is a thing that sits aye unco weel on a wife,  
 And it lichtens a house wi' the dinning o't.  
 When a chield maks up to a quean wi' a pose,  
 Can he look for my lady to fend on brose?  
 And sic may be her kitchen before life's close,  
 Whate'er may ha'e been the beginning o't.

A blythe blinking e'e, and a weel-faured face,  
 A mou' that is worthy the preeing o't;  
 A lo'esome shape, wi' a step o' grace,  
 To cheer ane's e'e wi' the seeing o't;  
 A mind weel plenished wi' hamely sense,  
 And a warm bit heart, that thinks nae offence;—  
 O! these mak' a tocher far, far abune pence,  
 Or a' that earth has for the gi'eing o't.

### The New Album.

[Sent, to be contributed to, from a distance.]

THIS many-tinted Book of thine,  
 Sweet friend! now far away,  
 Shall teem ere long with friendly line  
 And tributary lay;  
 For thou art one whose lightest sign  
 Men glory to obey.

It is not, lady, that thine eyes  
Could ever long to see  
Thy praises sung, in flattering-wise,  
In verses here to be;  
But while this Book before him lies,  
Who can but think of thee?

Yet amid all whose minds that spell  
May influence like my own,  
Dear lady, I believe full well  
Than mine there will be none,  
Whose thoughts more oft on thee will dwell  
When this fair Book is gone.

### Galgacus.

**I**F Tacitus recorded what was true,  
And told aright his valiant kinsman's story,  
(As who can doubt what Genius heard from Glory?)  
The firmest check the Romans ever knew,  
While o'er the Scottish North their eagles flew,  
Was when the Grampians, from their summits hoary,  
Beheld their slopes with human victims gory,  
What time brave Galgacus his warriors threw  
On the invading foe. The famous sire,  
From whom the great Fergusian monarchs spring,  
Left but a name in legends old and crude;  
But he who braved the stern Agricola's ire  
Lives classically. Rome, while conquering,  
Still eternised the chiefs whom she subdued.

## Gustavus of Sweden.

[This ballad is, in the main, founded on a reported historical incident. Though pleased with the reverses of Austria, Richelieu grew alarmed ultimately at the successes of the Protestant Champion, and is said to have actually made an attempt to ensnare Gustavus Adolphus, by sending a white horse to his camp, with the intents here indicated.]

**I**T fell upon the glorious time, when from the hardy  
north  
Gustavus of the Lion Heart with all his Swedes came  
forth;  
To weed out ruthless bigotry was boune the champion  
then,  
And plant the True Faith purified all thorough broad  
Almaine.

Joyous the shout that rang along the Pomeranian slopes,  
And wildly throbbed each Saxon's heart, and high be-  
came his hopes,  
When, armed in complete panoply, the foremost of his  
band,  
The young and brave Deliverer sprung from his Swed-  
ish prow to land.

Vain boasters of Vienna! ye may trust your myriad  
hosts,  
And dream that soon the stranger shall be banished  
from your coasts;  
And him, in your delusion, ye may style a *King of Snow*,  
But a *King of Steel* shall he be found ere long by every foe.

Tilly, the many-battled chief, the stern of heart and  
eye,  
Before whose conquering banner foes came ever but to  
die—  
Whom Austria deemed the hope and staff of her Imperial  
crown—  
Lost to the Swede in one dread hour his long, long-  
prized renown.

Quaked to the core the Papal power when these dark  
tidings spread,  
And moved o'er all was Richelieu, its Gallic prop and  
head;  
He scorned the Viennese, but he was linked with them  
in faith,  
And shrunk to see their common Church shake at the  
north-wind's breath.

Long mused the haughty Cardinal, the man of many  
wiles,  
How best destruction might be pulled down on the  
Swedish files;  
No dream had he of manly fight upon the open field;  
Far other ways were Richelieu's—dark, subtle, and con-  
cealed.

At length a strange and murderous thought arose with-  
in his mind,  
And there was it ere long matured, embellished, and  
refined;  
And soon the instruments were found, and taught, and  
sworn, and fee'd,  
To do the act of darkness by the master-head decreed.  
Beware, beware, thou lion-heart! O, royal Swede, be-  
ware!  
The hunters even now for thee the fatal toils prepare;

Be circumspect, and guard thee well, thou Bulwark of  
the Faith!  
An unseen and long-reaching arm pursues thee to the  
death.

It was a morn of summer-time, and gay, and keen, and  
clear,  
The sun looked down upon a plain that glowed with  
shield and spear;  
There, burning to regain his fame, once more old Tilly  
lay,  
Fronting the muster of the Swede, all dight in war array.

Prompt for the field, Gustavus came that morn from  
forth his tent,  
When, at its threshold, lo! before the King a menial  
bent;  
"I know, my Prince," said he, "how well thou lov'st a  
gallant steed—  
Behold! here standeth one, unmatched for form, and  
strength, and speed."

The hero turned him, and descried a charger white as  
snow,  
With limbs of perfect symmetry, and neck like bended  
bow;  
The beauteous thing admiringly the Swedish Prince  
caressed,  
As haughtily it pawed the earth, and tossed aloft its crest.

Appealed to by the king, the groom, by whom the steed  
was led,  
Replied, "A Saxon noble, sire, who late in battle bled,  
Possessed the horse, and left him me, a fee for service  
shown;  
Peerless he is, but I am poor; for gold he is thine own."

"His trappings then," exclaimed the king, "I ride this horse to-day!"

Nor gave the monarch ear to aught his anxious lords could say:—

"I were no knight to fear a fall; and for his hue of snow,  
How may my host the presence of their king more fitly know?"

Forth, then, among his marshalled bands the dauntless hero rode,

And first he bade each man to kneel, and prayed for help to God;

Then, strengthened by the pious rite, the Swedish lines uprose,

And hark! the signal for the fight—the vanward foe-men close!

Gustavus from a mount a while the fearful skirmish eyes.

"Ha! bravely done, my chamberlain!" the eager monarch cries;

"Mark how he heads his gallant band, still foremost in the fight!

He is unhorsed—he fights on foot—Ha! see the foe in fight!"

Now bent the king his course to where the chamberlain had place,

Fatigued and breathless with the fight, and the short but deadly chase.

"Thanks for this first success to thee, brave lord," exclaimed the king,

"Bright hopes of victory from this thy noble action spring.

"Woundless thou art," spoke on the king, "the great God praised be!

But thou hast lost a charger good this day for love of me."

And as he spoke, he sprung from off his gallant foam-  
white steed—  
“Mount this,” he cried, “and be the gift the guerdon  
of thy deed.”

While round and round the shouts of all the pleased  
spectators rung,  
Swift to the snowy courser's back the chamberlain he  
sprung;  
“My king,” he cried, “if thou hast found my service  
true before,  
This day shalt see that service yet redoubled o'er and  
o'er.”

Like arrow from a bow he sped toward the vanguard  
band,  
And, fronting all his company, he there took up his  
stand;  
Flushed with his master's praise he was, and eager for  
the word,  
That should again upon the foe direct his crimsoned  
sword.

O, gracious Heaven! how strange thy ways toward us  
mortals here,  
To whose eyes blessings evil seem, while evils good ap-  
pear!  
And how mysterious the means, by which thou dost  
avert  
The ills that fall too often here to the great and good  
man's part!

Conspicuous stood the royal steed that bore the cham-  
berlain,  
And proudly did it scent the air, and proudly hoof the  
plain;



Nor less elate the heart of him whom the proud creature bare;  
A moment passed—and where were they? Gone, like a breath of air!

As the dread billows of the deep gulph up a labouring bark,  
And leave behind not even a spar its passage by to mark,  
So burst on that devoted pair—the rider and his steed—  
The foeman's thick artillery, dreadful in power and speed!

Who placed the many cannons that conjointly did that act?  
Who?—who but he that sate afar, from fire and sword intact?  
The hand that aimed those deadly guns, and lighted up the train,  
Was one that stretched from Paris to the north of far Almaine!

The wily Richelieu knew well the Swede's undaunted heart,  
That ever in the battle's van the hero played his part;  
And that he loved to back a steed as white as falling snow,  
That still his faithful soldiery their present king might know.

Loud be the shouts once more along the Pomeranian slopes,  
And throb with joy each Saxon's heart, and high be still his hopes;  
Not victimless this bloody wile, but God hath pleased to save  
Gustavus of the Lion Heart, his Champion, from the grave!

## Light and Love.

O! WHY did I sae fondly trow  
That woman's love would ne'er decay—  
That it would be the morn as now,  
Or as the morn anither day?  
Her heart feels love as does the stream  
The moonbeams that upon it play;  
Lour but ae cloud, and like a dream  
Baith light and love will flee away.

O! why did I sae idly think  
True faith on faithless earth to see?  
As weel gae search the hornet's bink  
For hinney o' the garden-bee;  
Or look to find the wild-fire's gleam  
As steadfast as the lamp o' day:—  
Soon will he learn, wha sae may deem,  
That light and love flee baith away.

O! why did I sae vainly hope  
To win a maid without a peer,  
Or trow that ane sae puir could cope  
Wi' wooers rich in lands and gear?  
And yet awhile I drank her smile,  
Awhile I revelled in its ray;  
But sairer far was the recoil,  
When light and love fled baith away!

### Escape of Queen Mary.

**W**HEN Mary, loveliest of regal dames,  
 From forth the Castle of Lochleven fled,  
 To Niddry's towers, with fluttered haste, she sped,  
 And paused but there, when safe from hostile aims.  
 As the first lark uprose, and cheerful flames  
 Were o'er the landscape by the young sun shed,  
 The Queen sprung to the lattice from her bed,  
 Opened, and looked upon the lawn. Acclaims,  
 Thunderous in tone, soon told that she was seen  
 By mail-clad bands, the assemblage of a night.  
 Entranced, she waved her kerchief, but with speed  
 Drew back, and blushed, recalling her loose plight.  
 O! strong is beauty! Doomed ere long to bleed,  
 More fell for Mary Stuart than the Queen.

### Seriu Iuris.

**W**OULD that I were upon yon lone green hill,  
 Far, far from those who hunt earth's glitter-  
 ing mammon,  
 The unsown fruits my food, my drink the rill,  
 Nature's dumb things my sole companions—*Gam-*  
*mon.*

I am not one of those at whose heart-strings  
 The treasures of the world for ever tug;  
 My nobler aspirations are for things  
 Mind only gives, and mind enjoys—*Humbug.*

From worldlings and the world I feel that I  
Could flee without a momentary grudge;  
I feel that I could be content to die,  
As I would live, in calm retirement—*Fudge.*

Yet there is one to whom in burning words  
I have vowed faith, although no idle talker;  
And well she knows that not the mated birds  
Of spring so fondly love as I love—*Walker.*

First love! it is indeed a pleasant thing,  
Like night's first peep of morning on the sky,  
Or like the joy which new-found light doth bring  
To one long used to gloom—*All in my eye.*

But oft, too oft, when we are pledged to one,  
Unthinking parents point us to another;  
And thus it was with her who called me son—  
To whom I owed my being—*How's your mother?*

Most painful was it to be watched alway,  
Although the watcher loving were, no doubt;  
'Twas hard to have no scope from dawn of day  
Till nightfall—*Does your mother know you're out?*

Hence do I fondly long to tread the heather  
On yon brown mountain, far from human sight,  
Heedless of summer heats, or wintry weather,  
If left to muse in peace—*Is Murphy right?*

To taste again my youthful joys I burn;  
I long to watch, as wont was, from below,  
The airy rook's circumgyrations—*Turn*  
*About and wheel about, and jump Jim Crow!*

I hate the shifting fashions of the world;  
Where, some proud puppy of the *ton* to flatter,  
Men's garments must be topsy-turvy whirled,  
And altered every fortnight—*Who's your hatter?*

I love a reasonable tidiness,  
But would not make my house an essence-shop,  
Or have my toilette groan beneath a press  
Of cakes and balls—*How are you off for soap?*

No, no. No perfumes seem to me more sweet  
Than Nature's; nor do any hues appear  
Like to the verdure spread beneath our feet  
By her—*Do you see anything green here?*

But I have done. The morning coach is passing,  
And I would not be of my seat bereft;  
I must be off now for my summer grassing.  
All I have said is true—*Over the left.*

### At Bannockburn.

IT is no fiction of the olden day,  
But truth implanted on a nation's story,  
That Bruce, great son of arms and heir of glory,  
Stood on the spot whereon I stand this day.  
Hither young Bohun took erewhile his way,  
Daring and hopeful, from the adverse side,  
By one fell blow to tame the Scottish pride;  
But the King's war-axe, with resistless sway,  
Clove the ill-fated Southron to the brain.  
This is no fancy of the bygone time:—  
A hero of the old Homeric strain,  
Valiant as ever poet praised in rhyme,  
Fought for his country on this battle-plain,  
And won her freedom by his deeds sublime.

## On the President Steam-Ship.

[Written while its fate was yet in doubt.]

HAST thou gone into the deep,  
Or been stranded on the shore?  
Are thy merry men asleep,  
To awaken never more?  
Shall we still hope on? or weep  
In despair that all is o'er—  
That the strong blue billow raves  
Everlastingly above thy crew's unhallowed graves?  
We have watched full many a time,  
When thy coming was foretold;  
We have listened to the chime  
Of the waters as they rolled;  
But, like fabling poet's rhyme,  
Or romance of days of old,  
Proved the tales they told of thee,  
Thou mysterious rover on the dark tempestuous sea!  
We have never seen thy prow  
Rushing homewards through the main,  
And a dread weighs on us now,  
Lest we see it not again;  
And on many a snowy brow  
May be traced the stamp of pain,  
For with thee, where'er thou art,  
Lie the prized and the beloved of many a tender  
heart.  
Wonderful, most wonderful,  
Are the secrets of the deep!  
Millions many doth it lull  
In their last undreaming sleep;

---

While o'erhead the wild sea-gull  
Loves its screaming watch to keep,  
And around them countless stores  
Of rich gems are garnered up from a thousand distant shores.

But the ocean gives no bed,  
On its channel rough and broad,  
To the myriads of the dead  
Who have there their last abode.  
Disallowed to lay the head  
'Neath their native churchyard sod,  
Still are they denied to sleep  
Even on the craggy wastes that underlie the deep.

'Twixt the blessed air above,  
And the caverned plains below,  
Where the waters ever move  
To and fro, and to and fro,  
Do the couchless relics rove  
With the billows as they flow,  
Doomed to everlasting motion,  
Till the Great Judge calls them up from the rude  
and grudging ocean.

All who feel that ocean's wrath,  
When the tempest will not cease,  
And the waters choke the breath,  
And the spirit finds release,  
Join those mariners of death,  
Still to roam the deep mid-seas:—  
And art thou with that dread band,  
Gallant plougher of the main—bright creation of  
the land?

Hast thou gone into the deep,  
Or been stranded on the shore?

Are thy merry men asleep,  
To awaken never more?  
Shall we still hope on? or weep  
In despair that all is o'er—  
That the strong blue billow raves  
Everlastingly above thy crew's unhallowed graves?

### Steed of the Steam.

**H** EARD ye the scream of the Steam-Horse by night,  
Rending the air as in wrath or affright?  
Saw ye the glare of its eyes by the way,  
Red as the sun on a mist-shrouded day?

Onward it flies, as in strife with the wind,  
Leaving no trace of its passage behind,  
Save in the fumes that its nostrils exhale,  
Soon to be lost in the gloom and the gale.

Hotly and fiercely its snortings come forth,  
Strong as the spout of the whale of the North;  
Startling to hear, as the voice of the pard,  
When on the midnight his howlings are heard.

Since the wild Wind blew its keynote of yore,  
Never did rival outstrip it before;  
Bounding along, like a thought in a dream,  
Space is devoured by the Steed of the Steam.

Hosts on the back of the strong one may ride,  
Safely as navies that rock on the tide;  
Though it may seem at the burden to frown,  
Lightly it bears them as feathers of down.



Priceless to man is this child of his Art,  
 Making of earth one magnificent mart;  
 Science and knowledge, from pole unto pole,  
 Soar on its mighty wings, blessing the whole.

Servant of justice, and arm of the law,  
 Only the Guilty regard it with awe;  
 Fly to the ends of the earth though they may,  
 Still it precedes them, and darts on its prey.

Noblest of powers that to man have been given—  
 Type of the might and the greatness of Heaven—  
 Large are thy duties as yet in its scheme:—  
 On with thy work then, brave Steed of the Steam!

### My Normandy.

[There exists a French Air of this name, with words more or less  
 resembling these English ones.]

WHEN hope revisits earth anew,  
 And far from us the winter flies,  
 And softer, sweeter to the view,  
 The sun relumes our lovely skies;  
 When Nature robes again the tree,  
 And swallows sound the twittering horn,  
 I love to see my Normandy—  
 The land, the land where I was born.

The Switzer homes have met mine eyes,  
 On hills where endless snow appears;  
 I have beheld Italian skies,  
 And Venice, with her gondoliers.  
 But everywhere my thought would be,  
 When from my friends and country torn,  
 More fair to me is Normandy—  
 The land, the land where I was born!

## The Epitaph.

### A FATHER'S MEMORY.

FOR parents oft ere now has there been weeping:—  
But never fell a tear,  
From fount where drops of human woe lie sleeping,  
Upon a Father's bier,  
More sad than those e'en now my eyelids steeping—  
More sad or more sincere.

The while, as youth and man, thou wert ascending  
The mount of mortal life;  
And while down age's slope thy feet were bending,  
In times of care and strife;  
None ever knew in thee an ill intending,  
When ill intents were rife.

Distresses, on thy snow-haired season stealing,  
Might try thee sore and long,  
But could not bring one instant's weak revealing  
Of thought or purpose wrong;  
In thee the germ of honourable feeling  
Was planted, deep and strong.

Dear Father! when in infant couch I slumbered,  
How many days for me  
Of coming happiness thy fancy numbered—  
How much of good to be!  
Ah! by my waywardness these days were cumbered  
Too oft with care to thee.

Most happily for me, Heaven's grace permitted,  
That, though all undeserved,  
I should be partly of that debt acquitted,  
From which awhile I swerved;  
And should possess a refuge for thee fitted,  
When by Time's hand unnerved.

And now can I reflect with heartfelt pleasure,  
When thou from earth art riven,  
That to thy aged years some decent measure  
Of comfort here was given.  
For times beyond, I know thou hast the treasure  
Stored for the good in Heaven!

"MY TOM!"

"MY Tom!" The words ring warmly in my  
ears,  
Which issued from a dying Mother's lips.  
Others stood by, who saw that sad eclipse,  
And saw it, being near and dear, with tears.  
But that phrase fell to me; and it appears  
So stored with love—thanks—pardon for the  
past—  
That the remembrance cannot fail to last  
Throughout the term I yet may have of years.  
Though not the eldest whom her early home  
Saw reared at her parental knee, yet I  
Enjoyed that final and endearing word.  
Simple in other eyes, the phrase, "My Tom,"  
Seems yet to me, so used, a legacy,  
Richer than regal treasures could afford!

## A SISTER'S LOVE.

THE mutual passion that unites the hearts  
Of youthful lovers is a precious thing;  
And potent is it to repel the sting  
Of evil fortune, or to heal its smarts.  
But too, too frequently, to charms and arts,  
External all, for sustenance doth it cling;  
And when, through time or suffering, these take  
wing,  
The passion also which they fed departs.  
A love more pure by far the heart may prove;  
One resting not on perishable form,  
And which nor age nor sorrow can remove,  
Though blasting beauty like the canker-worm:—  
Nor can misfortune's fellest, wildest storm  
Destroy that holy thing, a Sister's Love.

*Song of the Imprisoned Cœur de Lion.\**

WHEN, fettered in some lonely cell, a captive  
would disclose—  
Hard though the task may be, and sad—the bur-  
then of his woes,

---

\* During the imprisonment of Richard I. (Cœur de Lion) in a German dungeon, the chief solace of his weary hours consisted of music and song, in which arts he was so well skilled as to be considered among the best troubadours of his time. There is preserved a Norman-French song by the king, expressive of his feelings in imprisonment, and which M. Sismondi is disposed to think genuine. Of this composition, an English translation (or rather paraphrase) is here attempted.

Then let him take his harp, and ease his sorrowing  
heart with song.

Friends many have I, but, alas, their succour lingers  
long!

Theirs—for they have not ransomed me—theirs will  
the shame appear,

That twice the snows have garbed the ground, and  
twice have found me here.

Let my dispiteous gaolers know, my gallant ones,  
from you,

My English peers, my Norman spears, my lances  
of Poitou,

That not so poor my comrades are, but that their  
gold can buy

An entrance to the dungeon where Plantagenet  
doth lie.

No treason shall my lips impute—though sad has  
been my cheer,

Since twice the snows have garbed the ground, and  
twice have found me here.

Friends for the lonely captive! yet, some friends  
there be who seem,

More of their golden hoards than of the captive's  
life to deem;

And, more than all I have endured, this thought my  
bosom wrings,

That should I die while this dark cell its shadow  
o'er me flings,

How shall my people keep their name from foul dis-  
honour clear,

Since twice the snows have garbed the ground, and  
twice have found me here?

Yet shall I not, whate'er befall, to hopeless gloom  
give way:—

Though Philip lead his knights of France to make  
my land his prey,  
And break the peace to which he stands by word  
and oath profest—  
Still shall my soul bear lightly up amid this sharp  
unrest.  
Let but the captive think them gone—his chains will  
disappear,  
Though twice the snows have garbed the ground,  
and twice have found me here.

But let my vain and haughty foes, more prompt in  
word than deed,  
List to the end that is for all their troublous schemes  
decreed.  
Tell them, ye noble troubadours, sweet Châil and  
Pensavyne,  
That ye are coming soon to break these weary  
bonds of mine!  
Ye ever weep, I know, to think of Richard's living  
bier,  
Since twice the snows have garbed the ground, and  
twice have found him here!

### Despondency.

HOW beauteous is the autumn day,  
When, from the lightly chequered skies,  
The generous sun sends down a ray,  
Mild as the beam from woman's eyes!  
Yet cares do so my soul annoy,  
That, dear as was its light of yore,  
I can the glorious orb enjoy  
No more, O! never more.

Night comes, and lovely is the night.  
The wearied moon the power hath given  
To Eve's own star, so blue and bright,  
To lead awhile the hosts of heaven.  
But though the eyes of others drain  
Rich nectar-draughts from that full store,  
Such bliss to me may come again  
No more, O! never more.

Could earth be fairer to the view  
Than when she shows her Plenty-Horn,  
Lip-full of flowers of every hue,  
And mellow fruits, and golden corn?  
Bright prospects yields she, and doth give,  
With parent bounty, all she bore:—  
I shall partake them, while I live,  
No more, O! never more.

An infant, softly couched in sleep,  
And dreaming of its mother's love,  
Smiles not more sweetly than the deep,  
Reflecting beauty from above.  
I gaze in vain upon the scene;  
Old feelings nothing can restore;  
My heart can be what it hath been  
No more, O! never more.

I joyed, methought, in sun and moon,  
The ocean and the kindly earth;  
But Death hath come, and taught me soon  
Whence all my joys derived their birth.  
The spheres above, the earth below,  
From others drew their charms before;  
And rapture now my soul may know  
No more, O! never more.

### The Ryling o' the Hay.

THE sun is steering through the lift,  
As yellow as a gowden ba',  
And wakens up the fragrant drift  
Frae bed o' heath and birken shaw;  
But sweetest odours does he draw  
Frae yonder bonnie clover lea,  
And you shall bask among them a',  
Gin you will kyle the hay wi' me.

#### CHORUS.

We'll kyle the hay, and kaim the hay,  
And mak' it tight and clean, lassie;  
And aye to cheer my bonnie dear,  
We'll crack and court atween, lassie.

O fear na' lest the tongue should say  
A word the heart will e'er forget,  
For I have lo'ed you mony a day,  
And mony a day will lo'e you yet.  
The germ o' love ower deep was set  
To wither—now it is a tree;  
And you shall ne'er ha'e cause to fret,  
Gin you will ted the hay wi' me.  
We'll ted the hay, and turn the hay, &c.

The birds will lilt fu' sweet and clear,  
Till Silence e'en shall hide for shame,  
And sounds o' burnies, murmuring near,  
In baith our hearts will beet the flame;  
And when a bride I bear you hame,  
How happy then we twa shall be!  
Till death, I swear, you ne'er shall blame,  
The day you kyled the hay wi' me.  
We'll rake the hay, and row the hay, &c.



## The Castle of the Mendicant.

[Roughly copied from the French of Jean Reboul, the Baker-Poet,  
of Nismes.]

A DUN and barren mount there is, upon whose sloping base  
Lie heaps of ruins over which thorns only meet the gaze,  
Where venomous adders ever creep, and vultures hunt for prey.  
A shepherd told me of the place a story yesterday,  
With so much earnestness that he compelled me to believe;  
And now, my friend, shall you from me the narrative receive.

Within that castle lived of yore an avaricious Lord,  
Who to the beggar's pressing wants would no relief afford,  
Refusing even the petty boon of one poor crust of bread;  
And holy friars to those gates accursed never sped,  
To beg, for blessed charity, the smallest coin or mite,  
Wherewith to aid the poor on whom had sunk misfortune's blight.

When the long watch of those within, upon tempestuous nights,  
Brightened the cloistered windows with the blaze of many lights,  
If some poor wanderer from afar, attracted by the glare,  
Hoped fondly from his panting toil to rest and cheer him there,  
No sound came e'er in answer to his supplicating cry,  
Save from the court-yard, where fierce ban-dogs howled incessantly.

One eve, a Being wild and strange came thither, it is  
said,  
Adown whose drooping back a mass of trailing locks  
was spread,  
Like torrent in the winter time from high Mont Blanc  
outpoured;  
His forehead ample, bald, and with full many a wrinkle  
scored,  
Appeared to bear on it the marks of age on age im-  
pressed,  
Like those huge monuments that on the sands of Egypt  
rest.

“O, Castellane, be merciful!” the hoary Wanderer  
said;  
“Open, for I am aged, and the night is one of dread.  
Beneath the weight of ice and snow the forest groans  
afar,  
And fiercely does the north-wind breathe from out his  
rapid car;  
The lake lies sunken gloomily in silence sad and  
deep,  
And o’er my feeble body chill and mortal shiverings  
creep.”

A voice of thunder gave reply—“At such an hour as  
this,  
Who rashly dares to trouble thus my mansion’s peace-  
fulness?  
If from these castle-bounds afar thou be not quickly  
gone,  
One of my serfs, with hammer armed, shall be with thee  
anon,  
And I shall make him nail, because thou prowlest here  
so late,  
Thy rascal carcass to the wall beside my castle-gate.”

"Forgive me, if my prayer be rude," then answered the Unknown;

"But, long ere I could reach the skirts of yonder nearest town,

I should sustain a living death deep in the drifting snow,  
And my beloved family no more my face should know.  
Oh! grant me but a corner in your sheds till break of day—

Or in your kennel!" "No! thou wouldst defile the place—away!"

Then all at once the Mendicant erectly raised his head,  
From which a beam of wrath divine was by reflection shed:

"Thou deemest me a beggar—Ho! I AM A MIGHTY LORD!

And, spite of these refusals, I WILL seat me at thy board,"

"A mighty lord! whence comest thou vain a fantasy as this?  
What thy estate?" "THE EARTH!" "Thy name?"

"My name MISFORTUNE is!"

And as the screech-owl stretches out its dark and ominous wings,

That it may scatter far and wide the news of fatal things,  
So with his hands the stranger spread abroad his ragged cloak,

And smote with iron foot the earth, which opened with the stroke,

And yawningly a fearful cloud of mist gave forth to view,

Amid the gloomy whirls of which away the Spirit flew.

Not long thereafter did the lord of that cold, lonely tower

Behold one child dishonoured sink within a villain's power;

Again, he saw his only son in single combat fall;  
 And, passing by, the Jacquerie at length made end of all,  
 By butchering each living thing within that castle found,  
 And razing all its lofty walls and turrets to the ground.

And ever since, before these dark memorials of the past,  
 Pale grows each cruel lord whene'er his eye is thither  
 cast.

Nor can the lapse of time efface the horrors of the scene;  
 The shrinking kid declines to browse where these old  
 walls have been;

And oft belated shepherds see shades bleeding, grim,  
 and gaunt,

And still they name the place the CASTLE OF THE MEN-  
 DICANT.

### The Covenanters.

THE Harp of rapt Isaiah, or the Seer  
 Whose Lamentations rang through Judah's land,  
 Alone could fitly sound of that bright band,  
 Who dwelt in wilds and caves, by spring and mere,  
 Or where the hills to Heaven their cairns uprear—  
 Well pleased to earn the right to worship God  
 As did their sires, by taking for abode  
 The dens of foxes, or the lairs of deer.  
 But were they left the heath in peace to press?  
 Oft were its purple bells more deeply dyed,  
 When bloody Grahame, fierce Lag, and stern Dal-  
 yell  
 Martyred the godly in the wilderness.  
 But now ye wear, brave souls thus purified,  
 The Crown of Glory indestructible!

### Scotland.

THE hills of my country are mantled with snow,  
Yet, oh! I but love them the more;  
More noble they seem in the sun's setting glow,  
Than all that the vales of the Southron can show,  
When gay with the summer's whole store.

Though brighter the landscape, and blander the air,  
In climes that look straight to the sun,  
The dearest enjoyments of home are not there,  
The chat and the laugh by the hearth's cheering glare,  
When day and its labours are done.

And thus, like the snow-covered hills of their land,  
Its sons may seem rugged and rude;  
Yet gentler in heart is each man of the band,  
More kindly in feeling, more open in hand,  
Than all whom the tropics include.

### Prince Charles Edward.

THE Thistle guards a single Throne no more:—  
It now is but the spine upon the Rose!  
And, though the tree in strength and beauty grows,  
Fond memory still will turn to days of yore,  
Awaking thoughts that stir us to the core—  
Thoughts, haply, of old kings, or Him who came  
To win a regal crown, or die with fame,  
The last hope of the Stewarts. On our shore  
Almost alone he leapt; but soon he gained  
Triumphant laurels on the field of fight;  
Till dark Culloden quenched his sun in gore.  
What pangs that soaring soul must have sustained,  
When, from his flying bark, with land in sight,  
He bade a Throne adieu for evermore!

### “Dundee.”

**F**ARE-thee-weel, thou bonnie river,  
 Rowin' by my ain Dundee;  
 Aft in days gane by for ever,  
 Thou hast borne my love and me.  
 Thou hast heard, in days departed,  
 Vows that nane could hear but thee;  
 Now thou seest me broken-hearted—  
 Tay, adieu! adieu, Dundee!  
 On thy waves a light is fa'in',  
 Ruddy as the rose in June;  
 Some may trow it is the dawin'  
 Glinting frae the lift abune:—  
 Weel I ken thou art but blushing  
 That a maid so false could be!  
 Like thy springs my tears are gushing—  
 Tay, adieu! adieu, Dundee!

### The Cot.

**I**N other days I visited a Cot,  
 Sheltered behind a clump of lowly trees.  
 Upon the scene one came, not by degrees  
 But suddenly, and marvelled whose the lot  
 To own that Eden in the lonely spot.  
 The haunt of birds it was, the home of bees;  
 And Nature seemed her flower-press to the lees  
 There to have strained, while Art had passed it not.  
 How changed the scene! A Husband since has died,  
 To whom the place had been the charge of years;  
 And sorely now a tending hand it needs.  
 Yet tributes to the past have been supplied:—  
 The willow seems to weep the widow's tears—  
 Briars and nettles are her mourning weeds.

*"In More a-Bunning."*

O! WHO to love would tamely bow,  
And waste his life in sighs?  
O! who for woman's broken vow  
Would dim his manly eyes?  
Be mine no more the brow of care,  
Too often worn before:  
By all the starry host, I swear  
To think of love no more!  
No more, no more of loving, of loving as of yore,  
No more, no more of loving.

The joy that springs from truthful love  
The true alone can know;  
It seems a taste of bliss above,  
Foretasted here below.  
But woman's guiles, and woman's wiles,  
So vex us to the core,  
That wisdom bids us shun her smiles,  
And think of love no more.  
No more, no more of loving, of loving as before,  
No more, no more of loving.

And yet, her winning glance and voice,  
With all her many charms,  
May bar the freedom of our choice,  
And laugh at all our arms.  
And were but Heart with Beauty joined,  
And Sense and Wit in store,  
Who would not gladly change his mind,  
And think of love once more?  
Then more and more of loving, of loving as of yore,  
Then more and more of loving.

## Egypt—the Pyramids.

### I.

**H**AIL! Cradle of Civilisation, rocked  
On the parental bosom of the Nile!  
Say, what induced thy primal race to pile  
Stones upon stones, till Heaven itself seemed mocked  
By human structures rivalling its own?  
Whence sprang those stairy edifices, held  
As antique wonders by the seers of eld,  
Who, through their pens, made earth to earth first  
known?

The Abyssinian snows, in other days,  
Upswelled the Nile as now. Skill-less to form  
As yet fit barks to breast that flood of dread,  
Would Nature not incite rude men to raise  
Some Refuge, high above the watery storm?  
And give that marvel birth, a Pyramid?

### II.

**"A**ND is this all?" the Multitude may ask:—  
Or, haply, men, in hoar antiquity  
Deep-read, may chiefly scout the theory,  
That the erection of these piles—a task  
For countless hands throughout uncounted years—  
Had nought in view more dignified and grand,  
Than but to save the rabble of the land,  
Instead of tombing Kings, and Priests, and Peers.  
Reflect we calmly. If for ends as great,  
As are their selves, these Pyramids were reared,  
Could such ends be to please some Prince, whose date  
Must have passed by long ere the work appeared?  
To save a nation from the stroke of fate,  
Had been an aim worthier these piles revered!



## III.

TRUE is it, that within the vasty wombs  
 Of these stupendous monuments of Toil—  
 Laid ope but after long and painful moil—  
 Have been discovered many spacious tombs.  
 But when became these buildings Catacombs?  
 Perhaps more recently; though it would foil  
 The sagest burners of the midnight oil  
 To cast decisive light on these deep glooms.  
 Complete, as simple, is the guess here given:—  
 And find we not, in Uninspired Lands,  
 Strange tales of Floods—and of our race maintained  
 Through Stones, when to the heights for safety driven?  
 Might not such legends, warped by fabling hands,  
 From Nile, and from its Pyramids, be gained?

## Saul and Wellington.

OF had they met, in manhood's prime,  
 Upon the battle-plain;  
 When bright mail flashed, and bayonets clashed,  
 And sabres clove amain;  
 When the cannon rolled its thunder-chime,  
 And showered the blood-red rain.

The champion of Britannia led  
 A host of freeborn brave,  
 Sprung from the race who gave not place  
 When Cæsar crossed the wave—  
 Who, when they stooped a vanquished head,  
 Stooped only to the grave.

High spirits, too, were they whom he,  
The Marshal-Duke of France,  
Was wont to guide, in all their pride,  
With glittering sword and lance,  
When he bade the brazen eagles flee,  
And on the foe advance.

Yes! gallant armies were they both  
That played that dreadful game,  
When hung the fate of Spain's estate  
In scales of steel and flame,  
And her echoes rung with the soldier's oath,  
Shouting his leader's name.

Tagus and Douro heard the sounds;  
They swelled the Ebro's breeze;  
Louder their roar as they neared the shore  
Of the Biscayan seas;  
Till at length they passed the Spanish bounds,  
Scaring the Pyrenees.

Foot to foot, and hand to hand,  
Fighting each inch of way,  
The Gaul gave place, without disgrace,  
To the victor of Assaye.  
Though overcome, a braver band  
Saw never battle-day.

Let Britons not those laurels seek—  
So oft before excelled—  
When, driven to rest in troubled nest,  
Toulouse the eagle held;  
And he strove, with talons and with beak,  
That his foe might be repelled.

No; let us rather gladly yield  
To valiant Soult his meed!

Let England joy, without alloy,  
That fate had so decreed,  
That the hero of full many a field  
Should stoop alone to need!

They met again! As foes they met,  
In that eventful hour,  
When Waterloo beheld anew  
The eagle soar in power;  
And Napoleon fell, by fate beset—  
A tempest-stricken tower!

Once more they met! And oft as they  
From height to height had scanned,  
Through the quick glass, whate'er might pass  
Within each other's band,  
Now first with front to front, men say,  
Did these two veterans stand.

In peace they met:—but, oh, how changed!  
The hosts on hosts of men,  
To whom their beck gave scope or check  
Upon the battle-plain,  
Would, had their eyes athwart them ranged,  
Have known them not again.

Feeble and aged men they were! \*  
Oh! that mine eye the while  
Could but have seen what passed between  
These warriors without guile—  
That I had heard their memories rare,  
And marked each sigh and smile!

---

\* Soult and Wellington stood face to face for the first time, as friends, at the Coronation of Queen Victoria, when the former appeared as Envoy of France.

The hail, the shout, the charging cry,  
And all the stir of war—  
The trumpet's bray, the charger's neigh,  
The thundering cannon-car—  
The glory of the victory—  
Were thoughts from them afar!

In times to come, though men no more  
With erring minds shall view  
The game of war, as the noblest far  
That mortals can pursue,  
These two shall rank, on every shore,  
With the Immortal Few!

### The Scott Monument.

O! BEAUTIFUL among the monuments  
Art thou that rearest here thy tapering  
pile.

In the young Athens of our northern isle,  
Honouring the mighty genius, high intents,  
And higher deeds of Him whom Fame pre-  
sents

As peerless, amid numberless compeers,  
A rival to the famed of long-past years.  
Although no lettered phrase thy frame indents,  
Thy aim is bodied forth from peak to base.  
While grand in whole, refined in every part;  
Fantastic, yet symmetrical; and dressed  
In all the carved romance of Gothic days;  
A fitting emblem of our Scott thou art,  
In which his mind, life, works, are all ex-  
pressed.

### On a Bank of Flowers.

ON a bank of flowers, in the simmer hours,  
I love to tent the bee,  
As it steals sweet drink for its far-off bink,  
Frae blooming rose and pea.  
But aye when I say to my ain dear May,  
Let me, love, try the bee's pretty way,  
With a fa, la, la, la, la, and a fa, la, la, la, la,  
She laughs, and says me nay.

On a bank of flowers, when the sunny showers  
Are fa'ing fast and clear,  
Then wi' cowering cheek will the lily seek  
A bield below the brier.  
But aye when I pray, that in sorrow's day  
My love would lean on mysel' that way,  
Wi' a fa, la, &c.,  
She jeers at all I say.

On a bank of flowers, when the gloaming lours,  
And steeks the daisy's e'e,  
I would hae my dear but to stay and hear  
A true-love tale frae me.  
But, although she kens that to mean her wrang  
I lo'e o'er weel, and have lo'ed o'er lang,  
O! fa, la, la, &c.,  
Is aye her scornfu' sang.

But the earth has flowers, in its green-leaved bowers,  
Baith monifald and fair,  
Tho' we mayna trow o' the airt they grow,  
Until we seek wi' care.  
Sae my pridefu' May may find out some day,  
That to bend in time is a woman's way;  
And that fa, la, &c.,  
Should ne'er true love repay.

## Ovid and his Corinna.

[Ovid, the Spenser of Latin Poesy, rests so much for his effect on copious felicity of expression, that it is as difficult to translate him rightly, as it would be to put the "Fairy Queen" into a Roman garb. His *lactea ubertas* is as hard to render as the *pressi copia lactis* of Horace. The one, in English phrase, is delicious new milk; the other, fine old cheese. This address of Ovid to his mistress but gives a slight idea of his wondrous ease and fluency of thought and diction.]

FIRST o'er the waters of the wondering sea  
The Bark of Pelos steered her passage free,  
Bearing aloft, amid the whirling deep,  
Her ill-won prize, the golden-coated Sheep.  
O! that that ship had drunk the bitter wave,  
So might no other dare the course to brave!  
But lo! Corinna leaves her home and me,  
To tempt the dangers of the fickle sea.  
What fears for thee each wind, love, will call forth,  
The West, or East, the South, or stormy North!  
No cities there, no groves shall glad thine eye,  
One blank around of dull cerulean dye:  
No slender shells or bright-hued stones are found,  
Save where the ocean laves the thirsty ground.  
White-footed maids may print the sandy shore;  
The dark, deep sea, let firmer hearts explore.  
Let others tell of battling winds and toils,  
Where Scylla yawns, or where Charybdis boils,  
How wild Ceraunia's steep the seaman daunts,  
Where quicksands lurk, what bay Malea haunts.  
Such things let others paint; do thou but hear—  
A pictured storm hurts not the listening ear.  
Too late you gaze ashore, when, sails unfurled,  
Through the wide deep the glittering keel is hurled.

The anxious seaman, when the tempests rave,  
In every billow views perchance his grave.  
What if old Triton rouse the angry sea?  
How fast the roses from thy cheeks would flee!  
Then would thy voice the stars for aid implore,  
Crying, "O happy they who stay ashore!  
O, had I kept my couch, my books, my fire,  
And been content to wake my Threician lyre!"  
But if my warning words are lost in air,  
Still may thy bark be Galatea's care;  
On her, and on her Nereid mates, shall lie  
The blame, if one so beautiful should die!  
Go then, my love! and let thy home-bound sails  
Be spread, for my sake, soon to favouring gales.  
Then let old Nereus hither bend the seas,  
Let tides roll hither, hither blow the breeze;  
Pray thou that zephyrs only stir the air,  
And ev'n to trim the tackle lend thy care.  
I from the shore will first thy bark espy,  
And, "lo! she comes, my idol comes!" will cry:  
These arms and lips shall give thee welcome meet,  
And blood-stained altars thy return shall greet.  
In couch-like form the shore-sand shall be stored,  
And one large heap shall be our festive board.  
Then shalt thou tell me all, amid our wine—  
How nigh thy bark was buried in the brine;  
And how, to me returning, neither night  
Nor stormy east winds filled thee with affright.  
All this, though feigned, I will as truth receive;  
Why should I not a tale so sweet believe?  
With unreined steeds, may the bright star of Day  
Bring round all this as swiftly as he may!

### Emigrants' Song.

ON the hills of our fathers the sunset is stream-  
ing,

I see their brown peaks from the wave:—  
Upon them in splendour the day-god is beaming,  
That cherished more fondly may be, in our dream-  
ing,

The last glimpse of home which he gave.

We thank thee, bright sun! for we still would re-  
member

The scenes that around us have smiled;  
Our theme shall they be on the eves of December,  
When brightly and cheerily glows the red ember,  
Afar on our hearths of the wild.

Our children shall hear of their forefathers' glory,  
And lisp in the tongue which they spake;  
The triumphs of peace, and the victor-fields gory,  
Embalmed in our songs, and recorded in story,  
Their young emulation shall wake.

Yes, Scotland! by us in our joy and our sorrow,  
Thy name ever hallowed shall be;  
Though far from thy shores shall we be ere the  
morrow,  
A gem from thy crown shall we strive still to borrow,  
And ever be worthy of thee.



## Queen Victoria and the Gael.

THOUGH the Germanic blood predominates  
 Within thy veins, O Lady of the Land!  
 Remember thou, that, of the glorious band  
 Of kings, thy sires, who ruled these sea-girt states,  
 The Normans were half Gallic ere they came;  
 And that the Tudors were of Gwaelsch descent;  
 While the old Stewart race, the pediment  
 On which thy Guelphic fathers based their claim  
 To island-sway, mixed freely with the Gael.  
 Disdain not, then, fair Queen of the broad lands  
 Which the bright orb of day for ever lights,  
 To rank thyself within the Celtic pale  
 Of kindred. Entire Britain, which commands  
 The world, in this great tie with thee unites.

## Lord John Russell.

[Nearly thirty years ago, the Poet Moore addressed a Remonstrance to Lord John Russell, on hearing that nobleman, in a moment of patriotic despondency, intimate some idea of giving up all political pursuits. The accompanying lines form so far an imitation of those of the Bard of Erin, with an application to later circumstances. Another Statesman, however, from his superior position betwixt Aristocracy and Democracy, won the largest share of the laurels here prognosticated for Lord John Russell.]

O! WELL sung the Poet in days that are past,  
 And England for ever may hallow the strain,  
 When he bade thee pursue thy high course to the  
     last,  
 Though thy patriot-cares for a time might be vain.

Well did he remind thee, that one of thy race  
To Liberty vowed by libations of blood,  
Ought still, when her struggles with tyrants take  
place,  
To soar in the tempest, and mount on the flood.

Since thus spoke the bard, O! how well thy career  
Hath fulfilled all the promise of earlier days,  
Till now, when the good thy known virtues revere,  
And thy name is the dread of the false and the  
base.

Long, long had old Bigotry's nightmare-remains  
Held conscience impressed with its fetters ab-  
horred;  
Thy efforts unbound from the injured his chains,  
And the long-denied dues of Religion restored.

The cause for which Gerrald, and Palmer, and Muir,  
Were branded as felons, and exiled afar—  
'Twas thine to announce its great truths, and se-  
cure  
The rights of which despots their land would de-  
bar.

And higher, still higher, thy fame may ascend  
On pinions derived from fresh benefits done,  
Till to thine the renown of thy fathers shall bend,  
And thy country acknowledge no worthier son.

Then onwards, true Statesman! pause not in the  
race,  
Let doubtings nor dangers thy spirit appall;  
Fame proffers a chaplet thy temples to grace,  
More fair than thy past ones, more glorious than  
all.

O! peerless in story his titles shall be,  
 Who shall foil those who give us for bread but a  
 stone;  
 Who shall change the lamentings of millions to glee,  
 And make Famine and Want in our bright isle  
 unknown.

High patriot, forwards! and faint not in soul  
 Though countless impediments stand in thy way;  
 Assured of success, press thou on to the goal,  
 And honours immortal thy toils shall repay!

### Come o'er the Sea.

[Imitated from Count Alfred De Vigny.]

COME and fear not, gentle one,  
 Come o'er the sea;  
 Portionless and all alone,  
 Come thou with me.  
 See! how gaily in the sun  
 My pennons fly  
 Over mast, and sail, and gun!  
 'Tis a shell—yet, peered by none,  
 King there am I.

Land was made but for the slave,  
 Fair love of mine!  
 But the free, the bright, the brave,  
 Theirs is the brine.  
 Mystic stores its waters have  
 Of joy and glee;  
 Every murmur from its wave  
 Speaks of love, and chants a stave  
 Of liberty!

### Delta.

NO fancied dweller by Castalian springs,  
Nor airy haunter of the cloven hill,  
Gave, Moir, unto thee the power and will  
To touch the lyre, and from its unloth strings  
To draw forth strains which glide, on viewless wings,  
Into the heart's recesses—as a rill  
Moveth bush-hidden to the deep, and still,  
While moving, audibly and sweetly sings!  
The spark that lights the flame of song in thee  
Comes from no source existent but in dreams;  
An eye that views all nature lovingly—  
A heart from which kind feeling ever streams—  
These are the prompters of thy minstrelsy,  
And eloquent of these are all thy themes!

### Baltazara.

"Have you heard of a Spanish lady,  
How she loved an English man?"—*Old Ballad.*

FULL gaily shines the festal light,  
The red wine flows amain,  
And many a blithesome footstep moves  
To many a blithesome strain:  
Don Manuel feasts his friends to-night,  
In a castle-hall of Spain.

His child, his sole one, smiles to all  
The welcome of the hour,

And not a young Hidalgo there  
But owns her beauty's power,  
And would for life become her thrall  
In castle, cot, or bower.

But Baltasara gives to none  
Of her nation's Cavaliers  
The kindly glance, so long besought  
With prayers, and sighs, and tears:  
A gallant English Youth hath won  
The love of her young years.

Calm is his port, and mild his look;  
Yet he his sword can draw,  
As, on a night of fear and blood,  
That Spanish household saw,  
When, for their sakes, he dared to brook  
The sabre of Murat.

But on young Beauchamp now are bent  
Glances of jealous ire;  
He only smiles—HER love he hath,  
And that of her good sire;  
And, having this so rich content,  
No more doth he require.

Juan to Baltasara long  
His fruitless vows had paid,  
And bitter vengeance hath he sworn  
To wreak upon the maid;  
And all his deadly schemes of wrong  
This night must be essayed.

He speaks, amid some casual lull,  
And speaks of gallant deeds,

Such as the Matadors perform  
When, on the listed meads,  
They brave the furious mountain-bull,  
Till the stricken monster bleeds.

"Poor are the bear-sports of the north,"  
He says, "to those of Spain;  
Poorer the game to hunt the wolf,  
Always half famine-slain;  
Poorest to drive some base fox forth,  
Which scarce can bite again."

Young Beauchamp casts an eye of fire  
Upon the speaker here,  
For England's name and England's sports  
Are unto none more dear:  
But scorn represses soon his ire,  
And calms again his cheer.

On moves the wily Juan still,  
With taunts of similar kind,  
Which, while unworthy of reply,  
Their mark most surely find:  
They work on Beauchamp grievous ill—  
But worse remains behind.

His pain doth Baltasara see  
With yet a deeper pain;  
She feels, as if within her own,  
The tumult in his brain;  
She loves him so devotedly!—  
She is a girl of Spain!

She looks around, and notes the mirth,  
The covert shrugs and smiles;

Of all her better, sounder sense,  
The scene the maid beguiles:—  
"Oh! could he strike the bull to earth,  
And mock at all their wiles!"

Thrice fatal whisper! but half heard,  
Nor meant at all to be:—  
Oh! wretched maid, thy lover sits  
Too fondly near to thee!  
By flame-spots is his white brow marred—  
He scarce can hear or see.

Though Baltasara, with a glance  
Of scorn on all around,  
Winds in his own her lovely arm,  
As loving arms are wound,  
And woos him back into the dance—  
The dart its mark hath found.

That festal scene is over now,  
And all the guests are gone.  
Within his lonely chamber sits  
Young Beauchamp all alone;  
His hands sustain his bending brow,  
His eyes are fixed as stone.

Suddenly starts he to his feet,  
"And can it be," he cries,  
"That I, whose sire with one blow slew  
A bull of monster-size,  
Shall from such pettier strife retreat,  
In Baltasara's eyes?"

A firm resolve is made. And then  
His step thenceforth is free;

And daily to his lady's eyes  
He shows new store of glee;  
But the time is fast approaching when  
All men the end shall see.

Never did Seville send abroad  
A more superb array,  
Of ladies and of cavaliers,  
Than those beheld that day,  
When six huge bulls the arena trod,  
And the picadors made play.

At length the scene of death begins,  
And brute on brute is slain,  
And yet the ladies look thereon,  
With scarce one pang of pain;  
For custom still the empire wins,  
And they are girls of Spain.

The last and fiercest bull appears,  
The stinging darts are thrown,  
And loud cries for the matador  
From side to side have flown:  
Youthful he is, 'tis said, in years,  
But for his worth well known.

"Oh! father, why," in whisper soft,  
Doth Baltasara say,  
"Why sits not Beauchamp with us here?  
Oh! where can he delay?"  
"Hush, child," replied the father oft,  
"Fear not; he will not stray."

She saw her lover once—no more!  
By bribes and promised grace,



Beauchamp had wrung reluctant leave  
The last fierce bull to face;  
And came, in garb of matador,  
To fill another's place.

By all but one he passed unknown—  
Love ever love describes:—  
One glance sufficed to tell the truth  
To Baltasara's eyes;  
And back she sunk, like senseless stone,  
Amid the crowd's surprise.

Soon she revived—too soon—and sat  
With far outstretched hands;  
Her lips moved quickly, but her tongue  
Obeyed not her commands;  
And still she signed, but none knew what,  
Of all the circling bands.

And thus, with pale and chilly brow,  
And pale and chilly cheek,  
She gazed in stupor, as gaze they  
Who know not what they seek:  
For still the words refused to flow—  
She moaned, but could not speak.

One glance young Beauchamp on her threw,  
Then turned to face his foe.  
His left hand held the light red flag  
To blind it with the show;  
His right hand forth his good sword drew,  
To strike the mortal blow.

Firm was his look, dauntless his heart,  
Nor had he scorned to note

How the quick matadors impierce  
The rushing monster's throat,  
Till to the earth, by skilful art,  
The enemy is brought.

One rush is made—one blow is given—  
And a nimble leap aside  
Has saved young Beauchamp from the fate  
He else had underlied;  
Again, again the steel is driven  
Into the bleeding side!

But yet the bull is unsubdued:—  
And, with unflinching eye,  
Young Beauchamp now prepares his sword  
A final thrust to try.  
The blow is firm, the aim is good—  
Low doth the monster lie.

But, ah! its furious impulse bore  
The slayer to the ground,  
Ere he could either quit his sword,  
Or draw it from the wound!  
And in his breast, near the heart's core,  
One horn an entrance found.

And yet he sprang upon his feet,  
And drew his reeking blade;  
He waved it, with the flag aloft,  
And signs of triumph made;  
Then moved, as if his love to greet,  
But fell ere word was said!

He fell, to rise from earth no more!  
Hushed sat the shuddering crowd,

Till on their hearing burst a cry,  
Prolonged, and wild, and loud:—  
So deep was the despair it bore,  
All hearts to ruth were bowed.

“Through me,” did Baltasara cry,  
“He died through me alone!”  
These were the only words she spake:—  
And, ere three days were gone,  
To seek the loved one in the sky,  
That loving soul had flown!

### Selah—ur Petra.

[“Thou shalt be desolate, O Mount Seir, and all Idumea! ‘I will cut off from it him that passeth out, and him that returneth.”]

**A**MID the sands of Idumean plains,  
Are seen the traces of an ancient city,  
So wholly ruinous, that awe and pity  
Assail the pilgrim who thereto attains—  
The while oblivious of those warning strains  
In which his cry inspired Ezekiel lifts  
Against the very gazers on the clefts  
Of Selah, this sad scene where Silence reigns.  
Rocks, naked, high and steep, hem in the  
place,  
Which was the site of happy homes of old;  
Tombs yawn around cavernous; and a race  
Of scorpions have found there a lurking-hold.  
Woes me! that man should deem his own that  
case:—  
Blest once, now wrecked; snake-wrung, sad, lone,  
and cold!

## Kissed Yestreen.

[The first stanza of this piece is a fragment from the pen of Tannahill.]

THE lasses a' leugh, and the carline flate,  
 But Maggie was sitting fu' ourie an' blate;  
 Her silly auld auntie she couldna conteen,  
 How brawly she was kissed yestreen;  
 Kissed yestreen, kissed yestreen,  
 How brawly she was kissed yestreen;  
 She blethered it round to her foe and her frien',  
 How brawly she was kissed yestreen.

Young Maggie had keepit her tryst by the tree,  
 And aye she had ferlied where Patie could be;  
 But now she was tauld how the silly auld quean  
 By Pate himsel' was kissed yestreen;  
 Kissed yestreen, kissed yestreen,  
 By Pate himsel' was kissed yestreen.  
 If fause to his promise the lad hadna been,  
 How was the carline kissed yestreen?

Sair vexed wi' their daffin', puir Maggie she rase,  
 And down the green loanin' she dandered her ways,  
 Where nae ane could see her, or hear her compleen,  
 That gawkie had been kissed yestreen;  
 Kissed yestreen, kissed yestreen,  
 That gawkie had been kissed yestreen;  
 Where nane could mak' light o' the tears in her e'en,  
 For carline being kissed yestreen.

Beside the white birk she stood dowie and wae,  
 Till a voice at her lug made her jump like a rae;  
 "O dinna gang frae me," it whispered, "my queen,

Nor do as ye did when kissed yestreen;  
 Kissed yestreen, kissed yestreen,  
 Nor do as ye did when kissed yestreen;  
 A sair heart, Maggie, to me ye ha'e gi'en,  
 By leavin' me sae when kissed yestreen."

The lassie was doubtfu' and dour for a wee,  
 But she cried in the end, wi' a smile in her e'e,  
 "I believe my ain laddie, and carena a preen  
 Altho' the carline was kissed yestreen;  
 Kissed yestreen, kissed yestreen,  
 Altho' the carline was kissed yestreen;  
 Since ye took her for me, what for should I grene,  
 Altho' the auld fool was kissed yestreen!"

### The Brauns.

OFt as I pace at eve the lonely lane,  
 Which leads to my retired, suburban home,  
 Rich glimpses have I of the Heavenly Dome,  
 When it appears a beauteous pasture-plain  
 To flocks all Golden-Fleeced, such as might train  
 New Argonauts to higher jeopardies—  
 Or as a Sea, where, with gilt blazonries,  
 Ride kingly fleets, intent afar to gain  
 New emperies. Entranced I gaze awhile:  
 But soon unbidden tears begin to flow.  
 It is not that, by contrast, Earth seems vile;  
 But that, beneath this vast supernal show  
 Of spheres, for all their loveliness of smile,  
 Life, Sin, and Death may reign, as here below.

## “Dear Thirty-Nine.”

[“Dear Thirty-Nine!” “So, farewell, poor Thirty-Nine!” “Farewell, poor Thirty-Nine! what a portion of my life has been spent in thee! Thou hast sheltered me from the prime of life to its decline, and now I must bid good bye to thee!”—*Sir Walter Scott's Diary, alluding to No. 39 Castle Street, long his abode in Edinburgh.*]

UNHONOURED by the passing throng,  
 Dear Thirty-Nine, thou art,  
 Unhonoured, haply, wilt be long,  
 Though genius, soul, and heart,  
 Wisdom, and wit, and heavenly song,  
 Might well to thee impart  
 A fitting power the passer's breast to warm,  
 If e'er such attributes to stone gave such a charm.

A spirit of diviner mould  
 Was never lent to earth,  
 To hallow mountain, lake, and wold,  
 To brighten hall and hearth,  
 To draw sweet wisdom from things old,  
 And give new treasures birth—  
 Than that which breathed erewhile within these walls,  
 Freighting each breath with tales and pleasant madrigals.

Strange things are we!—that ever look  
 With scorn upon our own,  
 And only such grey wrecks can brook  
 As Time has overthrown:—  
 Yea, as we love the stunning rook  
 That maketh old trees known,  
 So hold we ev'n deformities most dear,  
 When we through them are told, that “Time's hand  
 has been here!”

On him, dear Thirty-Nine, who past  
Beneath thy roof his prime,  
Not yet is planted, firm and fast,  
The current stamp of Time:  
Still on the air the moanings last  
Of that funereal chime,  
Which pealed above his newly hearsed remains,  
Mingling with sounds of wail from all Old Scotland's plains.

Not yet on him hath sifting age  
Its charter-seal imprest:—  
But, though for others such a gage  
May well be in request,  
He, surely, and his glorious page,  
Needs not old Time's attest,  
So high he soared above his whole compeers,  
One of the great who rise, once in a thousand years.

Yet ev'n with him doth tyrant use  
Still vindicate its right,  
And every careless passer views,  
As some base common sight,  
This modern temple of the muse—  
The source whence such delight  
As never welled from one sole fount before,  
Flowed o'er the charmed earth, like sea without a shore.

A potent rival, it is true,  
Dear Thirty-Nine, thou hast,  
A rural pile o'er which he threw  
A glory doomed to last;  
And herefrom partly may accrue  
Less reverence for the past,  
Less keen remembrance of the scenes bygone,  
With which thou wert mixed up, and wert mixed up  
alone.

But come there surely will a day  
 When thou shalt have the meed  
 Of honour due from grave and gay,  
 From all whose eyes can read:  
 Yes! every stone thy walls display  
 Shall yet be as a creed  
 By which the pilgrims of the earth shall swear,  
 Whilemusing on the mighty one, once dwelling there.

With fondest love Ferrara keeps  
 Her Ariosto's chair,  
 And o'er his sculptured ink-vase weeps,  
 Whence issued streams so rare;  
 And we—whose bard clamb loftier steep,  
 And breathed sublimer air—  
 We shall not long neglect this sacred shrine,  
 Our northern Ariosto's home, dear Thirty-Nine!

### Portrait of Nell Gwynne.

IS this indeed thy likeness, Nelly Gwynne?  
 The graceful outlines, and the hues so bland,  
 Do seem to speak a Lely's master-hand,  
 And show us charms that might too aptly win  
 The easy Charles to his besetting sin.  
 These lips, as rosy as the new-culled cherry;  
 Eyes, with their sidelong glance, melting and merry;  
 Cheeks of unpurchased bloom, and snowy skin;  
 Such were thy gifts, poor Nell! And of the many,  
 Whom kingly homage raised to luckless note,  
 Thou only (to thine honour be it told)  
 Didst scorn to sell thy influence to any.  
 Cleveland and Portsmouths, unlike thee, were  
 bought,  
 And bartered regal grace for foreign gold.



“We Meet No More!”

IN these brief words, “We meet no more!”  
An awful meaning lies;  
They bid me deem all feeling o’er,  
And every sense despise:—  
No more! if I see her no more,  
What use to me have Eyes?

If never more that voice—which air,  
Like some live thing that hears,  
Seemed charmed upon its wings to bear—  
Shall come to chase my fears,  
To swell my joy and soothe my care,  
What use to me have Ears?

O! if this hand may never feel  
The clasp of hers again,  
Nor round that lovely form may steal,  
Her heart to mine to strain,  
Its power of Touch, for woe or weal,  
Exists to me in vain.

The air of heaven no perfume hath  
For me, but as it brings  
The sweetness of that dear one’s breath  
Upon its wandering wings;  
Fragrance were lost to me, if death  
Took her from earthly things.

If I no more the cup may kiss  
Which her soft lips have pressed,  
Nor prove again the deeper bliss  
By those two lips possessed,  
Nought then to Taste can come amiss,  
Nothing thenceforth be blessed.

All that this life to me may bring,  
Of hope, and peace, and mirth,  
From her was ever wont to spring—  
Through her alone had birth:  
Met we "No More," Bliss were a thing  
Unknown to me on earth!

## Shrines and Pilgrims.

[FROM THE LATIN OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.]

SAY, Pilgrim! wandering over lands and waves,  
What wouldst thou here? What end thy travel craves?

No shrined divinity by Me is claimed;  
Of wasted wood and stone my form is framed;  
A thing that gives to worms and insects birth,  
Vile before heaven, a mockery to earth.  
Celestial Power no mean abodes contain,  
Nor piles of stone upreared by hands of men.  
That Spirit which sea, earth, and air hold not,  
Can be imprisoned in no single spot.  
To find the Saviour, search the secret soul,  
And deeply muse on each inspiréd scroll;  
View that great globe which is thine own abode:—  
There is the Fane, the Sanctuary of God!  
But whoso joys to kiss mere wood alone,  
And spreads vain colours on material stone,  
Must perish, since alive he worships dust,  
And on Inanimation rests his trust.  
If paintings please thee, paint no carious tree,  
But tinge thy mind with white Simplicity.  
Thou hast at home what, after all thy toils  
In roaming earth, but from thy search the while  
recoils.

## On the Memory of Alexander A. Ritchie.

"Inheritors of unfulfilled renown."—*Shelley's Adonais.*

POOR Friend, so lately lost, thou wert of those  
 Thus memorably characterized by one,  
 Destined himself unhappily to run  
 His course, long ere its natural term of close.  
 Gentle and kindly feelings dwelt within  
 Thy breast, and Genius oftentimes lent its rays  
 To lighten, with the brightness of their blaze,  
 The workings of thy art. But to begin  
 With fine fresh impulse on a noble way  
 Is easier than to hold on to the end;  
 And though full many a choicest piece was thrown  
 From off thy easel, still thy best thoughts lay  
 All undeveloped to the last, my Friend,  
 Leaving thee heir to "unfulfilled renown!"

## The Scottish Borderers.

[The Sports of the Borders were long conducted under the eye of  
 James Hogg.]

THESE are the sons of the brave who fell  
 When the trumpet rung on Flodden,  
 And the Flowers whom the Forest loved so well  
 Low, low in the clay were trodden.

These are the sons of the good who died  
 For the faith of a suffering nation,  
 Chanting their hymns on the green hill-side,  
 To the God of their salvation.

Where are the annals of heroes on earth  
That rank with their own in story?  
Where is the land that hath given birth  
To names that are higher in glory?

Have they fallen from the valour of old?  
Is the might of their race departed?  
Are their sinews cast in a weaker mould  
Than their sires, the lion-hearted?

No! gaze on the manly forms that are here  
For the prize of fame contending,  
From the bounds of the Border, far and near,  
In the sports of their fathers blending!

And see, with the fire of youth in his veins,  
Their Shepherd Bard to guide them,  
Bright as of old when he warbled his strains  
To his mountain-flock beside him.

These brave hearts would bleed, at their country's  
need,  
As their fathers, the famous in story,  
And a strain would be sung, while the war-note rung,  
To cheer them to death or to glory!

### *The Soldier's Farewell.*

FAREWELL to thee, my Mary,  
Farewell to thee awhile;  
Fain would I longer tarry  
Beneath thy loving smile;

But stern and pressing duty  
Compels me now away,  
And Love, dear maid, and Beauty,  
Must bow beneath its sway.

Farewell to thee, my Mary,  
Farewell awhile to thee;  
O tell me, do I carry  
Thy heart away with me?  
My own I leave behind me,  
That still, by night and day,  
It may of him remind thee  
Who wanders far away.

Farewell to thee, my Mary,  
Awhile to thee farewell;  
May every guardian fairy  
Enclose thee with its spell.  
And thou, when I am turning  
Once more across the foam,  
Shalt be a bright lamp burning  
To guide me to my home.

### Len's Album.

IT gives me, pretty Book, some pain  
Thy yet unsullied charms to stain  
With aught from such a pen as mine,  
Which, while its dusky drops bereave  
Thy page of purity, can leave  
Small recompense in thought or line.

Still is this one thing in my power.  
That, though no bright, poetic flower  
    May by my hand be planted here,  
No word at least, shall bear a sense  
To flush the cheek of innocence,  
    Or call to modest eyes a tear.

And be the humble task now mine,  
To counsel that no single line—  
    No sketch by pen or pencil traced—  
Be ever in this volume found,  
If such as possibly can wound,  
    The purest mind, the nicest taste.

Let this fair Book, from first to last,  
Be such that virtue's self may cast  
    Her glance with frequent pleasure there;  
Let all, in sooth, be like the maid  
For whom its treasures are arrayed,  
    Graceful and gentle, good and fair.

### O! Bonnie are the Howes.

O! BONNIE are the howes,  
And sunny are the knowes,  
That feed the kye and ewes  
    Where my life's morn dawned;  
And brightly glance the rills  
That spring amang the hills,  
And ca' the merry mills,  
    In my ain dear land.

But now I canna see  
The lambies on the lea,  
Nor hear the heather-bee,  
On this far, far strand;  
I see nae father's ha',  
Nae burnie's waterfa',  
But wander far awa'  
Frae my ain dear land.

My heart was free and light,  
My ingle burning bright,  
When ruin cam' by night,  
Thro' a foe's fell brand:  
I left my native air,  
I gaed—to come nae mair!—  
And now I sorrow sair  
For my ain dear land.

But blithely will I bide  
Whate'er may yet betide,  
When ane is by my side,  
On this far, far strand:  
My Jean will soon be here,  
This waefu' heart to cheer,  
And dry the fa'ing tear  
For my ain dear land.

### Munday on John Calvin.

[FROM THE LATIN OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.]

**I**F one there be who deems that human souls  
Live not beyond the grave, or who so acts,  
Believing otherwise, as to have Hell

And its eternal pains before his eyes,  
He rightly may lament in life his fate,  
May dread the tomb, and wake the woe of friends.  
But from thy friends though prematurely snatched  
By death, grown envious of thy high designs,  
Thou, CALVIN, shouldst call forth no weak regrets,  
No idle tears, no vain funereal shows.  
Freed now from cares, and from the bonds of earth,  
Thou holdest heaven, and closely dost enjoy  
The God by thee in spirit worshipped long.  
Pure light in purest light dost thou behold,  
And, filled with the infused divinity,  
Tastest without alloy eternal life—  
Which sorrow never taints, nor hope exalts  
To empty joy, nor any fears assail,  
Nor pains which vex the flesh-imprisoned soul.  
This day which rescued thee from bitter cares  
I well may call thy natal day, on which  
Thou to thy Home returnest in the skies,  
And after the despites of banishment,  
With spirit fearful of no second death,  
Raised above fortune, enterest lengthened life.  
For as in all the sections of the frame,  
When soul is there, motion and life exist,  
And vigour permeates each agile limb;  
And as, that soul once gone, it moveless lies,  
The putrid substance of a mass of clay;  
So of the spirit God the spirit is,  
Whom wanting, it is plunged in deepest gloom,  
And, easily deceived by empty seeming,  
Clasps still the shadowy forms of good and ill.  
What time the Influence Divine is there,  
The darkness flies, with all illusive shows;  
And the eternal naked front of truth  
Displays itself in Day, which never eve  
May shroud at bidding of importunate Night.



Though thus in port received, 'mid heaven's applause,  
And resting placidly in grateful calm,  
Invidious death can yet not wholly reave  
CALVIN from earth. Eternal monuments  
Of thy high genius shall remain; and when  
The torch of envy languishes betimes,  
On every shore where pure Religion shines,  
Thy fame shall spread and flourish evermore.

### Queen Victoria in Scotland.

**P**EAL ye the trumpet loudly,  
That the strain may resound through the hall;  
Wake it again more proudly,  
Till the echoes respond to the call.  
Famous our land is in story,  
And the sun on no lovelier smiles;  
Still, still the crown of our glory  
Is Victoria, the Queen of the Isles!

Never hath foot of the stranger  
Left the print of a foe on our clay;  
Never have Britons by danger  
Been debarred on their conquering way.  
If we with perils have dallied,  
When encircled by treason and wiles,  
How must we triumph, when rallied  
Round Victoria, the Queen of the Isles!

Famed were the days of our fathers,  
 When Eliza and Anne held the sway;  
 Brighter the chaplet Fame gathers  
 On the brows of Victoria to lay.  
 Scotland, exalted in story,  
 Deck thy forehead in joyfullest smiles;  
 Welcome thy pride and thy glory—  
 In Victoria, the Queen of the Isles!

### Sonnet to the Queen.

[DEDICATORY OF THE INSTRUCTOR JOURNAL.]

NOT all the honours of thine august line,  
 Though on the laurelled progress of its  
 story  
 Plantagenets and Tudors shed a glory,  
 Which never may through lapsing time decline;  
 And though the Scottish Stewarts might re-  
 fine,  
 More and yet more, thy royalty of blood,  
 Until imperial lustre, in a flood,  
 Came from the borders of the sunny Rhine,  
 Through Guelphic sires:—not all these dig-  
 nities  
 So draw to thee the national esteem,  
 As thy home-virtues, LADY OF THE ISLES!  
 And, since all efforts (in thy mother-eyes)  
 To teach the young not undeserving seem,  
 May this permitted tribute share thy smiles!

## Aileen a-Roon.

[The beautiful Tune, which the Scots claim under the name of "Robin Adair," is now more commonly ascribed to a young Irish Chieftain, who entered the halls of his enemies in the garb of an old Harper, and made himself known to a daughter of the house—Aileen a-Roon, or "Ellen, the treasure of his heart"—by singing verses like the following to this air, his own composition. It is pleasing to add, that he carried off the lady.]

HERE is thy home to be,  
Aileen a-Roon?  
Or wilt thou go with me,  
Aileen a-Roon?  
Far on the mountain-side,  
Wilt thou become my bride?  
Or wilt thou here abide,  
Aileen a-Roon?

Think of the happy hours,  
Aileen a-Roon,  
Wait us among the flowers,  
Aileen a-Roon:  
None whom you here may see  
Ever can love like me:—  
None else would DIE for thee,  
Aileen a-Roon!

Think of my breaking heart,  
Aileen a-Roon!  
Oh, are we thus to part,  
Aileen a-Roon?  
Here, then, amid my foes,  
Come I my life to close:—  
Welcome the grave's repose,  
Aileen a-Roon?

Blow never fell on me,  
Aileen a-Roon,  
But was repaid with three,  
Aileen a-Roon:  
Yet on thy kin my arm  
Shall not alight in harm—  
Fatal but strong thy charm,  
Aileen a-Roon!

Oh, think how fond our love,  
Aileen a-Roon!  
All other loves above,  
Aileen a-Roor!  
Ne'er did the tribes of air  
Number a truer pair:—  
Oh, must I now despair,  
Aileen a-Roon!

### Y r a n d M a y.

[An old French Rondeau.]

**A** GENTLE, sweet, and smiling **NAY**  
Is most delicious, let me say;  
Yes, to be sure, is not amiss,  
But who would choose a proffered kiss?  
Not that I am the fool to sneer,  
When granted favours held so dear;  
But, granting them, you still should say,  
"You shall not, now; I tell you, **NAY!**"

O! Say na Yon Maun Gang awa'.

O! SAY na you maun gang awa',  
O! say na you maun leave me;  
The dreaded hour that parts us twa  
Of peace and hope will reave me.

When you to distant wheres are gane,  
How could I bear to tarry,  
Where ilka tree and ilka stane  
Would mind me o' my Mary!

I could na wander near yon woods,  
That saw us aft caressing,  
And on our heads let fa' their buds,  
In earnest o' their blessing.

Ilk stane wad mind me how we prest  
Its half-o'erspreading heather,  
And how we lo'ed the least the best,  
That made us creep thegither.

I couldna bide when you are gane,  
My ain, my winsome dearie;  
I couldna stay to pine my lane:  
I live but when I'm near ye.

Then say na you maun gang awa;  
O! say na you maun leave me;  
For, ah! the hour that pairts us twa  
Of life itself will reave me.

## Tune All, and All Tune.

[The following Fragment constitutes little more than the Exordium of a Poem, and indeed scarcely proceeds far enough to develop its full design, which was, in something of a novel shape, "to vindicate the ways of God to man," and to demonstrate that, throughout the universe, "All is Love, and Love is All." The writer speedily began to find, after he had commenced, either that the subject was too vast and weighty for his handling, or that he had not so entered on it as to assure to himself the promise of a satisfactory issue. Still, what was written had cost Thought; and the opening portions have been printed accordingly, even in their incompleteness. Some passing fancy may be found, here and there, to please the reader, and mitigate his censure. A remark which appears in one of the Critical Essays of the late Lord Jeffrey—upon the "Cain" of Byron—seems to be only too sound a one—"There is no Poetical Road to Metaphysics." It is very possible that this axiom was the result of personal attempts on the part of the unquestionably great Critic of poetry, to effect things which his metaphysical turn of mind had rendered futile. Indeed, even Milton failed in his endeavours to make Poetry the vehicle of argument. Campbell attempts it not in the "Pleasures of Hope;" and Akenside, only, can be said to have essayed the feat with any degree of success. But, even in his case, his reasoning is merely tolerated for his Illustrations.]

**H**IGH were the hopes with which, in other days,  
 I laid my tremulous hand upon the lyre,  
 And thence drew some few notes, modest and low.  
 Unheard of men, those sounds were dear to me;  
 Haply more dear, because of men unheard.  
 No fabled Sisters of the Cloven Mount  
 Dipped their fine fingers in Castalian lymph,  
 To lave baptismally my mortal brow,  
 And bid immortal thoughts to well up there.  
 A Power, invisible as airs of heaven,  
 Gentle at times as they, at times as strong,

Touched first the chords of music in my soul—  
As such airs stir a range of pliant pines  
To utterance of fitful melody,  
And make the grove one harp of many strings.  
That Influence what language may define?  
A fount it is, whence honour flows; it is  
An academe which yields the scholar lore;  
An armoury whence heroes take their swords;  
A polar star to pilgrims in far lands,  
And those who to the sea go down in ships;  
Soul of emprise; incentive to great deeds;  
The inspiration and the theme of song;—  
All this, and more, is LOVE!

And yet how small  
A portion of that mighty Principle  
Such bounds designate, ample though they be,  
And compassing so much of bliss and woe!  
The love of clay to clay, of kind to kind—  
That love on which man lavishes the name,  
And which on Fancy mainly, and on Sense,  
Dependeth—is but as the pedestal  
That bears a column reaching to the skies.  
Yet beauteous is the Power in all its shapes;  
And on young hearts it first falls naturally  
From objects visible and tangible,  
Working through force of common sympathies.  
Nor to unholy endings does it lead,  
Nor is itself impure.

Lo! from yon heights  
Comes down a bright stream flowing. When new-  
born,  
Testing its strength in leaps precipitous,  
It fumes and boils, and dashes up its spray  
To dally with the breezes—all the while  
Fretting out music from its islet-stones,  
And glassing on its surface, here and there,

The cliffs and shrubs within its bounded ken.  
And yet, for all this froth and wild turmoil,  
So limpid are its pools, that the sun loves  
To tell his beads upon their pebbly floors.  
Love, in the youthful breast, is such a Rill.  
Its source the earth, to earth, though pure, it clings;  
And therewith communes; and its voice is Song.  
Upon its path fall cumulated joys;  
Partaken, sweet; sweet, entertained alone.  
But, like the streamlet, Love not seldom meets  
Troubled impressions on its early way.  
As intempestive rains, and choking snows,  
And furious blasts, soil oft the mountain spring,  
So tears, and frowns, and wrathful breath may stain  
All interhuman love, and mar its flow.

But Love hath higher phases, nobler forms:  
And still its symbol is the rock-born Rill.  
Behold once more the latter, when its course  
Is swelled by tributes from unnumbered glens!  
The lowly Rivulet hath now become  
A River, broad, serene, majestic;  
No more receiving lonely visitance  
From sun, or moon, or single curious stars,  
But mirroring upon its clear expanse,  
Within the cycle of the day and night,  
The whole vast firmament, as far as earth  
Can grasp the maze of lights and shades sublime.  
There, too, the globe's own face reflected lies.  
From the near sands, and slow-retiring banks,  
To the abrupt, horizon-bounding hills—  
With countless varied forms dispersed between,  
Trees, flowers, and busy sheep, and stooping kine—  
All, all the River to its bosom takes,  
And on that tablet holds creation graved.  
The scene may shift, but still the scene recurs.



Nor is the Stream now mute that sang at birth.  
Its tones are deepened, and rise organ-like  
Upon the winds. The strain is grandly strong,  
Like that of Delphic choristers of old,  
Loud-pæaning their vain divinity.

Love, from the hour in which it first upsprings  
In youthful human hearts, thus by degrees  
Extends, expands, and elevates its sphere,  
And amplifies its powers, till it receives  
All Nature in a reverent embrace.  
Losing in nought its sweet susceptibility  
To graceful forms, bright eyes, and blooming cheeks,  
On the Ideal and the Sensuous  
No more it mainly leans, but draws new strength  
From Reason and the Intellect matured;  
As well as from the Moral element  
In man, and sources more exalted still.  
Thus chastened, and sustained, and dignified,  
A noble current Love becomes indeed,  
Fed by ten thousand fountains; and within  
The range of whose reflective potency  
Are brought alike the pettiest things of earth,  
And the remotest marvels of the heavens.  
When fail the bounded faculties of Sense,  
The Intellect and Reason stretch their gaze  
Across the borders of Infinity;  
And when they also have their limit found,  
Imagination, soaring on their wings,  
Or as an aeronaut, whose car they guide,  
Fresh wonders sees, and with undoubting eyes.  
Then, revelling in the fulness of its powers,  
The eye of Love pierces the mystery,  
At length, of the Great Truth, that ALL is LOVE,  
And LOVE is ALL! That in humanity  
Dwells but a spark of one pervading flame,

Soul of creation, and continual Stay  
Of the wide Universe! Then all the shapes,  
Shows, modes, and qualities of things—all acts,  
All operations, or of heaven or earth—  
Bear evidence, with undiscordant tongues,  
That Love is all—all Love! But purified  
Must be the vision, and enlarged in scope,  
That so appreciates this truth, which is,  
Indeed, the height and depth, length, breadth, and  
sum  
Of Knowledge!

Love alone sees Love aright,  
Or can regard its light with steady gaze;  
As eagles, with their answering eyes of flame,  
Alone may scan the flaming orb of day.  
Blest are the Poets! They have so been graced  
And favoured, that their love-anointed eyes  
Can, eagle-like, sustain the Sun of Love,  
In its full blaze of might and majesty.  
Love is the inspiration and the goal—  
The guide, the stoop, the treasure, and the bliss—  
Of the Elect of Song! So is it now,  
And so it hath been, since the birth of Time.

Eternal Love! true godhead, whom the Nine,  
Seated by Fancy on Aonian peaks,  
So long prefigured to the ancient world,  
Thou art the power, that, from the first of days,  
Teaching Hosannahs to the Angel choirs,  
Didst send adoring music through the heavens;  
Thou, ere the earth was ripe for human-kind,  
Gavest the boon of song to wingéd forms,  
That yet possess a life-in-death of stone,  
Things petrified to immortality;  
And when at length the bowers of Eden rose,  
To beautify the vacant realms of space,

Thou wert the prompter of the novel sounds  
That woke old Silence from chaotic dreams.  
No savage roars alarmed the woods, nor did  
The vulture scream for prey upon the hills  
Of Paradise. All voices breathed of Love!  
And every uttered tone was musical!  
From thee, and not from any fabled Muse,  
The Poet should seek aid, though scornful not  
Of Invocations oft devoutly made  
By the high masters of the classic lyre,  
The glorious perpetuities of song!  
They followed but the wisdom of their times,  
And from the senses drew their highest lore.  
The Eye, peering from its observatory,  
The Ear, the kennelled warder of the brain—  
Aided by organs but of lesser might—  
Conveyed reports of the external world  
To Fancy, lord of the fine intellect  
Of Greece; and from their conjunct operance  
Arose that wondrous, wildly wondrous creed  
Which was in essence Sense Idealised.  
Defective, since by reason leavened not,  
And more defective, from still higher wants,  
The beautiful Religion of old Greece  
Hath yet died not away; nor can all die,  
While the great pillars that upheld its fane  
Are ranked among the faculties of man.  
Strange tales composed that creed; yet lovely oft,  
As blending matter with humanity,  
And breathing life throughout unliving things.  
And one at times grieves idly, as he notes  
The disenchantments wrought on common scenes.  
Actors have been dethroned by agencies.  
Winds blow; and Eolus swells not his cheeks.  
The crested billow races to the shore;  
But Nereids toy no longer with the shells.

The shrub of Araby still drops its gum;  
Yet the misloving Myrrha weeps no more.  
No Io lows among the lowing herds;  
Echo is but an airy pulse; the Swan,  
The model-bark of Nature, is not now  
Conjoined with Cynus in a sad romance.  
Transcendent, all must own, the Genius was  
That based on nothings such high fantasies.  
To it was matter as the plastic clay,  
That takes all forms devised. Not alone trees  
And flowers; with seas, and streams, and bubbling  
wells;

Which own, at least, a life of motive change:—  
Nor elemental things that live in sounds:—  
But rooted hills, and never-bleaching rocks,  
Catered to the fine fancy of old Greece,  
And from her hands won strange vitality.  
Her rod is broken now, her spells reversed.  
A stern transforming Power, such as she feigned  
The Medusean head to be of old,  
Hath turned its glance upon her magic fane.  
A novel Gorgon hath discharmed the world.  
REASON hath looked on Nature's varied face,  
And rocks are rocks, and hills but hills once more.

And seems the universe less fair, in truth,  
Since Reason thus hath won predominance?  
Since higher, stronger elements of mind  
Existent ever, though long unmatured,  
Have entered on their rightful place, as heads,  
And guides of all the lighter faculties?  
No! Reason, with its noble adjutants,  
Knowledge and Science—one in verity—  
Finds still in Nature grace adjoined to grace.  
Whate'er imagination saw aright,  
Is yet seen rightly, and is yet enjoyed.

What it saw<sup>7</sup> wrongly, or imperfectly,  
Stands forth undimmedly, and with tenfold charms.  
No work of God declines in loveliness  
On closer viewing. By this lofty test,  
Are human works distinguished from divine.  
The smoothest texture ever spun by hands  
Is bristly-coarse beside the violet.  
Creation shuns not, but demands, the eye  
Of microscopic inquiry, to bring  
A tithe but of its wonders to the day.  
The men of old caught nothing save the bloom  
Upon the cheek of Nature; and they loved  
Her truly for that one exterior grace.  
But, as the blush of human beauty forms  
The least of many springs of human love,  
And is the heightener but of deeper charms,  
So that high Love, whose eye on Nature rests,  
Descries in her attractions multiplied,  
Seated beyond the superficial gaze,  
And forming founts of durable delight.  
That is the Love which finds that All is Love!

Though seeming cold to inconsiderate eyes,  
Reason to Fancy is no real foe.  
Hath glory from the ocean passed away,  
Because no huger wave, far-seen, can now  
Call up a glimpse of Neptune tridented?  
Because the conch of Triton sounds no more  
In murmurs of the precursory surge?  
There lie, upon the bosom of the deep,  
Many unvisionary spectacles,  
That far surpass these fabled ones, and such  
As please the judgment while they charm the sense.  
The strong-framed ships, that with majestic ease,  
Like living natives of the element,  
Move to and fro upon the watery plains,

And, spreading forth their managed sails, command  
Both waves and winds to do them ministrance—  
And waft them safely, or in storm or calm—  
Form sights that, in their nude reality,  
Leave all conceits of fancy far behind.  
And when reflection follows up the theme,  
And summons to its bar such tales as that  
Of Jove embruted to an ocean-Bull,  
How doubly grand, by contrast, seems the Sea,  
Turned to its true and elevated ends,  
As the majestic highway of the globe!  
How yet more pleasing, when the mind instructs  
The eye, appear those hosts of white-winged arks,  
That bear from shore to shore, from pole to pole,  
The fruits, the products, and the merchandise,  
Of many varied climes, to bless the whole  
Through friendly and reciprocal exchange!  
To carry science, and intelligence,  
And civilised arts, to distant lands,  
Where Ignorance, first child of Mind and Matter,  
Reigneth alone. Dread potentate! although  
His own great scourge. When Knowledge nears  
his realms,  
Up from an Alp, which is his sitting-place,  
He rears his form astounding. Matted woods  
Compose his locks; his eyes are lakes, that take  
And give again the glaring of the sun;  
His body, uncouth as an Andine steep,  
Is clothed with shagginess, and many-hued  
As the bespangled jungles of the East;  
His tones are torrents; and his whispers sound  
Like roarings of the forest-beasts by night;  
Dreadful the monster is to view! And when  
He marks Civilisation reach his shores,  
Strange save to elements, with stupid stare  
He eyes the visitant, his mouth agape,

And all his senses in amazement locked.  
Soon fear prevails; he flies to his rude arms.  
But upturn forests, and rent rocks, are weak  
Against the arms of Skill; and though too oft,  
Through the blind confidence of Ignorance,  
The contest is protracted bloodily,  
Subdued at length, the Giant stoops his crest,  
Grows tame, and learns the Alphabet of Love!  
Such the high end to which all intercourse  
Of man with man conducts! Though he may stray  
Through many a maze before he reach the goal,  
And even may fail to note that thither tends  
His onward progress, while he treads the path;  
And, though the sagest eyes may dimly note  
The far-off consummation; come there must  
A day when Love shall rule on earth supreme.  
The spread of Knowledge is the dawn of Love;  
And Heaven hath interleaved the whole broad earth  
With accessory avenues to Knowledge,  
That, in the fulness of the time, the high  
Ordainment may be perfected. To doubt  
The ordainment, would be to regard this earth  
As wretcheder than hell; since hell stands still,  
And earth progresses ever, in a lore  
That must be good or ill! But each fair boon,  
Aiding us on, is not a covert curse;  
Nor each advance an evil. Though the Sea  
May have too oft been stained by purple crime,  
The noble element is still the first  
Of helps to human intercommunings—  
A blessing from above, vast as itself!  
It is a pathway framed by Love for Love!

Have the skies lost their glory, since man learned  
That the stupendous globe on which he dwells  
Is one but of a band of satellites,

And only not the least, that ever whirl  
Around a central orb, mightier than all?  
And that this orb, and these dependencies,  
Although they form a system seemingly  
Complete and self-sustained, form merely one  
Of cognate systems multitudinous,  
Which people all Appreciable Space,  
And are themselves as watchers at the gates  
Of Inappreciable Infinity?  
Though marred too oft by sensualities,  
The fabulous imaginings of old  
Were beautiful, when stars composed the theme.  
But how ineffably more beautiful  
The truth, unless the truth be too sublime  
For beauty! When the thoughts restrain their flight  
Within the limits of the visible,  
Since the Beyond indeed awes and appals,  
Incomparable beauty meets the view,  
Assuredly; not merely in the blaze  
Of sun, moon, stars, and planetary lights,  
Though very jewels in creation's crown;  
But in the order and the harmony  
Pervading the whole concave of the heavens.  
Reason, exploring with sciential eye,  
Finds orbits, times, proportions, distances,  
Fixed relatively with such aptitude,  
That the majestic system, as a whole,  
Hangs on each part, and on the whole each part,  
Speaking the framing might miraculous.  
Are aberrations seen? They rest on laws.  
"Go," said a son of science by his fire,  
Touching a point in the celestial chart,  
"Search thou minutely, with a glass of power,  
And **HERE** a Planet **MUST** be found." He saw  
A known orb vibrate to a power unknown,  
As doing to it passing courtesy.



Still, unsurpassed although the truth might be,  
Fair, too, the fables were. The error lay  
In the vain notion that the human being  
Was solely perfect in the universe.  
This single standard of the Beautiful  
Owned they of other days. No lamp of heaven,  
Nor any living, growing thing of earth,  
Nor matter lifeless, howsoever framed,  
Could boast of beauty in a Grecian eye,  
Till linked, oft strangely, with humanity.  
Man seemed the model of all excellence  
To man. This was the film that dimmed his eyes,  
While viewing marvels equal to himself.

Why dwell so long upon this theme? Because  
The Beautiful of old composed the germ  
From which Love sprung; its fount of nutriment;  
The pedestal and pillars of its fane.  
His views of loveliness so circumscribed,  
The sphere of Love to man was limited.  
Upon his vision the celestial light  
Had not yet dawned, which shows him but an image  
Cast in the likeness of a form divine—  
And not a model, by approaching which  
Was Deity itself but deified.  
Nor yet on mortals had the further lights  
Of ripened Science beamed, by help of which  
The Mind, enfranchised from the leading-strings  
Of Fancy, and by Reason piloted,  
At length beheld the general frame of things  
In aspects new as they were exquisite,  
And then first learnt the mighty Truth, that BEAUTY  
Is but an ATTRIBUTE of EXCELLENCE!  
Throughout the world of physical existence, .  
Vast as it is, this deep-based law obtains.  
Note the external frames of men, and of

The animals that dwell with men on earth,  
And say what forms at once attract the eye  
By grace of outline, and by harmony  
Of parts, viewed singly or combined? Those still,  
Which, in the first degree, possess strength, speed,  
Activity, and all the qualities  
Composing, physically, Excellence.  
This rule applies to man, assuredly;  
But is more clearly visible, where Mind  
Can influence not the outer shows of things.  
Go to the racing mart, and choose a steed  
Whose fine proportions charm the eye, while yet  
Its powers remain untried, and the mere shape  
Is all that justifies a preference;  
And thou wilt duly find the faultless mould  
The symbol but of equine excellence.  
Turn to the hound, whose frame delights the gaze;  
And, when the mellow horn awakes the hills,  
Thou shalt see one who, in the eager chase,  
Will flag not, till he hears the death-halloo!  
Experience may augment and modify  
The power of judging, or of horse or hound:  
But still the untrained vision finds out beauty,  
And finds it colleague still to excellence.  
Association is a principle  
Of might, but not all-potent, in the mind:—  
We have perceptions certainly innate.  
Doth not the untaught child discriminate  
(Long ere the memory can interpose)  
In the respect of odours, tastes, and sounds,  
Guided by standards of the excellent,  
Implanted in each sense? Can it then be  
That the most noble sense of all should have  
No similarly innate faculty?  
Not thus defective is the eye. It hath  
An unacquired perception of

The Beautiful, for highest ends bestowed.  
IT IS A BOON CONFERRED ON US IN LOVE,  
THAT WE THE MORE MAY PRIZE THAT WORTHINESS  
WHICH BEAUTY SYMBOLISES OUTWARDLY.  
O! how sublime is this just view of Nature!  
How admirable, thus contemplated,  
Become its slightest superficial charms!  
How deep the Love that planned the endless feast  
For Love!

Let not our fervent gratitude  
Stumble at seeming inconsistencies,  
Or deviations from the general law.  
The strong man, or the swift, may own a shape  
Ungraceful; but, where all is balanced well—  
No gift defective, and no gift extreme—  
That outward harmony is ever found,  
Which charms the eye, as constituting beauty,  
And indicates collective perfectness  
Of corporal endowments.

But far beyond the Physical, extends  
The force and scope of the great truth, that Beauty  
Is but an attribute of Excellence.  
The Intellectual and Moral world  
Falls equally within its influence,  
Since Genius and Virtue form alone  
The stable Beauties of the Mind and Heart.  
By recognition of these combined truths,  
Love, in the bosom of Humanity,  
Mounts to its proper and exalted place,  
And grows indeed a noble principle—  
A sentiment of Mind as well as Sense.  
Alive, as ever, to external grace,  
It pierces also to the core of Nature,  
And finds new graces there, long unespied.  
The Music only of the universe

Was heard in other days. More fortunate,  
Our later times enjoy its Poetry,  
The Music of the Mind as well as ears.  
High as the Mind, the one thing perishless,  
Soareth above its perishable case,  
So far it yet displays externally  
The impress of its varying qualities.  
Doth not the Laureate of Fairyland proclaim  
That "All that's good is beautiful and fair—  
Since of the Soul the form doth Body take?"  
Exceptions, doubtless, meet us plenteously,  
Though oft in seeming only are they such.  
The sage old querist of Athena, while  
In mind angelic, had a satyr's shape.  
But, all unwitting of the force that lay  
Within their words, his pupils wrote it down,  
That Socrates stood marked from common men  
By his vast brow, absorbing half the face?  
Unlovely wholly could that face not be.  
By force of beauty intellectual  
All else must have been touched redeemingly.  
That novel Science, which conceives the Mind  
To stamp its character upon its case,  
And leave its varied and minutest powers  
Clearly discernible, with triumph points  
To such-like facts, and owns the general creed  
That physical foreshadows mental beauty.  
The man of special and exclusive gifts—  
The pleader, painter, warrior, or buffoon,  
Metaphysician or geometrist,  
Whate'er his one endowment chance to be—  
May have the graceful outline of the head  
Marred through the inborn inequalities;—  
But where a perfect equipoise pervades  
The whole congeries of faculties,  
Then ever must that shape of head be found

Which strikes the eye as faultless, and delights  
The innate feeling of the beautiful,  
Given to enhance our love of excellence.  
The greatest human mind—the mind of Shakspeare—  
In which each several faculty, though large,  
Bore due proportion to the balanced whole,  
Lay in a casket exquisitely framed,  
And one which all eyes owned as beautiful.  
Exemplar higher still! (Forgive the thoughts  
That turn to thee involuntarily!)  
Beauteous as Eden, homeing innocence,  
Thy brow of glory visibly announced  
Divinest virtues resident in flesh,  
Though for a season only dwelling there.  
The form and looks of Christ, indeed, might be  
Traditional; but even then they prove,  
That long ago the sympathies of Mind  
With Body had been recognised by men.

[This Fragment went no farther, or at least the remainder came not up to the Author's ideas. It forms the last of the Original Pieces selected for publication here.]

## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH,

CHIEFLY OF

LAMARTINE AND BERANGER.

[Many of the minor pieces in this collection were hastily written for periodical purposes, but have been given here, as having called forth some interest at the time in various instances.]

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### Adieu to the Ocean.

O! MURMUR still around my bark,  
Sweet sea, whose cherished waves  
Pour ever forth a plaintive note,  
Like lover that bewails his lot,  
Around this land of graves.

How love I on thy breast to glide,  
When, from the lofty height,  
The orange and the fruitful vine  
Cast on thy depths a shady line,  
More pleasing far than light!

Full often in my unoared boat,  
Confiding in thy love,  
As if to lull my soul to rest,  
I close my eyes, and feel with zest  
Thy billows gently move.

Like active and obedient steed  
To which the reins are given,  
My fragile vessel dost thou still  
To some new haven waft at will,  
As foam ashore is driven.

Ah! cradle, cradle once again,  
Cradle once more to sleep,  
The child who doats upon thy flow,  
And who, since birth, of nought below  
Hath dreamed, save wood and deep.

When thy great element was framed,  
That all might harmonise,  
The Maker forth the mandate gave,  
That Heaven should beam upon thy wave,  
Thy wave reflect the skies.

Pure as it enters to these orbs,  
Day to thy deeps is hurled;  
And, in thy brilliant course, the light,  
On billows blue and golden-bright,  
Seems rolled around the world.

Curbless as thought, thou dost destroy  
The armaments of kings,  
And, in thy mad and raging mood,  
His hand alone who launched thy flood,  
Thy flood to calmness brings.

Great image of the Infinite,  
From wave to wave the eye  
Tracks thee in vain—from shore to shore.  
Of thy true bounds we know no more  
Than of Eternity.

Thy voice, majestic and sweet,  
Makes echo thrill on land,  
Or, murmuring through thy grassy bound,  
Like zephyr on a mossy mound,  
Expires along the strand.

How well I love thee, pliant Sea,  
When grateful called to mark,  
How, kindly giant, thou dost deign  
To hollow from thy watery plain  
A cradle for my ark!

How well I love thee, when the wind  
Sleeps in thy cooling caves,  
And all the land appears to smile,  
Noting how on thy breast the while  
Her shadowed produce waves!

How love I thee, when, on my poop,  
Festoons from sunny bowers  
Lean out upon the shaping wind,  
And seem around thy head to bind  
A circlet fringed with flowers!

How sweet, what time thy curling mass  
Is by the breeze caressed,  
To see, beneath my pressing hand,  
Thy risings and thy fallings bland,  
Like Beauty's heaving breast?



Come, and on my departing bark  
Bestow the farewell kiss;  
Roll round me with a plaintive sound,  
And let thy spray again rebound,  
And bathe my brow with bliss.

Oh! let my boat on thy domain  
Still float secure and free,  
Whether it be where surges rave,  
By Virgil's tomb or Sibyl's cave—  
Sacred each spot to me!

Above all, on thy cherished shore,  
Where love awoke my heart,  
My soul, at her impassioned glance,  
Finds home and rest, with thoughts, perchance,  
Of joys that would depart.

At random sail. Whate'er the coast  
To which we pass through thee,  
Thy every wave suggests a theme,  
Thy every rock inspires a dream,  
Or wakes a memory!

### Bonaparte.

ON a rock beaten by the plaintive wave,  
The sailor from afar descries a tomb,  
White-shining, where the seas the shore-sand lave;  
Time hath not dimmed as yet that narrow room;  
And, underneath the ivy clustering green,  
A sceptre—broken—may be seen!

"Here lies"—no name. Ask ye of earth that name?  
In bloody characters is it imprest  
From Danube to Cedar—on brazen frame,  
And sculptured stone—on many a valiant breast,  
And on the hearts of all the slaves who lay  
And trembled in his chariot-way.

Two mighty names doth age to age give down;  
Since these, no name in human language traced,  
So far upon the lightning's wing hath flown.  
Of mortal footprints, by a breath effaced,  
None e'er was stamped on earth with greater  
force,  
Than that which ended here its course.

Here doth He lie!—three infant steps the place  
May measure. He will make no murmur now.  
Unchallenged o'er his bed his foes may pace,  
And the fly hum above that thunderous brow;  
His spirit heareth but the tedious shock  
Of billows breaking on a rock.

Yet fear not, still-vexed shade, that I one word  
Of wrong to thy mute Majesty shall breathe.  
Scoffs from the lyre the tomb hath never heard;  
Glory a refuge still hath found in death.  
Its memory should by nothing, nothing save  
The TRUTH, be followed to the grave.

In clouds thy cradle and thy tomb were furled.  
Like lightning from a storm thou camest forth;  
While yet without a name thou shook'st the world;  
As the same Nile, whose wave of richest worth  
Memphis enjoys, while nameless, wells to light  
In wilds of Memnon, far from sight.

When Victory took thee on her rapid wing,  
The Gods had fallen, and the thrones were void.  
Of men of Brutus-mould Fame made thee king.  
An age that swallowed in its frothy tide  
Crowns, customs, laws, was boldly stemmed by  
thee,  
And backwards forced awhile to flee.

Fearless with potent error didst thou fight—  
Strive, like aspiring Jacob, with a shade;  
The spirit cringed beneath the mortal wight;  
And, daringly profane, a mock was made  
By thee of once great names, as rash hands bore  
The sacred cups away of yore.

When by a fit of blind delirium seized,  
A worn-out age itself in pieces rent—  
Calling on Freedom amid bonds, if pleased  
High Heaven a hero should in aid be sent:  
He struck earth with his sceptre—it awoke,  
And truth upon the dreamer broke.

Ah! if restoring to the rightful hands  
The sway, and shielding fallen royalty,  
Thou hadst avenged its wrongs on hostile bands—  
Righter of kings, greater than kings could be,  
What blest perfume, how pure a coronet,  
Should Glory on thy brow have set!

Fame, Honour, Freedom, so beloved of men,  
Had sounded then thy praises, as from brass  
Flow peals which distant echo rings again.  
But vainly o'er thine ear did the call pass:  
No sounds to thee one throb of pleasure brought,  
Save the sword-clash and trumpet-note.

Proud, and disdaining all that men admire,  
Empire alone thou soughtest of thy kind.  
Bars in thy path but raised thy crushing ire;  
And as a glance speeds to the mark designed,  
So took thy will its course, even when there  
lay  
Kind bosoms in its fatal way.

Thy mighty cares were never wont to be  
Soothed for a moment in the festive bowl.  
Another purple loved thine eyes to see.  
Stern as an armed sentinel, thy soul  
Gave back to Beauty's smile, and Beauty's sigh,  
Nor smile nor sighing in reply.

The loud alarm-cry, and the clang of steel—  
The glittering ranks—were thy delight.  
Thy steed alone thy flattering hand might feel,  
When, like a wind, his waving mane of white  
Furrowed the bloody dust, and his limbs reeled  
Upon some arm-strewn battlefield.

Joyless while great, un murmuring didst thou sink;  
Nought human throbbed within thy thrice-mailed  
breast;  
Hating, nor loving, thou but liv'dst to think.  
Like to lone bird-king, in his lofty nest,  
Thou ownest but an eye to measure earth,  
And talons to embrace its girth.

To mount the car of Victory at a bound,  
And awe the world with glories of thy state—  
Tribunes and kings to trample on the ground,  
And forge a yoke, tempered in love and hate—  
To make a people, self-bereft of laws,  
Beneath thy rein to quake and pause;

Of one whole age to be the life and mind;  
To blunt the knife, and envious hearts repress;  
The loosening frame of things anew to bind;  
And, 'mid the cannon's glare and thunderous-  
ness,  
For rule on earth to strive with Deity;—  
Strange dream! it was thy destiny.

Yet wert thou from that pinnacle cast down,  
And saw'st, when shipwrecked on this naked  
rock,  
Thy mantle to the winds by foemen thrown;  
While Fortune, only power thou didst not mock,  
As a last favour, granted thee to have  
A space betwixt the throne and grave.

Oh! but to sound thy thoughts had I had power,  
When the remembrance of thy greatness lost  
Came, like Remorse, upon thy lonely hour,  
And when—thy arms upon thy bosom crossed—  
Over thy hot broad brow, in musing bent,  
Like night the Horror came and went!

As high above some flood the shepherd stands,  
And views his shade far-stretched upon the stream,  
Tracking it whirling o'er the unseen sands—  
So, from the lone peak of thy height supreme,  
Seeking thyself in shadows of the past,  
Thou dream'st of scenes—too bright to last!

They passed before thy mind like mighty waves,  
Whose sparkling tops are seen upon the main;  
Awhile their music made thy senses slaves;  
And on thy brow reflecting light again,  
Each billow brought some brilliant image back,  
And long thine eye pursued its track.

THERE, on a bridge, the cannon didst thou brave;  
HERE didst thou stir the sacred desert sand;  
Thy steed THERE shivered in the Jordan wave;  
HERE strong walls crumbled at thy foot's command;  
Thy sword thou changest to a sceptre now—  
Ha! what affright thus wrings thy brow?

Why turnest thou thy peaceful glance away!  
Why doth thy cheek this sudden palor show?  
What horror comes on thee from the old day?  
Is it the smoke of cities lying low?  
Or gazest thou on plains, reeking and gory?  
These things have been effaced by glory!

All is effaced by glory—all save CRIME.  
Thou saw'st but now a victim steeped in blood—  
A high-born hero, slain in youthful prime;  
And, heaving his sad form on memory's flood,  
One wave still passed and passed, and Enghien's  
name  
In vengeful murmurs from it came.

As if to dash away a livid stain,  
Across his brow the gazer draws his hand;  
But yet the bloody traces will remain;  
Like to a seal stamped by divine command,  
Effacelessly the taint is left to crown  
His head with that dark deed's renown.

And, Despot, thus shall outraged glory make  
Thy genius to be doubted through thy crime;  
Thy car shall have a blood-track in its wake—  
Thy name be theme of contest to all time;  
And now with Cæsar men shall rank thee—now  
A place with Marius allow.

At last, thou diedst as the many die.  
And, as a reaper, ere he seeks his pay,  
First by his sickle doth in slumber lie,  
So didst thou arm thee for the last long way,  
And for reward or justice thus didst go  
To him who placed thee here below.

In his last agony—it hath been said—  
With dread eternity before his eyes,  
On his bad brow the blessed sign was made,  
And heavenward his looks appeared to rise;  
And from his lips a name was heard to fleet—  
A name he dared not to complete!

But close we now.—God reigns, and gives to reign;  
God is the punisher, and God forgives;  
Heroes and common men their dues obtain;  
Speak—God, who hears, knows thee and each who  
lives.  
Tyrant and slave must give account to One—  
THIS of his bonds, THAT of his throne!

His tomb is closed, and God hath judged him.  
Peace!  
His good and ill are in the balance weighed.  
Let interference now from mortals cease.  
Who of thy mercy, Lord, hath reckoning made?  
Who knows, if earth's great scourge, the hero-  
mind,  
Be not a virtue, heaven-assigned?

## Gethsemane: or, the Death of Julia.

[Written at Jerusalem by Lamartine, on his only Daughter's Death.]

I FROM the breast have been a man of grief;  
My heart, in place of blood, rolls tears alone,  
Or, rather, from my tears springs no relief,  
Since God has changed them, in their fount, to  
stone;

Gall is my honey, sadness is my joy;  
For me the tombs a brother's tie possess;  
And nothing can my steps aside decoy  
But sights of ruin and distress!

Green fields and laughing skies if I espy,  
Or sweet vales opening to embrace the sea,  
I pass, and, smiling bitterly, I cry,  
"A place for bliss, but, ah! not bliss for me!"  
My spirit's echo will but groans repeat,  
My soul's true home is where men ever weep:—  
A land with mortal dust and tears replete,  
Is such a couch as fits my sleep.

You ask me wherefore; but were I to tell,  
The bitter gulf would be but stirred anew,  
And sobbings only would my lips expel—  
Yet pierce my heart, and all will come to view!  
There, in each fibre, death has plunged a knife,  
Slow torture lies in every pulsing wave,  
Its chambers teem with things that know no life—  
My soul is but one mighty grave!



While yet beside Christ's chosen place of birth,  
I did not ask each hallowed mount and field,  
Where, at his feet, the poor flung palms on earth,  
Or where the Word was by his voice revealed;  
Where loud hosannahs hailed his conquering path,  
Or, wet with holy tears from woman's eye,  
His hand, the while it wiped his brow's hot bath,  
Caressed the little children nigh:—

"Lead me," I cried, "unto the place of tears!—  
To that sad garden, where the Man of Woe,  
By God forsaken, and his earthly peers,  
Swate bloody drops, as in the mortal throe;  
There leave me, for I too would prove the whole  
Concentred anguish that an hour may feel:  
Pain is the worship of my hope-reft soul—  
This is the altar where I kneel!"

There is, upon Mount Olive's dusty base,  
Beneath the shade of Sion's crumbling walls,  
A place from which the sun withholds its rays,  
Where scanty Kedron o'er its channel crawls;  
There hath Jehoshaphat its graves scooped out,  
And ruins, 'stead of grass, earth bears alone,  
And trailing roots from hollow olives sprout  
Amid the tombstones thickly strewn.

Between two rocks there stands a darksome grot,  
Where Jesus once foretasted death's whole power,  
When, rousing thrice the sleepers near the spot  
He said, "Watch ye! for fearful is the hour!"  
The trembling lip, upon the blood-stained earth,  
Seems yet the droppings of the cup to taste;  
The sweat, to which that sacrifice gave birth,  
May yet upon the rocks be traced.

There sat I, while my hands sustained my head,  
And mused what thoughts had filled that heavenly  
mind,  
And numbered all the tears myself had shed,  
Whose flow had left a furrowed track behind;  
I raised again, and weighed my burdens all,  
And sounded of my griefs the whole abyss—  
When of a Dream my soul became the thrall,  
And what a Dream, great God, was this!

I late had left, beneath a mother's wing,  
My child, my girl, my treasure, and my care,  
Whose brow fresh charms yet came to deck each  
spring,  
Although her soul was ripe for heavenly air.  
Her form was one that could not leave the eye,  
For by its light her trace might followed be;  
And never father saw her passing by,  
But threw an envying glance on me.

Sole relic she of my storm-vexed career,  
Sole fruit of many flowers, love's single birth,  
Sweet as a welcome-kiss or parting tear,  
Perpetual blessing of my wandering hearth;  
A sunny ray that gave my casement light,  
A bird that sipped the food my own lips broke,  
A sigh of music near my couch by night,  
A kind caress when I awoke!

More, more she was: My mother's form she  
bore,  
In hers, my mother's looks would still revive;  
Through her, the past became the past no more,  
My former joy, though changed, she kept  
alive;

Ten happy years were echoed from her tongue,  
Our household air was by her step made  
bright,  
Tears from my eyes her simple glance oft wrung,  
Her smile filled all my heart with light.

Her brow would shadow back my lightest thought,  
Her pure blue eye reflected still my own,  
And o'er that orb my cares a dimness brought,  
As when a shade across a pool is thrown:  
But all her own heart's thoughts were lively,  
sweet,  
And graveness rarely on her lips abode,  
Save when she knelt before her mother's feet,  
And prayed with folded hands to God.

I DREAMED that to these scenes I had her led,  
And that upon my knee the fair thing leant,  
And, while my arms enclosed her feet and head,  
That tenderly to hers my brow was bent:  
Turned back upon my arm in half-eclipse,  
Her head's soft burnished gold lay strewn the  
while,  
And her bright teeth shone bright between her  
lips,  
Half-parted ever with a smile.

Ever to me, to me her look she raised,  
To breathe her spirit and draw forth my soul,  
And of the love that in my own eye blazed,  
God only can compute the sumless whole;  
My lips for fondness knew not where to press,  
Yet still she sought them, like a toying child,  
And oft those lips of their beloved caress,  
By turning mouth and cheek, beguiled.

Then unto God my raptured heart exclaimed,  
"Father! while these light-shedding eyes I see,  
With hymns of praise alone shalt thou be named!  
Her life of flowers is life enough for me!  
On her my share of thy best gifts bestow,  
Cast on her path all coming hopes of mine,  
Prepare her bridal couch, and open throw  
The arms that wait her at the shrine!"

While thus by prayer and dreamy joy possesset,  
My eye and heart, meanwhile, had failed to note,  
That heavier on my arm her forehead prest,  
And o'er her feet a stony chill had shot;  
"My Julie! why, oh why art thou so pale?  
Why this moist brow? wherefore this changing  
hue?  
Speak—smile, my angel! ah! thou feign'st this ail!  
Re-ope my book—those eyes of blue!"

But on her rosy lip death's purple fell,  
The half-formed smile was blasted in its spring,  
More and more laboured grew her bosom's swell,  
Like the last flappings of a folding wing;  
Pressing her heart, I watched its beatings wild,  
And when in sighs the soul at length took flight,  
My heart felt dead within me, like a child  
That dies before it sees the light.

Bearing within my arms my more than life,  
I rose upright, and walked away anon,  
Staggering like one just hurt in mortal strife,  
And laid my child on the cold altar-stone;  
To her shut eyes my lip I closely prest,  
Nor was her brow of all its warmth bereft,  
But still appeared like some sweet songster's nest,  
Which yet the bird hath newly left.

And thus, while one eternal hour went by,  
Ages of anguish seemed o'er me to pass,  
Grief filled my heart's void space, and made me cry,  
"My God, I had but her! my all she was!"  
In this one love were all my loves combined,  
The very dead she had to me brought back,  
Sole fruit which on the tree was left behind,  
By the dark storms which swept my track.

The sole link was she in my broken chain,  
The only spot of blue in all my heaven!  
That in our house more sweet might be its strain,  
A name of music we to her had given;  
She was my world, my source of motion—sound,  
A voice that bore enchantment everywhere,  
The charm to which my eyes were ever bound,  
Morn, eve, and night, my joy and care:—

The glass in which my heart itself could see,  
My purest days had on her brow a place,  
A ray of lasting bliss conferred on me—  
Lord! all thy gifts assembled in one face!  
Sweet burden, by her mother on me thrown,  
Eyes and a soul like mine in brightest day,  
Life of my life, voice echoing my own,  
A living heaven in my way!

Take her, and satisfy, relentless fate,  
Thy quenchless thirst for agonies and death!  
Lo! on thy shrine, I lay her beauteous weight,  
And now, if emptied, break my cup of wrath!  
My girl, my child, my breath of life! one tress,  
Behold! I sever from the golden chains  
That bound me yesterday to her caress:  
And now no more to me remains!—

A stifling sob now woke me; all the rock  
 Whereon I sat seemed clothed with sweat of blood,  
 My cold hand gave my brow an icy shock,  
 And on my cheeks two frozen tear-drops stood.  
 As flies the eagle to its nest, I fled!  
 Low sobs I heard, as I my home drew nigh;  
 Love but delayed for me the hour of dread—  
 SHE waited but for me to die!

Now all is still within my lifeless home—  
 Two weeping eyes ever my own oppose—  
 I know not what I seek, nor where I roam—  
 My arms on nothing ope, on nothing close.  
 One colour all my days and nights now wear,  
 Prayer in my bosom was with hope laid low;  
 But bear, my soul, God's chastening bravely bear,  
 And kiss the hand that gave the blow! .

### *A Farewell Tribute to Academy of Marseilles.*

IF to yon swift bark's canvass I confide  
 Each blessing Heaven has willed it to impart;  
 If I commit to ocean's fickle tide  
 A wife and child, twin portions of my heart;  
 If I expose to sand-bank, surge, and blast,  
 Such hopes as these, so many beating breasts,  
 And with no gage of safety, save a mast  
 That quivers when the south wind lists;

'Tis not that lust of gold inflames a soul  
Which to itself hath nobler treasures made;  
Nor that I thirst in glory's flaming scroll  
To write my name—if written, soon to fade;  
'Tis not that like to Dante's is my fate,  
The bitter salt of exile doomed to taste;  
Nor that inconstant faction's angry hate  
Hath laid my parent roof-tree waste.

No, no! I leave upon a valley's side,  
And weep to leave, green fields and shade-fraught  
trees—

A home where sweet remembrances abide,  
Which many a kind eye blesses when it sees;  
Screened by the woods, I have secure retreats,  
Where never factious brawls the calm destroy,  
Where, 'stead of civil tempests, nothing meets  
My ear but thankfulness and joy.

An aged sire, girt by our imaged forms,  
Starts if around the walls the winds but sigh,  
And daily prays that He who rules the storms  
May not beyond its strength our canvass try;  
Workmen and servants, masterless each one,  
Trace on the turf our steps with sad acclaim,  
And, basking 'neath my window in the sun,  
My dogs whine as they hear my name.

Sisters I have, nursed at the same kind breast,  
Boughs on the same trunk cradled by the gale;  
Friends, too, whose souls my spirit has possest,  
Who read my eye, and can my thoughts unveil;  
And hearts unknown are by the muse made mine—  
Such as hold converse with my poesies—  
Echoes unseen, who round my path combine  
To pour responsive harmonies!

Yet souls have instincts hard to be defined,  
Like that which prompts some hardy birds to  
    roam  
In quest of nurture of another kind,  
And cross at one bold flight the deep sea foam.  
What seek they in the regions of the East?  
Have they not mossy homes beneath our eaves?  
And store of food their little ones to feast,  
    When autumn shakes our sun-tipt sheaves?

I have like them the bread each day requires,  
Like them I have the river and the hill;  
Most humble is the range of my desires,  
Yet I like them am coming, going still!  
The East, like them, some power now bids me trace,  
For never have I seen or touched the land  
Of Cham, the first dominion of our race,  
    Where man's heart felt God's kneading hand.

I have not sailed across the sandy sea,  
To the slow rocking of the desert-ship;  
At Hebron's well, beside the palm-trees three,  
I have not wet at eve my yearning lip;  
My cloak beneath the tents I have not spread,  
Nor prest the dust which strewed Job's brow of yore,  
Nor dreamt by night, with moaning sails o'erhead,  
    The dreams which Jacob dreamt before.

Of earth's seven pages one yet waits my eye:  
I know not how the stars may keep their sphere—  
'Neath what ideal weight the lungs may ply—  
How palpitates the heart—when gods are near!  
I know not, when the grand old columns throw  
On the bard's head the shadows of the past,  
How herbs may speak, or if earth murmurs low,  
    Or sadly weeps the passing blast.



I have not heard the nations' cries ascend,  
And call responses from the cedars old,  
Nor seen high Lebanon's God-sent eagles bend  
Their flight on Tyre, emblems of wrath foretold;  
My head I have not laid upon the mounds  
Whence all of Tadmor but the name is gone,  
Nor have my lonely footsteps woke the sounds  
That sleep round Memnon's vacant throne.

I have not heard the mournful Jordan pour  
Low murmurings from its abysmal caves,  
Weeping sublimer tears than those of yore,  
With which sad Jeremiah chilled its waves;  
I have not heard the soul within me sing  
In that resounding grot, where, 'mid the night,  
The Bard-King's trembling fingers felt the string  
Seized by the Hymn with hand of light.

I have not traced the prints around that spot  
Where, 'neath the olive, Jesus weeping lay,  
Nor on the straggling roots the tears have sought  
Which eager angels could not kiss away;  
By night I have not in that garden watched,  
Where, while the sweat of blood was under-  
gone,  
The echo of our griefs and sins unmatched  
Resounded in one heart alone.

To that dear dust I have not bowed my head,  
Which was by Christ's departing foot imprest,  
Nor kissed the stones in which his mother laid  
His tear-embalmed remains of earth to rest;  
Nor have I beat my bosom in the place,  
Where, conquering the future by his death,  
He stretched his arms all mankind to embrace,  
And blest them with his latest breath.

For these things I depart—on these bestow  
The span of worthless days yet left for me.  
What boots it where the winter winds lay low  
The barren trunk, the withered shadeless tree?  
“Madman!” the crowd exclaims, itself unwise!  
All do not find their food in every road—  
The pilgrim-poet’s food in thinking lies:  
His heart lives on the works of God!

Adieu, my aged sire, and sisters dear!  
My white and walnut-shaded home, adieu!  
Farewell, my steeds, now idling all the year!  
My lonely hearth-couched dogs, farewell to  
you!  
Each image grieves, and haunts me like the ghost  
Of bliss departed, that would stay me fain:  
Ah, may our re-uniting hour be crost  
By no like shades of doubt and pain!

And thou, my land, more vexed by surge and  
blast  
Than the frail bark which now my all conveys,  
Land, on whose fate the hopes of earth are cast,  
Adieu! thy shores now fly my dimming gaze!  
Oh, may a ray of heaven dispel the gloom  
Which wraps thy freedom, temples, throne, and  
thee,  
And all thy sacred borders re-illumine,  
With light of immortality!

And thou, Marseilles, that at the gates of France  
Sittest as if to hail each coming guest,  
Whose port smiles o’er these seas, with hope-bright  
glance,  
And seems for wingéd barks an eagle nest;

Where kindly hands yet feel the clasp of mine,  
Where yet my feet half cling in fond sojourn,  
Thine be my parting prayer, Marseilles, and  
thine  
My first salute on my return!

### Address to an Eastern Beauty.

CHILD of the East, and dost thou ask a wreath of  
song from me?—  
Thou, nursed where desert-winds pour forth their  
music wild and free!  
Flower of Aleppo's gardens! thou, upon whose  
opening bloom,  
The bulbul might have loved to chant and languish  
in perfume!

Who to the balsam-tree brings back the sweets that  
from it flow?  
Or would refix its beauteous fruits upon the orange  
bough?  
Who seeks to lend new lustre to the oriental morn?  
Or would with added stars of gold night's glittering  
sky adorn?

No, this is not a place for verse! but, if thou lovest  
well  
All that which casts o'er poesy its most enchanting  
spell,  
Look on the waters of this pool, and there thyself  
behold—  
Compared with loveliness like thine, all verse is weak  
and cold!

When, placed in the kiosk at night beside the lattice-bars,  
Through which creeps in the ocean-breeze, the light  
of moon and stars,  
Thou sittest on a mat to which Palmyra lent its  
gifts,  
And whence the Moka's bitter fumes arise in heated  
drifts;

When to those half-closed lips of thine thy beauteous  
fingers raise  
Thy pipe of jasmine-wood, on which the golden  
frettings blaze,  
And, drinking in the rose's sweet perfume the while,  
thy mouth  
Makes murmurings in the water-cell, as of the breezy  
south;

When the winged mists which hover and embrace  
thee round and round  
With odorous vapours, have their chain about thy  
senses wound,  
And visions, far-off dreams, of love, and days of  
youthful glee,  
Float round us in the fragrant air exhaled in mists  
from thee;

When thou describ'st the Arab steed, the spurner of  
the sands,  
Subjected to the foaming bit beneath thy childlike  
hands—  
Thy slanting glance so lustrous bright, meanwhile,  
as to outvie  
The soft yet burning brilliancy of his triumphant eye:

When, tapering like the handle of the polished vase,  
thine arm  
Upon thy bended elbow props thy brow of many a  
charm,  
And when a chance reflection of the evening lamp  
displays  
Thy jewelled poniard's hilt and sheath, all bright  
with diamond rays—

Then is there nought in all the sounds that language  
can employ,  
Nought in the dreaming brow of those who know  
the poet's joy,  
Nought in the soft sighs of a soul from stain and  
blemish free,  
Nought half so fresh and redolent of poesy as  
thee!

I have o'erpast the happy time, in which life's flower  
of bloom,  
Love, young love, opens up the heart, and fills it  
with perfume,  
And admiration in my soul, though touched unto  
the core,  
Has nought for beauty but a ray that carries warmth  
no more!

Alone in this unpassioned heart the harp is now  
adored:—  
Yet how would I, in younger years, my verses forth  
have poured,  
For one of those most fragrant wreaths of light and  
cloudy air,  
Which now thy lip sends up to float, unheeded here  
and there!

Or how should I have joyed to trace that most en-  
chanting mould,  
Of which a viewless hand now forms an outline dim  
and cold,  
As night's soft rays, caressing with their light that  
form of thine,  
Sketch on the wall its shadowy grace amid the sweet  
moonshine!

### Death of Sir Walter Scott.

SPECTATOR, wearied out with life's great play,  
Thou leav'st us in a rough and troublous way;  
Prophet or bard the nations have no more,  
To charm and head their march as heretofore;  
Kings find the trembling throne a seat unsure,  
Chiefs rule a day, kingdoms a month endure;  
Human opinion's strong, impetuous roll—  
The fiery equinox that whelms the soul—  
Permitteth none, not even in hope to stand  
Firm on the lofty summit of command:  
But sets the strong, by turns, upon the crown,  
Strikes them with giddiness, and hurls them down.  
In vain the world invokes a help and stay—  
The potent time compels us 'neath its sway;  
A child may curb the sea when it is bland,  
But weak are all men when the time is grand.  
Lo! tribunes, chiefs, kings, citizens each one—  
God lays the hand on all, and chooseth none!  
And the resistless fiery meteor, Power,  
Falls on our heads, to judge us, and devour.

'Tis done—the word has o'er the deep been hurled,  
 And Chaos broods above a second world;  
 And for poor mankind, of the sceptre reft,  
 No more in one, but all, is safely left.  
 In the vast heavings of a new formed main—  
 The oscillations sky and ship sustain—  
 By the huge waves that o'er us break and gape—  
 We feel that man now rounds a dangerous cape,  
 And passes through, with gloom and thunder by,  
 The stormy Tropic of a New Humanity.

### Lilla.

CLEAR-mirrored fount! when on thy verdant ledge,  
 The pensive Lilla comes her form to lay,  
 And casts her bending image o'er thy edge,  
 Like star of midnight in a tideless bay,

A gentle shiver curls thy sleeping waves,  
 No more thy bed of sand or reeds is seen,  
 But joyful light thy liquid bosom paves,  
 And heaven is sought but in thy glassy sheen.

Thou'rt but a shade of lovely things the while,  
 Of eyes than thine own border-flowers more blue,  
 Of teeth of pearl, that 'tween two rose-lips smile,  
 And globes, by pure sighs moved, of snowy hue;

Hair twined with flowers, and bending with their  
 weight,  
 And corals, heightening every native charm—  
 Bright pearls, which one might think to seize on  
 straight,  
 Like sands of gold, by plunging in the arm.

Source of this shade, my hands are o'er thee placed,  
 Lest all should be dispelled by some chance blast,  
 And, envious of the bank, my lips would taste  
 The happy waves through which thy shape has  
 past.

But Lilla, laughing, seeks her mother's side,  
 And then the fount is but a small dark pool:  
 In vain I taste it—bitter is its tide,  
 Tarnished by vase-stirred sand, of insects full.

What THOU dost for these waters, sweet young flower,  
 My soul has ever felt from beauty's might:  
 While basking in its smile, joy rules the hour,  
 But when its glance is veiled, then cometh night!

### The Last Dream of Childe Harold.

[M. de Lamartine, after the decease of Lord Byron, added a Canto to the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold, and carried on the adventures of the Wanderer up to the date of their close in Greece. He adheres no more to the absolute truth in his narration than the noble Childe himself professed to do, and merely approaches it so far as to identify Byron with Harold. The English poet died in his bed among friends, but Lamartine takes him to a sort of Hermitage amid the Grecian hills, and there terminates his career with a Dream. It is here given, as a sketch in some measure complete in itself; and most readers, whatever they may think of its taste, will probably allow the picture to be a powerful, if not a terrible one.]

**A**MID the long entrancement of that sleep,  
 He dreamed a Dream—a final Dream sublime.  
 No vision ever froze the soul, that touched  
 More closely on the dread reality.



Freed (as he thought) by death from mortal illa,  
Harold, amazed, found yet a life in death,  
And, dragging of his frame the worthless shreds,  
Thrid with chance steps the shadows of the tomb.  
No star lit up the bleak horizon there;  
The scene was not of heaven, nor yet of earth;  
A second chaos seemed to reign around.  
His outstretched arm touched bones, and bones alone,  
Which, roaming like himself athwart the gloom,  
Chilled with sepulchral rattlings all the air.  
Like waves urged forward by succeeding waves,  
Some mystic impulse drove them through the night.  
Onwards they moved, as sands are swept along  
By desert winds; onwards and onwards still,  
Toward the waste vale of Jehoshaphat,  
Destined to see man's rising from the dust.  
The peopling generations of the grave  
Pressed all to reach that dark and lonely spot.  
But the Destroying Angel, sword in hand,  
Against the silent throngs barred up the access.  
Harold alone found entrance instantly.  
The flame-eyed angel touched him with the sword,  
And into the dread place, trembling and lone,  
He passed, to stand his proof before his God.  
But Christ, who shines as the eternal morn,  
Balance in hand, came not to judgment there!

A voice cried—"Harold! lo, the fearful hour!  
Thy proper doom thyself must now pronounce.  
The while thou livedst, in a night obscure,  
Those hours abusing meted out by Heaven,  
The time for acting was in doubting spent.  
The endless day now rises to thine eyes;  
But God, clement ineffably, grants still  
Another proof in love. Hear, and again essay!  
Yet tremble, for it is thy final chance.

Mark! in the dimmest spot of these death-plains,  
Where night appears to thicken her mute shades,  
The Judgment-Angel now hath placed two Urns,  
Which are the same to vision and to touch;  
But one of them encloses in its womb  
The fruit corruptless of the tree of life,  
Which man, through fatal curiosity,  
Plucked prematurely in the world's young days.  
The other urn conceals, in its deep gloom,  
The cause of man's temptation and his fall.  
Symbol of evil, there the darkling Snake  
Lies couched with all its folds orbicular;  
And, blackening with its venom its retreat,  
Darts death upon the hand that plunges there!  
Jehovah, by my voice, before thy doom,  
Bids thee attempt this choice of dread import,  
And gives thee, to direct thy human eyes,  
Three Torches, with celestial light illumed.  
Go, then, with Faith, Reason, and Genius:—  
Woe! if these lights should be extinguished! woe!  
Choosing and plunging blindly, thy hand  
Must then at hazard draw or life or death!"

All now is hushed. Harold, with terror chilled,  
Sees Faith descending to his side from heaven.  
She places in his hand her lamp, whose flame  
Is the soul's guide amid the mists of fate.  
Its dazzling brightness overpowers his eye;  
At his first steps beneath the blaze he stumbles;  
And, giving back to gloom his feeble lids,  
The heavenly torch is in the dust extinguished!  
The lamp of Reason Harold now receives;  
Its weaker glow embraces lesser space,  
Yet it suffices to assure his steps.  
More firmly planted, slowly move his feet;  
But birds of night, of heavy flight and low,

Shake the unstable spark at every step.  
In vain he shields it with his shading hand;  
The dusky crowds besiege it ceaselessly;  
And, finally, a bird with weighty wing  
Extinguishes his second torch of hope!

The third and last remains. Infinite grace  
Hath left the lamp of Genius burning still—  
Though oft a light without enlightenment.  
Harold, in bearing it, fears even to breathe,  
And, veiling in his breast the sickly flame,  
Watches with dread, as one would watch his soul.  
Alas! when near the goal, his eye, alarmed,  
Beholds its doubtful rays grow fainter slowly.  
It scarcely tints with white the urns of fate;  
He would re-animate it with his breath;  
He breathes, and it expires. "Unhappy one!"  
Exclaimed the voice—"three lamps bestowed as  
guides

Are now extinguished as thy journey ends.  
The urns alone can clear the awful doubt.  
In either's bosom, veiled by darkness from thee,  
Make thy eternal choice, and choose by chance!"  
A bloody sweat, more chilly than the tomb,  
Falls in large drops from Harold's pallid front.  
Forward he steps, pauses, and vainly looks;  
Three times his hand advances, and three times  
He shifts from urn to urn, with fears o'erwhelmed;  
Trembling, he fain would quit the spot of doom.  
Braving at length the dark decree of fate,  
His hand he plunges, with averted eyes.  
He opens it, by freezing horror cramped,  
To sound by touch the gloomy depths within,  
When, lo! the cold, encircling snake he feels,  
And falls, loud-shrieking—"Harold, thou hast  
erred!"

The echo of that cry Jehoshaphat  
Prolongs, until the sound dispels his Dream!  
He shudders, lifts aloft a long sad look—  
A name is on his lips—it is too late—  
HE IS NO MORE!

Verger written at Balbek.

**MYSTERIOUS** deserts! 'neath whose mounds are  
strewn

The bones of cities, now by name unknown;  
Huge blocks, by ruin's torrent tumbled o'er;  
Vast bed of life, whose stream now flows no more;  
Ye temples, for whose marble bases, hills  
Were rent like trees beneath the woodmen's bills;  
Ye gulfs, through which whole river-floods might  
stray;

Columns, 'mong which the eye can find no way;  
Pillar and arch, a long, dark, alleyed host,  
Where, as in clouds, the wandering moon is lost;  
Capitals, whose sites the eye would vainly tell;  
Great characters, imprinted on earth's shell—

To touch you, and your mysteries to test,  
A pilgrim comes from the far West!

The path, by which his bark the billows ranged,  
A hundred times had its horizon changed;  
He cast his life on the abysmal deeps,  
His feet are worn upon the mountain steep;  
His tent hath felt the fiery eastern sun,  
His friends grew faint before the goal was won;



Like to those liquid pearls, wept by the dawn,  
That steep in sparkling tints the waking lawn—  
Which, undiffused, a stream would constitute,  
But now sink noiseless on the passer's foot;  
Whose humble shower, raised by the sun, exhales  
At length in perfume on the drying gales!

New days, new cares; for every fruit its time.  
Long ere my judgment had attained its prime,  
While yet I sported round a mother's knees,  
A child whom toys could charm, or toys displease,  
I copied boys, my equals, in their play,  
I spoke their language, and I did as they.  
In early spring, when buds begin to sprout,  
And sap from bark of trees seems sweating out,  
I sought our village torrent's rumbling billow,  
To cut fresh branches from the bending willow;  
Then softening with my lips a twig, as yet  
Undried, I from it pulled the bark unsplit;  
I blew into the wood, and soon a sound,  
Plaintive and soft, filled all the air around;  
For artful rules this sound was all unmeet—  
An empty noise, a murmur vague and sweet,  
Like to the voices of the wave and breeze,  
Which bear no meaning, though the ear they  
    please;  
The prelude of a soul stirred in young years,  
Which chants before the days of song, weeps ere the  
    time of tears!

Those times are past, and half my span is gone;  
And pain and care have raised my spirit's tone.  
These fragile reeds, fit toys for boyish days,  
Could ill relieve this load that on me weighs.  
It lieth not in mortal speech nor rhyme,  
In trump of war, nor yet in organ chime,

To bear the outburst of my soul's full blast,  
Whose fire melts all its shock doth not o'erblast!  
To vent its breathings, it hath long ago  
Renounced the phrases of the world below:  
Their fragile symbols would be burst—'twixt word  
And word, lightning collisions would be stirred—  
And youth, with shaking front, would wildly cry,  
"Let him speak softly, Lord! or else we die!"

But thus the soul speaks to itself alone:—  
In that unspoken tongue, that mighty tone,  
Which never hand of flesh on scroll defined,  
Doth spirit speak to spirit, mind to mind!  
Losing of common tongues all exercise,  
On this the lonely soul for cheer relies.  
Ever within me doth it murmur on,  
Like to a noisy sea, that resteth none;  
Its heavy blows, that on my temples ring,  
Sound like the rustling of the tempest's wing—  
Reverberate in me like a flood by night,  
Each wave of which roars loudly in its flight;  
Or like rebounding thunder on the hills,  
Which all the plain with echoed voices fills;  
Or brazen roarings of the wintry breeze,  
Falling like Lebanon's masses on the seas;  
Or like the mighty clash, when on a rock  
The waves in mountains rise, or fall in smoke;  
Such are the tones, the voices, that may roll,  
In music fit, the burden of my soul!

No more for me those verses, where the thought,  
As from a sounding bow full trimly shot,  
And on two rhyming words made to rebound,  
Dances complacent at the whim of sound!  
My ear disdains this frigid trick of art;  
And if the past time's memories touch my heart;

If, while the clear-skied East's mute wilds I view,  
My visage e'er shall smiling turn to you;  
If, thinking how my friends this morn will see,  
My soul with theirs would intermingled be;  
In other tones my heart to them shall speak,  
And in return their loved remembrance seek.  
By Prayer!—that language, winged, strong, and  
clear,

Which, in one sigh, embraces all held dear—  
Shows to the heart, and brings in sight of God,  
A thousand loved ones, near and far abroad;  
Makes between all, through aids from virtue given,  
A viewless commerce in the gifts of heaven;  
A boundless language, reaching to the sky,  
The better heard that it ascends so high;  
Pure incense! which an equal perfume leaves  
With him who lights the flame, and who receives!

Thus would my soul itself to thee unfold.  
All common speech to me seems weak and cold:—  
And would'st thou know whence springs this scorn-  
ful mind,  
Follow my bark, that flies before the wind;  
Come to those scenes where worlds have passed  
away,  
And sands exult where empires had their day—  
Where heroes, sages, gods, entombed remain—  
Come, and three nights, three views, will all ex-  
plain!

I now have left the land, whose endless noise,  
Far, far at sea, still haunts one and annoys;  
That Europe! sinking, splitting, struggling all,  
Where every hour beholds some ruin fall;  
Where two great spirits, ever hot at war,  
Crush throne and fane, and laws and morals mar,



Making, while levelling their parent soil,  
Room for God's spirit, veiled from them the while.  
My bark, urged onward by an unseen force,  
Has glittered through the foam upon her course;  
Twelve times the sun, like a recumbent god,  
Has turned th' horizon for his night abode,  
And has come bounding up in air again,  
Like fiery eagle from the crested main;  
Our mast and sails now sleep—beneath our bow  
Our anchor bites the sand—I am in Athens now!

It is the hour, when this so restless place—  
Beneath night's finger mute for some brief space—  
Woke once to deeds, by turns of shame and pride,  
Rolling its living floods like ocean's tide.  
Driven by each wind to some ambitious end,  
To faction some, and some to virtue bend;  
The forum Pericles, Themistocles the shore,  
Arms sought the Brave, the Sage the Porch's door,  
The Just to exile, and the Wise to death,  
The mob to crime, despite remorse's scathe!  
A turbaned man now guards the Parthenon:—  
The morn is come—I walk, and ponder on.

From high Cytheron's top the day comes down,  
And strikes of many a height the naked crown;  
From flank to base, from plain to sea, the ray  
Passes, but tinges nothing by the way;  
No cities in the distance, bright with fires;  
No smoke by morning's breath sent up in spires;  
No hamlets perched upon the sloping hill;  
No towers the vale, the seas no vessels fill;  
In passing o'er each lifeless height and plain,  
The rays fall dead, and never rise again.  
But one, the loftiest shot from morning's bow,  
Bends from the gilded Parthenon on my brow,

Then, glancing sadly o'er the stones, time-scarred,  
Where dozes o'er his pipe the Moslem guard,  
Turns down, as if to weep its ruined grace,  
And dies on Theseus' lofty temple-base?  
Two rays, disporting on two wrecks!—this pair  
Are all that shine and say, Athens is there!

### The Dying Christian.

IS it the passing bell that strikes mine ear?  
And who are they that weep around me here?  
For whom these torch-lights? this death-chant  
for whom?  
Doth now thy voice indeed upon me make  
The final call, O Death? What! do I wake  
Upon the borders of the tomb?

O! precious sparkle of divinest flame,  
Immortal tenant of this mortal frame,  
Dispel thy terrors; freedom comes with Death.  
Shake off thy bonds, and take the upward road;  
Man only casts aside a weary load  
When he resigns his mortal breath!

Yes, Time hath ceased to measure out my hours.  
Bright messengers from the celestial powers,  
To what new mansions now conduct you me?  
Already do I swim on waves of light:—  
The scenes in view dilate upon my sight,  
And from my feet earth seems to flee!

But, while my soul respondeth to her call,  
Do sighs and sobs upon my hearing fall?  
Brothers in exile here, weep ye my fate?  
Weep not!—already in the sacred bowl  
I have forgotten grief, and my rapt soul  
Enters upon her blissful state!

### On the Nightingale.

[The following little piece is from one of Lamartine's books of "Harmonies, Poetical and Religious."]

WHAT time thy heavenly voice preludes  
Unto the fair and silent night,  
Winged minstrel of my solitudes,  
Unknown to thee I trace its flight.

Thou knowest not that one remains  
Beneath the trees hour after hour,  
Whose ear drinks in thy wondrous strains,  
Intoxicated by their power;

Nor that the while a breath of air  
Escapes but from my lips with grief;  
And that my foot avoids with care  
The rustling of a single leaf;

Thou deemest not that one, whose art  
Is, like thine own, but known to day,  
Repeats and envies in his heart  
Thy forest-born nocturnal lay!

If but the star of night reclines  
Upon the hills thy song to hear,  
Amid the branches of the pines  
Thou crouchest from the ray in fear.

Or if the rivulet, which chides  
The stone that in its way doth come,  
But speaks from 'neath its mossy sides,  
The sound affrights, and strikes thee dumb!

Thy voice, so touching and sublime,  
Is far too pure for this gross earth:—  
Surely we well may deem the chime  
An instinct which with God has birth!

Thy warblings and thy murmurs sweet  
Into melodious union bring  
All fair sounds that in nature meet,  
Or float from heaven on wandering wing.

Thy voice, though thou may'st know it not,  
Is but the voice of the blue sky—  
Of forest glade, and sounding grot,  
And vale where sleeping shadows lie;

It blends the tones which it receives  
From prattlings of the summer rills,  
From trembling rustlings of the leaves,  
From echoes dying on the hills;

From waters filtering drop by drop  
Down naked crag to basin cool,  
And sounding ever, without stop,  
While wrinkling all the rock-arched pool;

From the rich breeze-born plaints that flow  
From out the branchy night of trees;  
From whispering reeds, and waves that go  
To die upon the shores of seas;

Of these sweet voices, which contain  
The instinct that instructeth thee,  
God made, O! Nightingale, the strain  
Thou givest unto night and me!

Ah! these so soft nocturnal scenes,  
These pious mysteries of the eve,  
And these fair flowers, of which each leans  
Above its urn, and seems to grieve;

These leaves on which the dew-tears lie,  
These freshest breathings of the trees—  
All things, O! Nature, loudly cry,  
“A voice must be for sweets like these!”

And that mysterious voice—that sound,  
Which angels listen to with me—  
That sigh of pious night—is found  
In thee, melodious bird, in thee!

### The Return Home.

OH! Vale, with my lamentings filled,  
Streamlet, made troublous with my tears,  
Mountain and wood, whose echoes thrilled  
With lays of mine in other years!

Oh! zephyr, by her breath embalmed!  
Paths where my steps she led at will  
To glades by shady boughs becalmed,  
And whither habit guides me still!

How changed is all! Vainly mine eye,  
Gazing through chilling tears around,  
Asks whither all those charms could fly,  
That once so plenteous here were found?

The earth is not less fair to view,  
And pure is still the arch of heaven:—  
But, ah! sweet Vale, to her, not you,  
My joys I owed—my love was given!

### *On Madame Casta.*

[On receiving the last Volume of her Poetry.]

**W**ITHIN my native village clock,  
There is an instrument of sound,  
Which to my youthful hearing spoke,  
Like voice celestial, earthward bound.

When, after absence sad and long,  
Back to my parent roof I came,  
From far I caught the airy song  
That hallowed metal wont to frame.

I fondly deemed it to repeat  
Voices of joy from all our vale—  
That of a sister, kind and sweet,  
And mother, moved my name to hail.

But now what time I chance to hear,  
Over the waves, its tinklings low,  
Each sounding stroke that meets my ear  
Seems only fraught with sighs and woe.

And wherefore? In that lonely tower  
Unchanged the silvery metal stands;  
Still it salutes the morning hour,  
And rings the same hymn o'er the lands.

Alas! it is that, since my birth,  
The melancholy instrument  
For those most dear to me on earth  
Too oft a dirge to heaven hath sent.

It breathes not now of youthful prayers,  
Nor rolls for me *Te Deum's* tones:—  
The cold slabs vibrate with its airs,  
That veil my child's, my mother's bones.

Thus, when thy voice, so long well known,  
Returned but yesterday to me,  
I hoped that from their cloudy throne  
Old memories would come back in glee.

But, ah! from the delightful tome  
Where thy sweet chants were open laid,  
Something of bitter still would come,  
Flowing from every verse I read.

The genius ever is the same,  
The same the soul—our source of power;  
But though it still can music frame,  
Beneath thy hand now tear-drops shower!

Lorn Wife! unhappy Mother! none  
Can wholly hide misfortune's smarts:—  
Verse speaks the soul in truest tone,  
And sad words flow from breaking hearts.

With the bard's fate agrees the song.  
All vainly wouldst thou smile! I see  
A tear steal every chord along,  
And shiverings o'er thy fingers flee.

Farewell the paths of harmony,  
Which we so long together trod!  
The tears of Genius to dry  
What boots the lyre? It needs a God!

### The Butterflies.

**B**ORN with the springtime, with the rose to die;  
Through the pure air on zephyr's wing to fly;  
Couched on the bosom of the half-shut flowers,  
In perfumed light to bask away the hours;  
Breath-like, on wind-swept pinion, from this home  
To mount, infantine, to the eternal dome;  
Such a charmed doom to butterflies is given.  
Like to Desire are they, which, restless still,  
And still unpleased, though rifling sweets at will,  
Turns at the last to seek for bliss in heaven!



[It is difficult to conceive of two Poets more unakin to each other, as respects the character of their productions, than Alphonse de Lamartine and

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER.

Of the style of the first, some idea may be formed from the immediately preceding pieces, all of which, the reader will understand, are from his pen, or, at least, have been rendered from the originals by him as closely as the different idioms of the French and English tongues permitted. It will be seen, even from these scanty specimens, that the diction of Lamartine is remarkably graceful, flowing, and copious, and that his thoughts and images are likewise luxuriant exceedingly, as well as often truly and indeed highly poetical. Altogether, he is a writer of Sentiment, though, in the verses on the death of his daughter Julia, he rises into pure and fervent Passion, as he sometimes also does on other occasions where his feelings are deeply moved. There is real tenderness and warmth of heart, however, in even his merest sentimentality; and in that particular he resembles Rousseau, de Stael, and Chateaubriand, who were the first to introduce something like heart into the cold, glittering, and epigrammatic head-work of the earlier poets and imaginative writers of France. Lamartine has been called a French Byron; and the title is not inapplicable, if it be coupled with the additional epithet of Religious. The spirit of the Gallic bard is habitually and intensely devotional—so much so, as to tinge all his effusions with a shade of pensiveness; and in this respect he is so far a novelty in the light literature of his country. His chief defect is a tendency to diffuseness and verbosity. Like our own Shelley, nevertheless, he frequently redeems even this serious fault by the singular beauty of his verbal amplifications.

Pierre Jean de Beranger, again, resembles much more the older and standard poets of France. Lamartine has composed lengthened pieces, but Beranger is a lyrist wholly, and, in truth, may be held a writer simply of Songs. His distinguished contemporary was by birth an aristocrat; Beranger sprung from the lowest classes of the people, or, as he himself says, "the mob, the very mob." For the people, accordingly, he has sung all his days, though in strains the reverse of vulgar or untutored. Horace, his leading model and pro-

totype, scarcely displays greater polish and elaboration of style; and the modern Gaul, moreover, imitates, if he fails to equal, the famous old Roman in terseness of thought and condensed force of expression. Beranger himself has placed it on record, that he at times has expended a week in evolving and finishing to his mind one brief stanza of his lyrics. Thus far not unlike to Horace, he resembles Moore also in sparkling gaiety, and Burns occasionally in warmth and tenderness of feeling. It is saying a great deal to admit Beranger to possess so far the combined qualities of these three incomparable lyrists, though with none of them singly can he be ranked as a poet. His faults are those of the old French epigrammatic school mainly; nor is he altogether free from its licentiousness. Such as he is, he differs completely, and in almost all respects, from Lamartine. The following versions might alone demonstrate this fact. It may not be out of place to add, that both poets are yet alive, and that one of them has figured actively in public life during the later French commotions. Beranger, though offered a seat among the Parisian Deputies, conceived himself too old to commence a new career, and spends his days in retirement. Both bards have also become Annalists recently. Beranger has no small amount of personal experiences to record, having been twice fined and imprisoned by the Bourbons for his Napoleonic predilections. Several of the pieces that follow allude to his political sufferings and likings.]

### The Prisoner's Fire.

[Written while in confinement at La Force.]

**R**IGHT sweet society the captive owes  
 To his low fire, when nights are cold and long!  
 By me a sprite now sits, and toasts his toes,  
 And chats, or rhymes, or hums some fine old  
                   song.  
 He in the glowing embers makes me see  
 Forests and seas—a universe at will,  
 And with the smoke away my sorrows flee:—  
 O kindly sprite! amuse and cheer me still.

Restoring youth, he makes me dream—smile—weep,  
Or lulls my age with memories of the past.  
Lo! at his touch, across a stormy deep,  
I see a ship careering free and fast.  
Three masts she has—On! on! and soon her crew  
In lovelier climes will drink of spring their fill;  
I only cannot bid the shore adieu!  
O kindly sprite! amuse and cheer me still.

What see I now? an eagle soaring high,  
Scanning the height of the imperial sun?  
'Tis a balloon: see how her streamers fly!  
And now the eye hath boat and boatman won.  
Ah, if his daring breast know pity soft,  
For those chained here it now must keenly thrill:  
How pure and free the air he breathes aloft!  
O kindly sprite! cheer and amuse me still.

A Swiss canton, lo! now the embers form,  
With glaciers, torrents, valleys, lakes, and flocks.  
Why fled I not when I foresaw the storm,  
And Freedom showed this home amid the rocks?  
I would pass o'er these heights to where our flag  
Still waves, methinks, as on a giant hill:  
Away from France my feet I ne'er could drag—  
O kindly sprite! amuse and cheer me still.

A new mirage within my desert show!  
Come, sprite, and roam we o'er these wooded  
slopes.  
In vain there comes a whisper, soft and low,  
"Be wise and bend the knee—your chain straight  
drops."  
Thou who, despite the watchful turnkey band,  
To make me young at fifty hast the skill,  
Come, strike the fire again with magic wand!  
O kindly sprite! cheer and amuse me still.

## Song of the Cossack to his Steed.

[A piece full of Gallic hate to the Russ invaders of 1814.]

COME, friend of the Cossack! bright courser, come  
forth,

And bound to the sound of the tramp of the North.  
For pillage still ready, and fearless of scathe,  
Spring under me, steed, and lend pinions to death!  
No gold there may be on thy saddle or bit,  
But patience!—such prizes shall come to thee yet;  
Thou faithful one, neigh, then, in haughtiest tones,  
And prance with thy hoofs upon nations and thrones!

Peace, flying, to thee hath abandoned the day;  
The bulwarks of Europe are rent and away!  
Come, bear me to treasures of wealth! and, for thee,  
In the home of the arts shall thy stable soon be!  
Come, drink of the rebel-waved Seine, then, once  
more,  
Where the blood from thy hoofs has been twice  
laved before.

Thou faithful one, neigh in thy haughtiest tones,  
And prance with thy hoofs upon nations and thrones!

Priests, nobles, and princes upon us have cried,  
When pressed by the poor ones they crushed in  
their pride.

"Come, save us," they say, "and our lords ye shall  
reign—

Slaves to you, we at home still may tyrants remain."  
My lance I have lifted, and low it shall bring  
The cross of the priest and the crown of the king!

Thou faithful one, neigh in thy haughtiest tones,  
And prance with thy hoofs upon nations and thrones!

I saw a vast Phantom aloft in the sky,  
And it gazed on our host with a flame-kindled eye.  
"My reign is renewed!" cried the shadowy form,  
And a huge sword it shook o'er the west, like a storm.  
It was Attila's spirit, I knew it at once;  
And the voice I obey, as should child of the Huns.  
Thou faithful one, neigh, then, in haughtiest tones,  
And prance with thy hoofs upon nations and thrones!

The fame on which Europe so proudly looks back—  
Her knowledge, so weak in the hour of attack—  
All, all in that dust shall be swallowed and swamped,  
Which rises wherever thy hoof may have tramped.  
On, on in thy course, then!—destroy without pause  
Their palaces, temples, tombs, manners, and laws!  
Neigh, faithful one, neigh in thy haughtiest tones,  
And prance with thy hoofs upon nations and thrones!

### The Blind Mother.

[The following song, which, in its English dress, has little pretension to any merit besides that of being a fair translation, will give some idea of the light, arch, and simple character of Beranger's earlier and less ambitious effusions. A blind mother sits in a cottage beside her pretty daughter, and cautions her against love, while all the time an amatory scene is going on between the girl and the very lover whom the old dame dreads.]

DAUGHTER, while you turn your wheel,  
Listen to the words I say;  
Colin has contrived to steal  
Your unthinking heart away:

Of his fawning voice beware,  
You are all the blind one's care,  
And I mark your sighs whene'er  
Our young neighbour's name is heard;  
Colin's tongue is false, though winning—  
Hist! the window is unbarred!  
Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

The room is close and warm, you say,  
But, my daughter, do not peep  
Through the casement—night and day  
Colin there his watch doth keep.  
Think not mine a grumbling tongue.  
Ah! ere at my breast you hung,  
I, like you, was fair and young,  
And I know how apt is love  
To lead the youthful heart to sinning—  
Hist! the door—I heard it move!  
Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

It is a gust of wind, you say,  
That hath made the hinges grate;  
And my poor old growling Tray,  
Must you break for that his pate?  
Ah, my child, put faith in me,  
Age permits me to foresee  
Colin soon will faithless be,  
And your love to an abyss  
Of grief will be the sad beginning—  
Bless me! sure I heard a kiss?  
Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

'Twas your little bird, you say,  
Gave that tender kiss just now;  
Make him cease his trifling, pray,  
He will rue it else, I vow.

Love, my girl, oft bringeth pain,  
 Shame and sorrow in his train,  
 While the false successful swain  
     Scorns the heart he hath beguiled  
 From true virtue's paths to sinning—  
     Hist! I hear you moving, child;  
 Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

You wish to take the air, you say;  
     Think you, daughter, I believe you?  
 Bid young Colin go his way,  
     Or at once as bride receive you!  
 Let him go to church, and there  
 Show his purpose to be fair;  
 But, till then, beside my chair  
     You must work, my girl, nor heed  
 All his vows so fond and winning:—  
     Tangled is love's web indeed—  
 Lisette, my daughter, mind your spinning!

### The Old Flag.

[Written in 1815, after the fall of Napoleon, when his disbanded veterans could only meet and grumble in secret.]

I COME from where, around the bowl,  
     My mates in glory I have seen;  
 The wine and talk have warmed my soul,  
     And waked the thoughts of what has been.  
 One flag I keep, but veiled from day,  
     Memorial of our valour's dues:—  
 When shall I shake the dust away,  
     That now obscures its noble hues?

Beneath the pallet where I lie,  
War-spent and poor, is now concealed  
That flag, which, sure of victory,  
Flew twenty years from field to field.  
Still decked with flowers and leaves of bay,  
To flame o'er Europe did it use:—  
When shall I shake the dust away,  
That now obscures its noble hues?

This banner well repaid to France  
Whatever flow of blood it cost;  
Her children toyed with Freedom's lance,  
When they of Freedom's love could boast.  
Through it may Glory yet display  
To kings her equalising views:—  
When shall I shake the dust away,  
That now obscures its noble hues?

Its eagle, wearied with the shock  
Of far-won fields, yet lieth low:  
Rejoin to it the Gallic cock,  
Which well to launch the bolt doth know.  
And we shall mark how, free and gay,  
Her blessing France to it renews:—  
When shall I shake the dust away,  
That now obscures its noble hues?

Tired of its course by conquest's side,  
The laws shall it support—restore;  
The soldier shall in peace abide  
A citizen upon the Loire.  
This flag is now our only stay;  
Unfurl it to the nations' views:—  
When shall I shake the dust away,  
That now obscures its noble hues?



Here rests it now upon my arm—  
 One instant let me dare to gaze;  
 Come, my old flag! my hope, my charm!  
 To dry my tears must be thy praise.  
 And Heaven will hear the warrior pray,  
 When the fond tear his cheek bedews:—  
 When shall I shake the dust away,  
 That now obscures its noble hues?

### The Hearty Old Man.

**J**OYOUS spirits, whom Bacchus has here brought  
 together,

Let an old man the welcome of fellowship crave;  
 Your light-hearted chants have attracted me hither,  
 For I, too, though old, love to warble a stave.  
 Of the days that are gone, I can tell you the news—  
 With the minstrels of yore I have emptied a can;  
 Sons of glory and wine, friends of love and the muse,  
 O! smile on the songs of a hearty old man!

Do you hail me so warmly? and pledge to my name,  
 In bumpers of wine such as monarchs might kiss?  
 Ha! let age and its grievances go whence they  
 came—

'Tis not I that would damp such a meeting as  
 this!

On this moment may Pleasure shed odours profuse,  
 And inhale them, my boys, for this life's but a  
 span:—

Sons of glory and wine, friends of love and the muse,  
 O! smile on the songs of a hearty old man!

Like you, from sweet lips once enchantment I drew,  
As your grand-dames may tell, whom I wor-  
shipped of yore;

I had mistresses, mansions, and friendships, like you;  
My mistresses, mansions, and friends, are no more!  
Faithful memory sometimes the picture renews,  
And a sigh breaks apart as the vision I scan:—  
Sons of glory and wine, friends of love and the muse,  
O! smile on the songs of a hearty old man!

Though tempest-tost oft in the broils of our land,  
Her sweet sky to me has been dear amid all,  
And the cup of good wine which still comes to my  
hand,

Neither malice nor pride ever mingled with gall!  
Nor the vintage to hail can I even refuse

On slopes where for me once the ruddy juice ran:—  
Sons of glory and wine, friends of love and the muse,  
O! smile on the songs of a hearty old man!

Though the comrade and friend of our warriors of  
old,

Not now would I stir you their steps to pursue;  
All our proud days of conquest more cheaply I hold,  
Than one bright day of festival triumphs with you.  
Yes! the palms on your temples I rather would  
choose,

Than any e'er won since grim war first began:—  
Sons of glory and wine, friends of love and the muse,  
O! smile on the songs of a hearty old man!

Drink a cup yet, my friends, to the last of my loves!  
How bright, through your virtues, the future shall  
bloom!

O'er the earth, to restore its fresh youth, freedom  
moves,  
And happy days yet shall shed light on my tomb!

Hopes of France's fair springtime, receive my adieus!  
 To behold you I've lingered as long as I can:—  
 Sons of glory and wine, friends of love and the muse,  
 O! smile on the songs of a hearty old man!

### The Canvas of David.

[David, the painter, *par excellence*, of the Empire—the friend, and worshipper, almost, of Napoleon—was forced, on the Restoration of the Bourbons, to retire into exile. At his decease, his relatives attempted to bring his remains to Paris, as he had earnestly desired. They were stopped on the French frontier, however, by a cruel order of the powers that were. “On this hint” Beranger here speaks.]

“YOU cannot pass!” was the stern reply of the  
 frontier sentinelle,  
 To those who bore the painter's dust to the earth he  
 loved so well.

“O soldier!” cried the mourners then, in sad im-  
 ploring tones,  
 “Must stern proscription lay its ban ev'n on his  
 senseless bones?

And can his native soil refuse a narrow resting-place,  
 To him whose genius is the while her glory and her  
 grace?”

“You pass not by!” was still the cry of the frontier  
 sentinelle.

“O soldier! ere the mists of death athwart his vision fell,  
 Up to his latest sigh, he turned his yearning gaze  
 on France,  
 And all the exile's long fond love was centred in the  
 glance.

O! give a little grave to him, through whose immortal hand  
All future times may see and know the grandeur of  
our land!"

"You cannot pass!" in softened tones now cried the  
sentinelle.

"O soldier! Freedom's purest glow alone in him  
could dwell,

Whose pencil woke to life the brave, self-martyred  
in the pass

Of old Thermopylæ, with great and good Leonidas;  
And unto him his country owed the splendours of  
the time,

That saw her arts and arms revive to glorious,  
golden prime."

"You cannot pass! 'tis my duty, alas!" cried the  
saddened sentinelle.

"Ah, soldier! he whose hand no more shall charm  
us with its spell—

He knew the gallant warrior's meed, for he gloried  
to portray

The peerless hero whose renown can never pass  
away:—

Like Jove th' imperial conqueror seemed to David's  
eye the while—

Alas! that laurelled head lies low, on a far-off rocky  
isle!"

"You cannot pass!" was still the cry of the frontier  
sentinelle,

Though his faltering tones betrayed the birth of  
thoughts too strong to quell.

"The victor of a hundred fights was bowed before  
his foes,  
And far from home his painter's life attained its  
cheerless close;  
O! let not France extend to death the ban that  
blasted life,  
But give her son the last, sad home, where ends all  
earthly strife."

"You cannot pass! alas, alas!" cried the weeping  
sentinelle.

"'Tis well," the mourners sadly say, as they lift the  
bier, "'tis well!

Retrace we now our steps to some more kindly  
stranger land,

And leave this cruel mother earth, made beauteous  
by his hand.

For Him who raised the arts of France till Roman  
stars grew dim,

Come, let us seek some far-off shore, and beg a  
grave for him!"

### The Falling Stars.

THOU sayest, shepherd, that a star,  
Which shines aloft, rules each one's days.

"Yes, yes, my son; but such afar  
Are veiled by darkness from our gaze."

But, shepherd, men declare that thou  
Canst read the secrets of the spheres;

What is the star we see just now,  
Which shoots, and shoots, and disappears?

"A mortal is no more, my child;  
His was the star you saw decline.  
With friends who sat around and smiled,  
He laughed, and sang, and quaffed his wine.  
He sank to sleep, happy so far  
That, amid joy, his call he hears."  
Lo, shepherd, yet another star,  
Which shoots, and shoots, and disappears.

"How pure and bright that light we view!  
It bears a beauteous object's fate—  
A daughter good, a lover true,  
And soon to wed a tender mate.  
The nuptial garland binds her brow,  
And Hymen to the altar steers."  
Behold another star just now,  
Which shoots, and shoots, and disappears.

"My son, that quick-descending light  
A high-born infant represents,  
Whose cradle, empty now, shone bright  
With gold and purple ornaments.  
Too oft with poison flatterers mar  
Such whom for greatness fortune rears."  
Lo, shepherd, yet another star  
Which shoots, and shoots, and disappears.

"How baleful was that light, my son!  
On a king's favourite it rose,  
Who deemed a statesman's laurels won,  
When he but mocked a people's woes.  
Those to this idol wont to bow  
Now toss aside his bust with jeers."  
Behold another star even now,  
Which shoots, and shoots, and disappears.

"A rich man, on whom many leaned,  
 Dies, and his loss must they bemoan;  
 From others' stores Want only gleaned—  
 It Harvested with him now gone.  
 Sure of the rest it did allow,  
 His roof this night the poor man nears."  
 Lo, yet another star, just now,  
 Which shoots, and shoots, and disappears.

"It ruled a mighty monarch's fate.  
 Go, child, guard thou thy innocence;  
 And on thy star may there await  
 No idle pomp or loud pretence.  
 If thou shouldst love vain glare alone,  
 At last the world will say with sneers  
 Of thee—'His star was merely one  
 That shoots, and shoots, and disappears.'"

### The King of Yvetot.

[Napoleon, though his military glories dazzled Beranger, escaped not wholly the poet's satire. The contrast between the magnificence and vast expenditure of the Empire, and the contented poverty of the King of Yvetot, excited a general smile, as the poet intended. Yvetot was a small seigniory in Normandy, which Clotaire I. of France actually erected into an independent kingdom. The proof is, that the seigniory paid no taxes, save the capitulation tax, up to the Revolution.]

'TIS a mighty while ago, since there lived at  
 Yvetot,  
 A king but little spoken of in story, O!  
 Who went betimes to bed, and was slow to raise his  
 head,  
 Nor lost a wink of sleep for lack of glory, O!

A nightcap which dame Kate made to fit upon his  
pate,  
Was all the crown, they say, of this wondrous potentate!  
O la! O la! O dear! O dear!  
What a funny little king was here!  
O dear!

Beneath his palace-thatch, he contentedly would  
snatch  
The bit and sup provided for him daily, O!  
And, mounted on an ass, through his kingdom he  
would pass,  
And visit all the borders of it gaily, O!  
Frank, fearless, and elate—O! the dog was guard  
of state,  
That trudged by the side of this wondrous potentate.  
O la! &c.

No costly tastes had he, though his friends must all  
agree  
That his thirst was of the strongest for the  
nappy, O!  
But, unless kings condescend to common wants to  
bend,  
How can they live to make the nations happy, O?  
Yet from every butt to bate a pot by way of rate,  
Was all the excising of this wondrous potentate.  
O la! &c.

He ne'er evinced a bent his dominions to aug-  
ment,  
Was peaceful and obliging as a neighbour, O!  
And to kings a model showed, choosing pleasure for  
his code,  
And scouting all unnecessary labour, O!



His people's tearful strait, when their king succumbed to fate,  
Proved the only weeping caused by this wondrous potentate.

O la! &c.

His subjects, since he died, have his likeness kept with pride,

His name for ever down by way of handing, O!  
And now that jolly face on a sign-board you may trace,

O'er an alehouse of reputable standing, O!  
And when holiday and fête make the people congregate,

They will cry as they gaze on this wondrous potentate,

O la! O la! O dear! O dear!  
What a funny little king was here!

### The Infinitely Little.

[In the original French, the point of the last line, and indeed of the whole piece, depends on the word "*barbons*," which means *detai'ds*, or *greybeards*, and is a pun on "*Bourbons*." As the best English substitute, *baboons* has been here used. The song is prophetic of what the Bourbons were to make of France, and cost the author a fine and imprisonment.]

I HAVE some faith in witchcraft's power;  
And lately, in a wizard's glass,  
I peeped, and saw, in mystic hour,  
All that in France shall come to pass.  
How sad a picture meets my eye!  
Paris is here—each street and lane;  
'Tis now the twentieth century—  
And the *baboons* for ever reign!

In room of us a dwarf breed struts;  
Our grandsires are so small, that I  
The creatures squatting in their huts  
Can scarcely in this glass espy.  
Of France—the France of my young day—  
Scarce doth a shadow's shade remain;  
The realm has dwindled all away:—  
But the *baboons* for ever reign!

What hosts of viewless entities—  
Of small, wan Jesuits are here!  
And, bearing tiny images,  
What hordes of other priests appear!  
All, 'neath such auspices, decays;  
The Court, so regal once in strain,  
Is grown a priest-school in these days:—  
But the *baboons* for ever reign!

All, all is puny—palace, cot,  
Sciences, commerce, trades, and arts!  
Poor, little famines sweep, like shot,  
The wretched little streets and marts.  
On frontiers, where defence is none,  
Parades a mimic soldier train,  
By tiny trumpets marshalled on:—  
But the *baboons* for ever reign.

In fine, this strange prophetic glass,  
Closing the sad and sorry show,  
Before me makes a giant pass,  
Almost too large on earth to go;  
This monster nears the pigmy band—  
They wag their little tongues in vain—  
He coolly pockets up their land:—  
But the *baboons* for ever reign.

### A Buratian Lyrical.

FOOLS make a great unrest  
For nought,  
Or what the wise a jest  
Have thought.  
So well the life of man  
They know,  
That nought their quiet can  
O'erthrow.  
Why yield by cares to be  
Cajoled?  
Gaily our load should we  
Uphold.  
Evil and good both sweep  
Soon by;  
And soon the last great leap  
We try.  
Yon rich man, palled with all  
He seeks;  
The poor, who serve at call  
His freaks;  
Does he his lot prefer,  
And strike  
With envy them? Both err  
Alike.  
Equals, the wise maintain,  
All are;  
Equal at least the pain  
They bear.  
For all, Love on the gloom  
Doth shine;  
And still for all doth bloom  
The Vine!

## The Tailor and the Fairy.

IN this Paris, so full both of sorrow and gold,  
In the year of our Lord sev'nte'n hundred and  
eighty,  
At a tailor's, my grandsire, a poor man and old,  
There befell at my birth things both wondrous  
and weighty.  
The fame of an Orpheus by nought was foretold  
To my cradle, which somewhat from rose-beds  
did vary;  
But grand-dad, when my cries on his old hearing  
rolled,  
Ran and found me one day in the arms of a fairy!  
And with many a lay, both pleasant and gay,  
This kind fairy soothed my young sorrows away.

With a spirit unquiet, old grandfather cried,  
"Say, what fortune awaits this dear little one,  
when man?"  
"At a wave of my wand, lo!" the fairy replied,  
"You behold him a waiter, a printer, and penman.  
To my presages you may a thunderstroke add;  
By the lightning your boy shall be ready to perish;  
But the gods shall look down on the song-loving lad,  
And to brave other storms his existence shall  
cherish."\*

Then with many a lay, both pleasant and gay,  
The kind fairy soothed my young sorrows away.

---

\* Beranger, who here tells much that is true, was really struck by lightning in his youth, to the serious endangerment of his life.

"All the pleasures that, sylph-like, environ the young  
In the silence of night shall his lyre-strings awaken;  
To the hearths of the poor, mirth shall flow from his  
tongue,

And the rich shall through him find their weariness  
shaken.

But what spectacle saddens his language to be?

'Tis the gulphing of freedom, the downfall of glory;  
And, like fisher returning alone from the sea,  
Of the shipwreck of friends he in port tells the  
story."

Then with many a lay, both pleasant and gay,  
The kind fairy soothed my young sorrows away.

"Hath my daughter then brought," was the old  
tailor's cry,

"But a singer of songs, unproductive and bootless?  
Better far were he destined the needle to ply,  
Than to die, like an echo, in sounds that are fruit-  
less."

"Hush!" the fairy responded, "thy fears are all  
vain;

Great endowments can fail not of greatly succeeding;  
Well-beloved by his country shall be his gay strain,  
And the hearts it shall cheer that in exile lie  
bleeding."

Then with many a lay, both pleasant and gay,  
The kind fairy soothed my young sorrows away.

Yesterday I was weak, friends, and plunged in my  
woes,

When my eyes were surprised by the fairy ap-  
pearing;

While her fingers were absently stripping a rose,  
She exclaimed, "Thou the brink of old age now art  
nearing:—

Like the bright-hued mirage which the deserts display,  
Are the thoughts of joys gone to the aged in seeming;  
To thy birthday thy friends come their homage to pay;  
Live with them in the past—taste one sweet hour of dreaming.”  
And thus with her lay, so pleasant and gay,  
As of yore the kind fairy soothed sorrow away.

### couplets on the Day of Waterloo.

OUR veterans said to me, “Thanks to thy muse,  
The people now have strains which they can sing!  
Scorn those who would the bays to thee refuse,  
And make our deeds once more in song to ring.  
Tell of that day which traitor-ones invoked—  
That final day of glory and decline.”  
I answered, casting down my eyes tear-choked,  
“Its name shall never sadden lay of mine.”

In Athens, who of Cheronea's name  
Took joy to speak in sweet harmonious odes?  
When Athens was by fortune spoiled of fame,  
Philip she banned, and doubted of her gods.  
A similar day beheld our empire fall,  
And fetters brought around our limbs to twine;  
A day when basely Frenchmen smiled on all:—  
Its name shall never sadden lay of mine.

"Perish the giant of the battle-plain!"

Cried monarchs; "nations, haste ye, every one!  
Freedom sounds now her last, funereal strain;  
We, saved by you, shall reign through you alone."  
The giant falls; and ayes that no name leave  
Have vowed the earth in slave-chains to confine;  
That day did glory every way deceive:—  
Its name shall never sadden lay of mine.

But what! already men for new times born  
Demand the object of my woeful plaint;  
What boots to them the shipwreck which I mourn,  
Since from the flood their cradles took no taint.  
May they be happy! and their rising star  
Efface the thought of that sad day's decline!  
But, that its memory may no pleasures mar,  
Its name shall never sadden lay of mine.

### The Comet of 1832.

AGAINST us Heaven a roving comet sends,  
And we the dread concussion may not flee.  
I feel earth shake already to its ends;  
Vain now will all observatories be.  
The table once removed, adieu each guest!  
By few, indeed, the feast could be extolled.  
Go quickly, timid souls, and be confessed!  
Close we the count; the world is very old,  
Old enough, and all too old.

Yes, thou poor globe, through ether wandering,  
Confound at length once more thy nights and days;  
And, like a schoolboy's kite with broken string,  
Tumble and turn, and tumbling turn always.  
Go bounding through the pathless airy plain,  
And on the sun be to thy ruin rolled;  
If you crush him, what hosts of suns remain!  
Shut we the book; the world is very old,  
Old enough, and all too old.

Would we see more of mean ambition still?  
Of fools with pompous titles furbished out,  
Of war and rapine, of abuse and ill,  
Of lacquey-kings, and mobs—a lacquey rout?  
Are we not tired of each small plaster-god—  
Sick with but hoping bright days to behold?  
Enough done for a sphere like our abode!  
Sum we the roll; the world is very old,  
Old enough, and all too old.

Young people cry to me, "All things progress;  
At each slight step our chains are worn away;  
Gas gives us light, enlightenment the press,  
And steam smooths ocean for us day by day.  
Wait still, good man, for twenty years or so;  
A heavenly ray shall warm the egg yet cold."  
I have expected thirty years that show.  
Finish we now; the world is very old,  
Old enough, and all too old.

Far otherwise I spoke, I frankly own,  
When my breast glowed with youthful joy and love.  
From the bright orbit God with light hath sown,  
O earth! (said I) be thou not known to move!



But age creeps on, and beauty scorns my vow;  
 My voice in song no more is glad and bold.  
 Come, then, thou cometary terror, now!  
 End we the tale; the world is very old,  
 Old enough, and all too old.

### So let it be.

[By the last stanza, this piece is made bitterly congruous with the preceding.]

I AM inspired, my dearest friends!  
 The promised future to us tends,  
 And to my gaze itself unbends—  
 So let it be.

Our bards shall flatterers be no more;  
 The rich shall parasites abhor;  
 And courtiers fawn not as of yore—  
 So let it be.

No usurers, no gamblers then;  
 No great lords made of little men;  
 And no clerks rude with tongue or pen—  
 So let it be.

Friendship, our life's most sweet resource,  
 Shall live no more in cold discourse,  
 Nor shall a chance its links divorce—  
 So let it be.

From gaudy dress shall woman fly;  
 The spouse shall on his mate rely;  
 Nor, absent, dread a rended tie—  
 So let it be.

Our writings shall henceforth be lit  
With more true genius, less small wit;  
And gibberish from our tomes shall flit—  
So let it be.

Of pride shall authors have some sense,  
And actors less impertinence;  
And critics shall avoid offence—  
So let it be.

At great men's foibles one shall laugh,  
Lampoon their slaves, or paragraph,  
Yet dread not tip of bailiff's staff—  
So let it be.

In France shall taste her sway regain,  
Justice resume her general reign,  
Nor truth in exile shall remain—  
So let it be.

My friends, then thank we heavenly grace,  
That thus puts each thing in its place.  
(Ten centuries hence shall wear this face!)  
So let it be!

### The Broken Violin.

COME, my poor dog, and eat thy fill;  
Eat thou, in spite of my despair.  
One festive cake I here have still;  
Black bread must be our morrow's fare.

Victors by guile, thus yesterday  
Invading strangers to me spoke—  
"Strike up a dance!" I would not play,  
And one of them my violin broke.

It was the village orchestra!  
No sports henceforth, no joyous strain!  
Who now to dance in shade will play?  
Who will awake the loves again?

When morn arose in smiling pride,  
My violin's strings, so briskly prest,  
Were wont to tell to youthful bride  
The coming of the spousal guest.

Though curates, holy men, stood by,  
Its music made our dances please;  
The mirth, that from its strings would fly,  
Might to king's brow have given ease.

When, in our glory's day, it rung  
To notes that glory had inspired,  
Ne'er dreamt I it could be unstrung  
By stranger hands, with vengeance fired!

Come, my poor dog, and eat thy fill;  
Eat thou, in spite of my despair.  
One festive cake I here have still;  
Black bread must be our morrow's fare.

Beneath the elm, or in the barn,  
Now will the holiday seem long!  
Can vintage-field or harvest-corn  
Be blessed without an opening song?

My violin cheered the toilsome hours—  
It charmed away the poor man's pains;  
Taxes, and storms, and great men's powers,  
Through it, fell harmless on our plains.

Feelings of hate it set to sleep,  
And bade the tear-drop cease to flow;  
Ah, ne'er did regal sceptre keep  
So sweet a sway as my poor bow!

But these our foes must fly the land!  
And they have fired me for the fray;  
A musket now shall in my hand  
Replace what they have dashed away.

And should I perish, then, perchance,  
Some kindly friend will one day cry—  
"He willed not that a foe should dance  
Above our graves in mockery!"

Come, my poor dog, and eat thy fill;  
Eat thou, in spite of my despair.  
One festive cake I here have still;  
Black bread must be our morrow's fare.

### The East of the Elues of Monthery.

STRAYING on foot at night's dark hour,  
I felt the tempest blow,  
And, reaching Monthery's old tower,  
I sheltered me below.

I sang—when sudden laughter froze  
My senses with dismay;  
And loudly then a cry uprose—  
“Our reign hath passed away!”

Wildfires ran glancing through the shade,  
And then the former voice,  
With cries of elves and goblins, made  
A fearful mingled noise.  
A mystic carnival began,  
Stirred by a trumpet's bray;  
And still through all the one sound ran—  
“Our reign hath passed away.”

“No more of fetes!” the same voice cries.  
“Ye spirits, quit your haunts;  
Cold Reason, with her victories,  
Our dungeon-troops displants.  
Old oracles lie on the shelf,  
Our sleights have had their day;  
Man now works miracles himself:—  
Our reign hath passed away.

“We gave to Greece the gods she sung,  
To please the senses framed;  
On flowers and incense, ever young,  
They lived, the many-named.  
The blood of man for us hath flowed  
In Gaul's barbaric day:—  
Alas! with even the village crowd,  
Our reign hath passed away.

“When paladins and troubadours  
Their gallant trophies gained,  
The Loves, with saints and kingly powers,  
At fairy feet lay chained.

The angry heavens by magic fell  
Themselves beneath our sway.  
Earth laughs when men of sorcerers tell:—  
Our reign hath passed away.

“Reason doth spirits exorcise;—  
Fly we beyond recall!”  
The voice was silent. O surprise!  
I thought the tower would fall!  
All now from their long-loved retreat  
Have fled in swift array,  
And voices from afar repeat—  
“Our reign hath passed away.”

### The Awakening of the People.

[This lyric, so openly and intensely Napoleonic, was written many years previously to the fall of Louis Philippe, and even before Louis Bonaparte, the “bright young chief” therein alluded to, of course, had made his attempts at Strasbourg and Boulogne. Though these proved miserable failures, the Poet had judged rightly of the chances of the future, after all, since the nephew of the Emperor is now the head, by election, of the French Republic.]

THEY said to us that peace was one with hope,  
And bade us sleep and dream of good to be.  
We slumbered, and in France we gave them scope,  
And charged them with the past’s great memory.  
Awake we now, and lay their idol low!  
No more vile perjuries—no covenants vain!  
Rouse we, beneath Arcola’s flag to go:—  
The vengeful eagle soars in air again!

Youths! on a day—a day of senseless glee—  
The temple of our laws received a guest  
Who vowed to let the much-moved people see  
A CITIZEN in kingly purple drest.

From these brave words what fruits were seen to  
flow?

That man now wears the stranger's shameful  
chain!

Arcola's glorious banner to them show:—

Let the old eagle tower in air again!

Let us awake, and our victorious chants

With joy the Emperor's mighty shade shall thrill;

We shall replace our name 'mong history's vaunts,

With swelling shouts of "France" and "Honour"  
still!

Our martyrs in the Capitol shall lie;

And the bright sun, when smiling on the fane,

Shall see Arcola's flag above them fly:—

The vengeful eagle mounts aloft again!

From free Helvetia's mountains to our side,

Comes the bright chief for whom we daily pray;

Of that vast intellect—a nation's pride—

His young brow gives us a reflected ray.

This living symbol of our every right,

And of the days of France's glorious reign,

Beneath Arcola's flag shall bless our sight:—

The vengeful eagle soars in air again!

Hark to the drum! and hark the cannon's sound!

Soldiers and citizens, let all arise!

In us a great example must be found—

Heaven calls us to this final enterprise!

Freedom, with coronal of triple glow,

To shield and shade our happy bands shall deign;

March we Arcola's glorious flag below:—

Let the old eagle soar aloft again!

## Recollections of the People.

THEY will speak of all his glory  
Round the fire for many a day;  
Lowly hearths will hear his story,  
When all other themes decay.  
Villagers at eve will cry  
To some dame with temples grey,  
"With the tale of times gone by,  
Grandame, while an hour away.  
Though he toiled us sore," they'll say,  
"Yet his name we still revere;  
His fame no time can dim:—  
Of him, good mother, let us hear—  
Oh speak to us of him!"

"Through this village, children, know,  
King-attended, did he pass;  
Ah, how long it is ago!  
Newly-wedded then I was.  
Where to look on him I sat,  
Up the hill he made his way,  
Dressed in triple-cornered hat,  
And with riding suit of grey.  
Much abashed I felt that day,  
But he cried, 'Good morn, my dear;'  
'Good morn, my dear,' he cried."  
"Then he spoke, grandame, when near?  
He spoke when by your side?"

"In another twelvemonth's date,  
Then I saw him once again



Walk to Notre-Dame in state,  
Followed by his courtly train.  
Pleasure beamed in every eye,  
All admired the great display;  
'Glorious time!' was then the cry,  
'Heaven favours him alway!'  
Ah, how sweet his smile that day!  
Heaven willed that he a sire became—  
One son rejoiced his view!"  
"Oh what a day for you, grandame!  
How bright a day for you!"

"When the land of France anon  
Fell a prey to stranger hordes,  
Braving every foe alone,  
Strove he to unloose our cords.  
Scarce a day it seems to me,  
Since a knock came to my door;  
Opening it—good Heavens! 'twas he!  
With an escort small and poor.  
Where I sit, he sat before;  
Oh, this war!' did he exclaim;  
'Oh, what a war of care!'"  
"Was he seated there, grandame?  
Oh, was he seated there?"

"Hunger pressed him sore, and I  
Had to give but bread and beer.  
Then his dress he tried to dry,  
And awhile he slumbered here.  
Much I wept; but, when awake,  
He exclaimed, 'Be hopeful still!  
Paris soon shall see me take  
Vengeance fit for France's ill!'  
I have kept, and ever will,

Like gem of price, the glass—the same  
From which he drank that night.”  
“Have you still the glass, grandame?  
Oh give it to our sight!”

“See it here. But foemen found  
Strength to lay the hero low;  
He whose brows a pope had crowned,  
Sleeps afar where sea-waves flow.  
Long we disbelieved his loss,  
Crying, ‘He will re-appear!’  
Soon the ocean he will cross,  
And our foes will find their peer!’  
When the truth became too clear,  
Sore, indeed, was my distress,  
As heavy as the ill!”  
“But, grandame, kind Heaven will bless—  
Will cheer and bless you still!”

### The Prisoner of War.

“SEE, the shepherd’s star is shining!  
Mary, quit thy long day’s toil.”  
“Mother, one we love lies pining,  
Captive on a foreign soil.  
Seized at sea, far, far away,  
He yielded—but the last, they say.”

Spin, poor Mary, toil and spin,  
For the captive one afar:  
Spin, poor Mary, toil and spin,  
For the prisoner of war!

"At your call, I light my lamp.  
But, my child, why yet in tears!"  
"Mother, he in dungeon damp  
Wastes—the sport of foemen's jeers.  
Adrian loved me from a boy;  
His presence filled our home with joy."  
Spin, &c.

"Child, for him I too would spin,  
But I am so old and frail."  
"All I toil for, all I win,  
Goes to him I love and wail.  
To her wedding, Rose in vain  
Invites me—hark! the minstrel's strain!"  
Spin, &c.

"Child, draw nigh the fire, I pray;  
Chill it grows as day declines."  
"Mother, Adrian, they say,  
In a floating dungeon pines;  
Strangers, men of cruel mood,  
Repulse his hand stretched out for food."  
Spin, &c.

"Cheerly, daughter! I of late  
Dreamed that you were Adrian's bride,  
And my dreams, like hests of fate,  
In one month are ratified."  
"What! Before the grass be green,  
Shall my dear warrior here be seen?"

Spin, poor Mary, toil and spin,  
For the captive one afar!  
Spin, poor Mary, toil and spin,  
For the prisoner of war!

## The Part to his Old Coat.

BE faithful still, thou poor dear coat of mine!  
We, step for step, are both becoming old.  
Ten years these hands have brushed that nap of  
thine,

And Socrates did never more, I hold.  
When to fresh tear and wear the time to be  
Shall force thy sore-thinned texture to submit,  
Oppose it with philosophy like me:—  
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Full well I mind, for I forget not much,  
The day that saw me first in thee attired.  
My birthday 'twas; and, as a crowning touch  
Unto my pride, my friends thy cut admired.  
Thy seediness, which does me no disgrace,  
Has never caused these kindly friends to flit.  
Each at my fête yet shows a gladsome face:—  
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

A goodly darn I on thy skirts espy,  
And thereby hangs a sweet remembrance still.  
Feigning one eve from fond Lisette to fly,  
She held by thee to baulk my seeming will.  
The tug was followed by a grievous rent,  
And then her side of course I could not quit;  
Two days Lisette on that vast darning spent:—  
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Have e'er I made thee reek with musky steams,  
Such as your self-admiring fools exhale?  
Have I exposed thee, courting great men's beams,  
To levee mock or antechamber rail?

A strife for ribbons all the land of France,  
 From side to side, well nigh asunder split;  
 From thy lapelle do wild flowers only glance:—  
 Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Fear no renewal of those courses vain,  
 Those madcap sports which once employed our  
 hours—  
 Hours of commingled joyfulness and pain,  
 Of sunshine chequered here and there with  
 showers.

I rather ought, methinks, thy faded cloth  
 From every future service to acquit;  
 But wait awhile—one end will serve us both:—  
 Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

### The Tax-Gatherer.

“A H, husband, I must break thy rest!  
 A harsh, rude agent of the crown  
 Is now parading through our town;  
 Alas! the taxes are his quest.  
 Husband, bestir thee! sleep no more;  
 The king's tax-gatherer's at the door.

“Lo! now the day is broad awake;  
 Thou wert not wont to sleep so late.  
 Our neighbour's goods were seized for rate,  
 Before the morn began to break.  
 Husband, bestir thee! sleep no more;  
 The king's tax-gatherer's at the door.

"And we have nought! He's at the gate—  
Hark—how the curs do bark and threat!  
Ask a month's time to pay the debt;  
Ah! if the king would only wait!  
Husband, bestir thee! sleep no more;  
The king's tax-gatherer's at the door.

"This tax falls sore on us, whose aid—  
With old grandfather in his need,  
And six young helpless things to feed—  
Hangs on my distaff and thy spade.  
Husband, bestir thee! sleep no more;  
The king's tax-gatherer's at the door.

"Small are our gains, our labours hard.  
When shall we have a pig for cheer?  
All decent sustenance is so dear;  
And even from salt are we debarred.  
Husband, bestir thee! sleep no more;  
The king's tax-gatherer's at the door.

"What strength a little wine would bring  
To thee! But, ah, it sells so high!  
Yet, to procure a small supply,  
Here, dear one, is my marriage-ring.  
Husband, bestir thee! sleep no more;  
The king's tax-gatherer's at the door.

"Thou dreamest, haply, that thy saint  
Doth bring thee riches and repose;  
The rich man nought of taxes knows—  
They cannot make him sick or faint.  
Husband, bestir thee! sleep no more;  
The king's tax-gatherer's at the door.

" Husband, he's here! Oh, husband, speak!  
 Why art thou mute? How pale thou art!  
 And yesterday a pain at heart  
 Brought plaints from thee, who art so meek!  
 Husband, oh, wake thee! sleep no more;  
 The king's tax-gatherer's at the door."

She calls in vain. His soul hath fled!  
 Death to the labour-wearied seems  
 A pillow meet for pleasant dreams.  
 For the lone wife let prayers be said.  
 Her husband will awake no more,  
 Whoever seeks his humble door.

### In Mure of Politics.

THOU sweet one, so adored by me,  
 Whose voice so oft complains,  
 That in my love a share with thee  
 My country still obtains;  
 If politics displease thine ear,  
 Though I our wrongs deplore,  
 Resume thy wonted smile, my dear,  
 I'll speak of them no more.

I well remember by thy side,  
 While grieving rival hearts,  
 How used I to describe with pride  
 Our glory-fostered arts.  
 On France, exalted then in sphere,  
 Their tributes fell in store;  
 Resume thy wonted smile, my dear,  
 I'll speak of them no more.

I, who am rallied oft as weak,  
Would cease love-strifes with thee,  
And dare of battle-fields to speak,  
And our warriors bold and free.  
The subject-earth their proud career  
Saw tyrants stoop before;  
Resume thy wonted smile, my dear,  
I'll speak of them no more.

Though all unwearied of thy chains,  
On freedom would I call,  
And Rome and Athens in my strains  
Oft caused thy mirth to pall;  
Though modern patriots may appear  
All worthless at the core,  
Resume thy wonted smile, my dear,  
I'll speak of them no more.

By France, unrivalled France alone,  
The envy of the world,  
Thy image from my bosom's throne  
Could ever have been hurled.  
But, ah! for her the fruitless tear  
Have I been doomed to pour;  
Resume thy wonted smile, my dear,  
I'll speak of this no more.

Yes, yes, my soul, the truth is said:—  
Live we obscurely now,  
And all our thoughts, to glory dead,  
To ease and pleasure vow.  
Nations against us leagued appear,  
And Frenchmen sink in gore;  
Resume thy wonted smile, my dear,  
I'll speak of them no more.



## The Cradle of the New-Born.

**B**EHOLD, my friends, this small and slender boat,  
    Essaying now of life the troubled sea:—

How gentle is the passenger afloat!

    Its foremost band of mariners be we.

Already do the billows bear it hence,

    Far from the shore it never may regain;

And, as we see the voyage thus commence,

    Friends, hail its progress with a cheerful strain.

Already destiny hath swelled the sails,

    And hope a beauteous perspective prepares,

With promise, while a starry sky prevails,

    Of tranquil seas and sweet refreshing airs.

Fly, birds of evil omen, fly far hence!

    This little bark doth to the Loves pertain;

And, as we see the voyage thus commence,

    Friends, hail its progress with a cheerful strain.

Stringing their garlands to the goodly mast,

    Yes! see the Loves take part in this emprise!

To the chaste Graces offerings have been cast,

    And Friendship at the helm its office plies.

Bacchus himself his favours doth dispense,

    And summoned Pleasure smiles upon the train;

As we behold the voyage thus commence,

    Friends, hail its progress with a cheerful strain.

Who cometh to salute the vessel now?

    Misfortune, blessing Virtue, lo! draws near,

And prays that Fate this young one would endow

    With every joy that Virtue merits here.

Assured that Heav'n will, in their fullest sense,  
Accept these prayers, re-echoed by the main,  
As we behold the voyage thus commence,  
Friends, hail its progress with a cheerful strain.

### The Fly.

WHILE the glass goes gaily round,  
And our mirth and songs abound,  
What audacious fly is this,  
Buzzing amid our tones of bliss?  
'Tis some god-head, I believe,  
Whom our happiness doth grieve:  
Here, my friends, she must not stay,  
Drive the buzzing pest away.

Metamorphosed to a fly,  
Friends, I plainly can descry,  
Reason is the gloomy power,  
Envious of this joyous hour.  
Hark! she murmurs in my ear,  
"Clouds and thunder, fool, are near!"  
Drive the grumbling pest away,  
Here she cannot, shall not stay.

Hark! again this Reason hums,  
"Quiet one like thee becomes:  
Give thy drinking revels o'er,  
Banish love, and sing no more."

Thus her 'larum bell she sounds  
Ever 'mid life's gayest rounds:  
Drive the grumblers, friends, away,  
Here she must not, shall not stay.

Yes, 'tis Reason—ah, Lisette,  
Beware the dart! for thee 'tis whet!  
See! it through thy collar goes,  
And the blood—how fast it flows!  
Powers of Love! revenge the deed;  
Let its cruel author bleed!  
Drive the pest, my friends, away,  
Here she shall not, must not stay.

Triumph, friends, o'er punished guilt!  
In the wine Lisette had spilt,  
Lo, the foe a grave has found!  
Now, let Joy again be crowned.  
Ah! to shake his pleasing throne,  
One poor fly sufficed alone.  
But our cares for it are o'er—  
We need fear the pest no more.

### The Old Minstrel.

**A**N humble, aged man am I,  
The minstrel of this hamlet small;  
Yet people wisdom in me spy,  
And I have wine—unmixed—at call.

Come, and beneath the shade this day  
Haste to unbend yourselves with me;  
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,  
Come, dance beneath my old Oak Tree.

Yes, dance below my aged oak,  
That stands our village inn before;  
Discord still flits away like smoke,  
Whene'er its boughs are waving o'er.  
How often hath its foliage grey  
Beheld our sires embrace with glee!  
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,  
Come, dance beneath my old Oak Tree.

Pity the baron in his hall,  
Although he be your manor's lord;  
He well may envy you for all  
The quiet ease your plains afford.  
While he is whirled along yon way,  
Cooped in his coach, so sad to see,  
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,  
Dance ye beneath my old Oak Tree.

Far from a wish at church to curse  
The man who spurns the church's cares—  
That Heav'n may kindly bless and nurse  
His crops and vines, send up your prayers.  
Would he to Pleasure homage pay?  
Here let his shrine of incense be:—  
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,  
Dance all beneath my old Oak Tree.

When with a feeble, faithless hedge  
Your heritage is circled round,  
Touch never with your sickle's edge  
The grain upon your neighbour's ground.

But, sure that in a coming day  
That heritage your sons' will be,  
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,  
Dance ye beneath my old Oak Tree.

Since peace its balm diffuses o'er  
The ills that fell in clustering throng,  
Oh! banish from their homes no more  
The blind ones who have wandered long.  
Recalling—now the skies are gay—  
All whom the tempests tost at sea,  
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,  
Dance ye beneath my old Oak Tree.

Hear, then, your minstrel's honest call,  
And haste to seek my oak's broad shade;  
From each let words of pardon fall,  
Here be your kind embraces made.  
And that, from age to age, we may  
Peace fixed among us ever see,  
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,  
Dance all beneath my old Oak Tree.

### The Carrier Dore of Athens.

I SAT by the side of my own dear May,  
And drank of the sparkling wine,  
And our talk was of Greece in her elder day,  
When her arts and her arms were divine.

When, lo! at our feet there alighted a dove,  
And a wing-hidden billet it bore:—  
Wert thou sent, faithful bird, on a message of love?  
Taste my cup, and repose from thy long flight above,  
On the breast of my fair Helenore!

Though thy pinion now flags with its long weary  
flight,  
Strength and freedom again shall be thine,  
And thy task be fulfilled, whether true lover's plight,  
Or trade be the theme of the line.  
It may be, thou bear'st from the exiles that rove  
Afar on a stranger shore  
The last fond sigh to the land of their love.  
Taste my cup, and repose from thy long flight above,  
On the bosom of fair Helenore!

Ha! these letters are traced in the tongue of the  
Greek,  
Which to France thou hast wafted with speed;  
From Athens they come, and of glory should speak,  
So a lover of glory may read.  
Hurrah! Greece is free! O brave sounds of de-  
light—

Does her laurel-tree flourish once more?  
Will her children again be godlike and bright?  
Taste my cup, faithful bird, and repose from thy  
flight,  
On the breast of my own Helenore!

Old Athens is free! Let us drink, love, to Greece,  
And her sons of the demigod race,  
Who, while Europe stood by in inglorious peace,  
Fought their way to their fathers' high place!

They have conquered, and pilgrims on Athens shall  
gaze

In pity and sadness no more—

For no more shall she be but a wreck of past  
days:—

Taste my cup, thou bright rover in heavenly  
ways,

And rest with the fair Helenore!

Strike the lyre, Muse of Greece! wake the long-  
silent strings,

And resume the proud empire of song!

She is free, in despite of our cold-hearted kings—

Of barbarian violence and wrong!

Her valleys again shall be verdant and fair,

Her laurels be green as of yore;

And her name with earth's highest and best shall  
compare:—

Taste my cup, and recline, faithful rover of air,

On the breast of my own Helenore!

Lovely pilgrim of Hellas, repose yet a while,

Then away to thy fond watching mate;

And again may'st thou bear to oppression and guile

A message of loathing and hate!

Again may'st thou waft to each tyrant-filled throne,

Till it totters and quakes to its core,

The cries of a people—in freedom's dread tone—

Taste my cup, faithful dove, for thou soon must be  
gone,

From the breast of the fair Helenore!

## The Old Sergeant.

NIGH where his darling daughter sits and spins,  
The sergeant old relaxes from his toils,  
And, as he rocks her little cradled twins  
With ball-bruised hand, the while he blandly smiles.  
In peace he rests before that humble cot,  
After so many fights his sole repose;  
And oft he says, "Birth but begins our lot;  
Heav'n, dear ones, send your lives a happy close!"

But, hark! he hears a drum resounding now,  
And sees pass by afar an armed train;  
The blood rekindles on his grizzled brow,  
The aged courser feels the spur again.  
But, quickly, sadly changed in mood, he cries,  
"Ah! that is not a flag my old eye knows!  
Should ever you avenge your country's sighs,  
Heav'n, darlings, grant your lives a happy close!"

"Who will restore to us," the hero says,  
"Upon the Rhine, at Jemappe, or Fleurús,  
Those peasants, our republic's pride and praise,  
Who to the frontier at her bidding flew?  
Shoeless and breadless, they knew no alarms,  
But marched to fame, whatever might oppose;  
The Rhine alone new-tempers Gallic arms:—  
Heav'n, darlings, grant your lives a happy close!"

"How brightly wont on battle-fields to shine  
Those garbs of blue, the dress by Conquest worn!"



With each gun-charge would Liberty combine  
 Stern sceptres crushed, and chains asunder torn.  
 The nations, queens by our victorious deeds,  
 Fresh garlands on our brows would still impose;  
 Ah! happy they who died amid these meeds!  
 Heav'n, darlings, grant your lives a happy close!

"Too soon such brilliant virtue grew obscure.  
 Our chiefs from out our ranks to nobles sprung,  
 Yet, while their very cartridge-stains endure,  
 To flatter despots prompt is every tongue.  
 Its arms laid down, their freedom disappears,  
 And any king might buy their help that chose.  
 With our renown they equalise our tears:—  
 Heav'n, darlings, grant your lives a happy close!"

His daughter interrupted now his plain,  
 By gently singing, as her threads she twined,  
 An air proscribed, which once to fear and pain  
 Awoke the startled herd of regal kind.  
 "O, people! you in turn these chants should wake;  
 'Tis time!" the warrior mutters, as he throws  
 A glance on those who still their sweet sleep take:—  
 "Heav'n, darlings, grant your lives a happy close!"

### The Birds.

[This piece has a covert political bearing.]

**D**OUBLING its force, the winter pours  
 Its rage upon our roofs and plains.  
 The birds bear off to other shores  
 Their little loves and loving strains.

Yet find a refuge where they may,  
This ne'er inconstancy will bring:—  
The birds whom winter drives away  
Will come to us again with spring.

The doom of exile on them falls,  
Yet more than they that doom we mourn:  
From palace and from cottage walls,  
Echo would still their songs return!  
In some more tranquil land, may they  
To please a happy people sing:—  
The birds whom winter drives away  
Will come to us again with spring.

We envy these dear birds their lot,  
Fixed peacefully on that far strand;  
For ev'n now many a cloudy spot  
Warns us of northern storms at hand.  
And happy those who can convey  
Themselves afar on agile wing!  
The birds whom winter drives away  
Will come to us again with spring.

They will bethink them of our pain,  
And come, when flies the storm at last,  
To sit 'neath that old oak again,  
O'er which so many a storm has passed.  
The promise of a better day,  
And stabler, to our vales to bring,  
The birds whom winter drives away  
Will come to us again with spring.

## My Chimney Nook.

N<sup>O</sup>, no, the world can please me not,  
And I must to my nook once more;  
My friends, from your vile galley-boat  
Flies one who dreads the chain and oar.  
Amid my solitudes do I  
The Arab's liberty maintain:—  
O, friends, in pity let me fly  
Back to my chimney nook again.

There, braving all the arms of power,  
I weigh our rights and wrongs with care;  
And, while my tears for nations shower,  
I judge and sentence monarchs there.  
Boldly at will I prophesy;  
The future smiles upon me then:—  
O, friends, in pity let me fly  
Back to my chimney nook again.

There do I wield a fairy's wand,  
And acts of good my fancy please;  
Bright trophies rise at my command,  
And out of sight go palaces.  
Whome'er I raise to thrones, these I  
Well know by love alone would reign:—  
O, friends, in pity let me fly  
Back to my chimney nook again.

Thus form I, for my country's weal,  
Such vows as Heaven most surely hears;

These dreamings do not from me steal,  
For vile to them your world appears.  
My thread, spun on Parnassus high,  
To guard, O may the Muses deign;  
And friends, for pity let me fly  
Back to my chimney nook again!

### The Swallows.

CAPTIVE on the Moorish shore,  
Bent with chains a warrior lay.  
"Are ye here," he cried, "once more,  
Birds who hate the winter's day?  
Swallows, whom sweet hope pursues  
Hither even across the sea,  
Doubtless ye of France have news—  
Speak, oh speak of home to me!

"Three years have I prayed for ruth  
That some token ye would bear,  
From that vale which saw my youth  
Nursed in dreams so sweet and fair.  
Where a limpid stream winds round  
Many a freshest lilac-tree,  
Ye my cottage home have found—  
Of that vale; oh speak to me!

"One of you perchance was born  
'Neath the eaves of that dear cot!

Of the mother there forlorn,  
You must then have mourned the lot.  
Dying, she may hope in vain  
My return each hour to see;  
Then she lists—then weeps again—  
Of her love, oh speak to me!

“Is my sister wedded yet?  
Have you seen a nuptial throng  
Of our village youngsters met,  
Her to praise and bless in song?  
And my youthful comrades—they  
Who took arms with me in glee—  
Have they reached their village, say?  
Of these friends, oh speak to me!

“Ah! the stranger o’er their graves  
Now may foot it through the vale:—  
Those who fill my hearth he braves,  
Makes my mateless sister wail!  
Mine no mother may be more!  
Chains, still chains my lot must be:—  
Swallows of my native shore,  
Speak ye of its woes to me!”

### The Guardian Angel.

AS in hospital once a poor fellow lay pent up,  
Lo! the name of his guardian angel was sent up—  
“Much obliged by your call,” said the rogue, “but  
your highness  
Might as well have retained your original dryness;

Counting all, neither favour I owe you, nor pelf, sir,  
Master angel, good-bye—pray take care of yourself,  
sir.

“In a corner brought forth, on a straw pallet pressing,  
Pray, was I one of those on whose birth falls a  
blessing?”

“To be sure,” cried the angel; “my care was most  
striking;

Wasn't the straw always pleasant and fresh to your  
liking?”

“Counting all, little favour I owe you, or pelf, sir,  
And so, guardy, good-bye—pray look after yourself,  
sir.

“A poor outcast in youth, both by place and profes-  
sion,

Common alms were my whole and my single pos-  
session.”

“And did I not—your object to bring you the  
nigher—

Make you lord of the bags of a mendicant friar?”

“Counting all, little favour I owe you, or pelf, sir,  
Master angel, good-bye—pray take care of yourself,  
sir.

“When a soldier I was, and 'mid fire and smoke ran on,  
I was robbed of a leg by the whiff of a cannon.”

“Yes,” the angel replied, “but that same leg, I tell  
you,

Would have made you, ere now, taste the gout, my  
good fellow.”

“Counting all, little favour I owe you, or pelf, sir,  
And so, guardy, good-bye—pray take care of your-  
self, sir.

"After that, I was placed in a sorrowful plight,  
But for smuggling a drop of good liquor by night."  
"Very true; but my whisperings softened the judgment,

And the jail was for only one twelvemonth your  
lodgment."

"Counting all, little favour I owe you, or pelf, sir,  
Master angel, good-bye—pray look after yourself, sir.

"When I married, what help did I get in that pickle,  
Though I only desired that my spouse should prove  
fickle?"

Said the angel, "my fault that was not, but your  
bad luck;

No concern have we angels whatever with wedlock."

"Counting all, little favour I owe you, or pelf, sir,  
And so, guardy, good-bye—pray take care of yourself,  
sir."

At this merry soul's talk, and the sprite's replication,  
All the hospital folks joined in loud cacchination.

Then the cunning rogue sneezed, and the angel responded

With the wished-for—"Heav'n bless thee"—and  
straightway absconded.

"Counting all, neither favour I owe you, nor pelf, sir,  
Worthy guardy, adieu!—pray take care of yourself,  
sir."

## Good Friends at Table.

[Beranger is often, too often, sincere to all appearance in his convivial and amorous effusions; but here he writes in a spirit of bitter irony. He is said to have been ever a temperate liver personally, and his green old age corroborates the assertion.]

GOOD friends at table, hear what I,  
The priest of gaiety, now say.  
From all that gives you trouble fly,  
And choose the smooth and easy way.  
To wealth and grandeur, with their cares,  
Prefer a life of heedless play;  
Thus teach I—I whose very hairs  
Have, through pure wisdom, dropped away.

Good friends, desire you to enjoy  
Your moments on this passing scene?  
Drink! and no more you feel annoy  
From weariness, remorse, or spleen.  
Each draught of wine your flagon bears  
Will mirth for you in store purvey.  
Thus teach I—I whose very hairs  
Have, through pure wisdom, dropped away.

Good friends, to laugh and tipples well  
Is nought, if love be wanting, still.  
Let beauty charm you with her spell,  
And taste ye of her sweets at will.



Health, youth, fame, wealth, are poor affairs,  
Which at her feet you ought to lay.  
Thus teach I—I whose very hairs  
Have, through pure wisdom, dropped away.

Good friends, of envy, foes, and fate,  
Such is the way to brave the blows.  
Who uses gaily thus his date,  
Of painful age but little knows.  
At cost, then, of a term of cares,  
Buy the fine raptures of a day.  
Thus teach I—I whose very hairs  
Have, through pure wisdom, dropped away.

### Funeral of the Deputy Mannerl.

ALL now is over, and the crowd is gone!  
A people to his dust hath said Farewell;  
And henceforth in the sight of God alone  
The tears must flow, which Friendship cannot  
quell.

I hear the sod which sinks on his remains;  
Frenchmen, alas! ye to forget him go!  
O! aid the purpose of the minstrel's strains,  
That those to come his place of rest may know.

A citizen, who long your prop stood forth,  
I seek to honour underneath his pall.  
I knew the secret of his modest worth;  
Arm, head, and heart—the people had him all.

A simple tomb, beseeming him away,  
Is the fit tribute by us to be paid.  
A friend now kneeleth by his bed of clay:—  
O! give the humble minstrel generous aid.

Well he deserves my cares of heart and hand.  
Twelve years have since that wretched time  
    flown by,  
When o'er the ashy ruins of our land  
We met, with spirits wrung in sympathy.  
Still did I sing; Arcola's veteran smiled  
To hear old laurels in my lay extolled.  
O! be to pity by my voice beguiled,  
And let my grief be with a tomb consoled.

Ambition tainted not his noble life.  
Retired, still dreamt he of a death of fame,  
And watched to hear when France, brought low by  
    strife,  
Would rouse her up to call upon his name.  
I should have shared his high contempt of death,  
When privileged upon his arm to lean;  
O! give him but a shade to rest beneath;  
Assist the bard in thought of what has been!

Against a power which kept from us apart,  
His eloquence was ever prompt in fight;  
It was not like the lightning's straggling dart,  
But shone, in Virtue's hands, a sword of might.  
Foes tore him from the tribune, but he fell  
Into a combined people's outstretched arms.  
Old hate still lives; aid ye the minstrel well,  
And shield his grave and cold remains from harms.

Too fickle, ye forgot him once before,  
When to the shade, to seek repose, he hied;

But, like a noble skiff cast dry on shore,  
 He now may count on the returning tide.  
 Death only came to break the solitude,  
 Whither my songs flew still his heart to cheer.  
 Thankless four years, O! change the unworthy  
 mood,  
 And aid the bard to honour now his bier.

Yes, let a monument attest our woe.  
 Assist me, ye for whom I sung and spoke  
 Of Peace and Concord, ev'n when blood might flow—  
 Of Hope and Freedom, though we bore the yoke.  
 These songs, which highly you were wont to rate,  
 Pay now; be none to give their mite afraid;  
 The fame of Manuel to consecrate,  
 O! lend the humble bard your generous aid!

### A Birth-day Song.

HOW, Mary, without risk to both,  
 Shall I my love to you present?  
 Our judges seem to have sworn an oath  
 To construe nothing as 'tis meant.  
 Should I but introduce your name,  
 Old V. will cry, "There's mischief here;  
 The sacred Virgin is the aim—  
 At her the writer throws his jeer.  
 Ho, there,  
 A prison for this guilty pair."

If I should say that music haunts  
And renders sweet your every tone,  
That all our land's heroic chants  
Are to your patriot bosom known:—  
"Ha! very sly," bright H. will cry,  
"But this will not impose on me.  
To sing of France and heroes! why,  
The treason's plain as plain can be!  
Ho, there!  
A prison for this guilty pair."

Paint I your bounties given by stealth,  
The tears that you have dried the while,  
Speak I of your abundant wealth,  
That oft has made the poor to smile,  
"Ha, stop!" the jealous P. will bawl,  
"There's something 'neath this generous fuss;  
Besides, to soothe distress at all,  
Is right-down disrespect to us!  
Ho, there!  
A prison for this guilty pair!"

Thus, lest my words be read amiss,  
My loves must be unspoken all,  
For really scarcely dare I this  
The fifteenth day of August call.  
"Fifteenth of August!" R. may say,  
"No Mary do you think upon—  
In naming that particular day,  
You mean to praise Napoleon.  
Ho, there!  
A prison for this guilty pair."

Since prudence bids me then be dumb,  
I only send these flowers to you.

—What madness has my wits o'ercome?  
 My posie is of triple hue! \*  
 Should this sad error lead to ill,  
 I can but perish by your side.  
 But royal mercy—boundless still—  
 May save us, whatsoe'er betide.  
 Ho, there!  
 A prison for this guilty pair!

### Adieux to the Country.

[This song, Beranger tells us, was written in November, 1821, and distributed in court on the day of his first condemnation. The real offences of the poet lay in his Bonapartism, though a charge of licentiousness formed partly the plea of the Bourbonnais prosecutors. Some pieces from his pen, as already observed, do merit reprobation, unfortunately, on the last score. In the common editions, however, the most objectionable are properly omitted.]

O! SUN, so sweet at autumn's slow decline,  
 Ye brown-hued trees, I gaze on you once more!  
 That hate will pardon these rash songs of mine,  
 I hope no longer, if I hoped before.  
 In this retreat, where zephyrs yet shall play,  
 I lived in dreams, and even on Fame would muse:  
 Thou vast, pure sky, send down a smiling ray,  
 Repeat, ye woodland echoes, my adieux!

---

\* An allusion to the Tricolor, or revolutionary colours.

Bird-like, when free within the leafy shade,  
I should have let my strains sound there and die!  
But, reft of all her greatness, France was made  
Supine beneath a baneful yoke to lie.  
My satire I could not restrain the while;  
To happier ends did Love inspire my muse.  
Sky, vast and pure, deign yet on me to smile,  
Repeat, ye woodland echoes, my adieus!

Their wrath already my poor bread assails;  
Up to their bar my Mirth they rudely push;  
A saintly mask their vengeful bearing veils;  
Feared they before my probity to blush?  
That God hath not their hearts, their acts betray;  
From false gods spring such persecuting views;  
Thou vast, pure sky, send down a smiling ray,  
Repeat, ye woodland echoes, my adieus!

Beside the tombs if Glory I evoke—  
If for famed warriors I have dared to pray—  
Did I against the weal of states one stroke  
Call down, for gold, when Conquest ruled the day?  
Not of the Empire's sun, did I erewhile  
Carol at dawn, while here I dwelt recluse!  
Sky, vast and pure, deign yet on me to smile,  
Repeat, ye woodland echoes, my adieus!

Let some go on, in hope of humbling me,  
And criticise my verses as inclined;  
My whims in sight of France, chained though she be,  
Through a dark gaol may illustration find.  
I will suspend my lyre before the pile;  
Nor to glance thither may Renown refuse.  
Thou vast, pure sky, deign yet on me to smile,  
Repeat, ye woodland echoes, my adieus!

Since a king caused of yore her heavy woe,  
 Let Philomel, at least, draw nigh my cell!  
 But now the jailor summons me to go;  
 Ye fields and streams, ye meads and flowers,  
 Farewell!  
 My bonds are ready. Now, in hymn and lay,  
 Freedom inspireth me to spread her views:—  
 Sky, vast and pure, send down a smiling ray,  
 Repeat, ye woodland echoes, my adieus!

### Metempsychosis.

**D**ISCIPLE of Metempsychosis, I,  
 In philosophic fashion, tried of late  
 To coax my soul to chat, and tell the why,  
 What, when, and how of this my present state.  
 "A goodly start in life to me you owe,"  
 Said she, "since you without me had been nought.  
 But pure to you I came not, you must know."  
 Ah! my soul, just so I thought,  
 Just so I thought, just so I thought.

"Well I remember," said she, "how of yore,  
 An ivy plant, I crowned gay brows with green;  
 Then, warming subtler matter to the core,  
 I hailed, a little bird, the blue serene.  
 In groves, near by where shepherdesses strayed,  
 I leapt, sung, fluttered, as the wingéd ought;  
 And strong by freedom were my pinions made."  
 Ah! my soul, just so I thought,  
 Just so I thought, just so I thought.

"I was Medor, the cleverest of dogs,  
And of a poor blind man the one fast prop—  
Such as, with teeth-borne bowl, on highways  
jogs,  
And, begging, takes what charity may drop.  
Serving the poor, and skilled the rich to please,  
To make the latter cheer the first I sought;  
And so did good, by prompting good's increase."  
Ah! my soul, just so I thought,  
Just so I thought, just so I thought.

"I animated next a beauteous maid,  
And in my sweetest prison joyed me well;  
But all the Loves betook them to blockade  
My home, and strove its quiet to expel.  
From my poor corner, night and day, I saw,  
How, like old siegers, still they stormed and  
fought,  
Contriving flames upon the house to draw."  
Ah! my soul, just so I thought,  
Just so I thought, just so I thought.

"On thy mixed tastes, my story may throw  
light:—  
But," said my soul, "learn also this from me,  
That it was for some evil done in sight  
Of Heaven, that I was sent to gaol in thee.  
Vigils and toils, temptations, slips in shoals—  
Despairs and tears—all ills or felt or wrought—  
Render a bard a Tartarus to souls."  
Ah! my soul, just so I thought,  
Just so I thought, just so I thought.



### Beaucoup d'Amour.

**D**ESPITE what wisdom's voice may say,  
I fain would gather heaps of ore,  
And at my true-love's feet would lay,  
With joyful haste, the golden store.  
Then daily would I satisfy,  
Each lightest wish, Adele, of thine:—  
No jot of avarice have I,  
But boundless is this love of mine.

To make immortal my Adele  
Were I with powers of song inspired,  
My verse, which still on her would dwell,  
Should be from age to age admired.  
Thus may the future's memory  
Our graven names one day entwine:—  
I have no wish for fame—not I,  
But boundless is this love of mine.

If Providence would deign to place  
My steps upon a kingly throne,  
Adele that splendid dream should grace,  
And all my rights be hers alone.  
To please her more, I willingly  
Would see a court around me shine:—  
Ambition!—none of it have I,  
But boundless is this love of mine.

But why these vexing vain desires,  
Since every wish Adele doth crown?  
More happiness true love inspires,  
Than grandeur, riches, or renown.

Then, let me on that bliss rely,  
Which Fate can cause not to decline;  
Nor wealth, nor fame, nor rank have I,  
But boundless, boundless love is mine!

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A FEW SCRAPS FROM THE OLDER POETS OF FRANCE.

*The Wanderer and Lure.*

[From the French of Charles of Orleans, who lived in the fifteenth century.]

IN sorrow's dark and lonesome grove  
I chance to find me on a day,  
And meet the deity of love,  
And hear her ask me of my way;  
I answer, that to make me flee  
To these dark woods fate long since chose,  
And that she well might tittle me  
A wandering man who knows not where he goes.

With sweet and condescending smile,  
Replies she, "Friend, if I but knew  
Wherefore thou sufferest this while,  
I would give willing aid to you.  
I set thee once in pleasure's way,  
Nor know how thou that way didst lose;  
It grieves me now to see thee stray,  
A wandering man who knows not where he goes."

"Alas!" said I, "Most sovereign queen,  
The truth that thou must know why tell?  
By death's rude doings have I been  
Deprived of her I loved so well.  
She was my only hope, my guide  
Through life and all its dreary woes;  
Now am I, since she left my side,  
A wandering man who knows not where he goes."

### Man when Born.

[From *Alain Chartier*, a contemporary of Chaucer.]

OH! fools of fools, and mortal fools,  
Who prize so much what Fortune gives;  
Say, is there aught man owns or rules  
In this same earth whereon he lives?  
What do his proper rights embrace,  
Save the fair gifts of Nature's grace?

If from you, then, by Fortune's spite,  
The goods you deem your own be torn,  
No wrong is done the while, but right;  
For you had nought when you were born.

Then pass the dark brown hours of night  
No more in dreaming how you may  
Best load your chests with golden freight;  
Crave nought beneath the moon, I pray,

From Paris even to Pampelune,  
Saving alone such simple boon  
As needful is for life below.

Enough if fame your name adorn,  
And you to earth with honour go;  
For you had nought when you were born.

When all things were for common use—  
Apples, all blithesome fruits of trees,  
Nuts, honey, and each gum and juice,  
Could then both man and woman please.  
Strife never vexed these meals of old:—  
Be patient, then, of heat and cold;  
Esteem not Fortune's favours sure;  
And of her gifts when you are shorn,  
With moderate grief your loss endure;  
For you had nought when you were born.

## ENVOY.

If Fortune does you any spite—  
Should even the coat be from you torn—  
Pray, blame her not—it is her right;  
For you had nought when you were born.

## The Good Old Time.

[From Octavian St Gelais.]

**E**ACH man lived then in jollity,  
According to his means and state,  
And in his heritage was free  
At will to labour soon or late.

Afraid were none, lest wrong or cross  
In field or highway should have been;  
The evil-doer gained but loss;  
Oh! the good old days that I have seen!

Then every one in safeguard dwelt  
Of sweet tranquillity and ease;  
No harm one feared, no ill one felt,  
For justice held her sway in peace.  
The poor man was as much esteemed  
As any lord of rich demesne;  
With grape and grain our valleys teemed;  
Oh! the good old days that I have seen!

There was no need in those good days  
The quarter-master's guests to lodge,  
Or garrison our homes for frays;  
But to dispense without a grudge,  
And share good cheer—full cups of wine,  
With slices of rich cheese between—  
Was what all men did then incline;  
Oh! the good old days that I have seen!

In days of our good king that's gone,  
No brigands caused us any dread;  
One went and came at will alone,  
Dressed well or ill, and no one said,  
"Whence come you?" or would make demand,  
That what one carried should be seen;  
The ways were safe through all the land;  
Oh! the good old days that I have seen!

Ah! you may guess 'twas sweet to sup  
At those round tables on the grass,  
With store of dainty things heaped up  
Before one there in plate or glass;

To talk of sweet Margot, and dance  
Beneath the willows on the green;  
No joy could e'er such joys enhance;  
Oh! the good old days that I have seen!

### The Destroyed Letter.

[From Clement Marot, one of the old classics of France.]

WHO could have thought such pleasure would  
arise,  
When friendly letters come before one's eyes?  
Though it has been my fortune to behold  
The Golden Legend of the saints of old;  
To read Alain, the noble orator,  
And Lancelot, the pleasant fabler;  
Though the Romance, moreover, of the Rose  
Hath met these eyes; besides Valère, and those  
Who tell what feats the antique Romans did;  
Though I full many a noble book have read,  
Yet, dear and ever-honoured lady, none  
Could give to me the joy your lines have done!  
Gentle and sweet the language of each line,  
Albeit in nowise weakly feminine.  
There do I find a train of fair discourse,  
With, above all, one word, which hath had force  
To chase all sadness, and bid joy upstart  
Within my breast—one word, which doth impart  
Your leave to name you mistress of my heart!

Oh, happy I, to have a mistress found,  
In whom all charms, with virtue, so abound!  
Such joy hath given the letter which you wrote;  
Such is the great contentment it hath brought;  
That I well-omened vouch the pen to be,  
Which characterized that longed-for sheet for me;  
Gracious the hand which wielded it, and sent  
The complete work to be my solacement;  
Happy the messenger who bore the same;  
But, oh! far happier he to whom it came!  
And, at its coming, blest was I indeed;  
And still did new and greater joy succeed,  
Till, ah! one word I read, which gave command  
That flames should have that treasure from my hand!

Then suddenly did all my pleasure cease.  
Alas, but think how sorely racked my peace  
Of mind then was! Th' obedience due to you  
Bade me destroy the lines within my view;  
While the deep joy I felt to see them there  
Urged me to guard them with a miser's care.

When to the fire I forth advanced my hand,  
I could not execute the dire command.  
Once and again I failed in my assay,  
But at the last I forced me to obey;  
And as I did so, "Oh, sweet lines," cried I,  
And kissed them, "from this doom ye cannot fly;  
For better love I to obey and mourn,  
Than taste delight of disobedience born."  
Thus hath what was to me fate's richest boon  
Been turned to dust and ashes—ah, too soon!

## Ballad by Francis the First.

I BY my lattice stood alone,  
And saw, one morn at break of day,  
Where on my left Aurora shone,  
Pointing the sun his upward way;  
While on my right I could behold  
My mistress comb her locks of gold.  
So sweet her looks, so bright her eyes,  
That I was forced aloud to say,  
"Retreat, immortals, to your skies;  
Her beauty must o'er all hold sway."

As when fair Phœbe on the night  
Pours out her rich and smiling ray,  
And darkling dwells each lesser light,  
Bright only when she is away;  
So did my fair love's looks repress  
The sun, and make his radiance less;  
And he, in anger, grief, and spite,  
Would not to man his face display.  
Whereat I cried, "Sun, thou dost right;  
Her beauty must o'er all hold sway."

Yet deep the joy I felt at heart,  
When once more shone the god of day!  
Jealous to see him erst depart,  
I deemed him stricken by love's ray.  
And erred I? No; had she been seen  
By mortal, grieved should I have been.  
Ought I not then to fear the gods,  
And, undervaluing them, to say,  
"Retreat, retreat to your abodes;  
Her beauty must o'er all hold sway."



Verses by Henry the Fourth (Henri Quatre).

STAR of day,  
Come, I pray:  
Shine, for well I love thy sight;  
My own gay  
Mountain May  
Ruddy is, like thine own light.  
Wet with new  
Morning dew,  
Less of freshness hath the rose;  
Not ermine  
Is so fine;  
Not such whiteness new milk shows.  
Should his ear  
Chance to hear  
Her sweet voice, each swain draws nigh;  
Then the lute  
Groweth mute,  
And all listen idly by.  
Fairest she  
Eyes can see;  
Formed her shape for sweet embrace;  
Glances fly  
From her eye,  
Brighter than Aurora's rays.  
With divine  
Food and wine,  
She was fed by Hebe's care;  
And her lip,  
When I sip,  
Savours yet of that blest fare.

## The Cock and the Fox—A Fable.

[From the Fables of Habert, a French poet of the sixteenth century.]

REYNARD, roaming through the wood,  
Seeking far and near  
For a snack of juicy food,  
Came so nigh his aim at last,  
That bold chanticleer  
Almost in his grasp was cast.

Trembling from the sudden shock,  
To a tree hard by  
Flew without delay the cock.  
There he muttered, more at ease,  
"Reynard cannot fly  
Surely to such heights as these."

Reynard heard these words the while;  
And exclaimed—that he  
Might the better hide his guile—  
"Heaven preserve my chanticleer!  
'Twas to seek for thee,  
Dearest friend, that I came here.

"I have something to disclose,  
Nought of which as yet  
Probably your worship knows.  
Sir, we animals all swore,  
Lately when we met,  
To live friends for evermore.

"All our wars are at an end;  
'Gainst his neighbour none  
From this time shall fraud intend;  
Now with me, in pleasant talk,  
Safe, although alone,  
May the hen, your lady, walk.

"Troops of beasts, through plain and field,  
Now at pleasure scour,  
With the lion for their shield;  
And without a thought of dread,  
At this present hour,  
Lambs beside the wolf are laid.

"Festive sporting by and by,  
Betwixt bird and beast,  
Down where I am you shall spy.  
Deign to join us then, my friend,  
At our social feast!  
Faith, you must, my lord, descend."

Cocks are not precisely geese.  
"Much," cries chanticleer,  
"Do I joy in such a peace;  
And I thank you, from my heart,  
For your coming here  
These good tidings to impart."

Here our cock begins to rise  
High upon his toes,  
Stretching his neck, too, to the skies;  
While his glances here and there,  
Round and round, he throws,  
Keeping still his perch in air.

"Sure I hear," he cries, "the howl  
Of a leash of dogs!  
Through the woods for game they prowl.  
Ho! friend fox, they near your back!  
Stop the merry rogues;  
Hail your new friends on their track!"

"Zounds," says reynard, "they, I doubt,  
Have not yet been told  
What a change has come about!  
I had better quit the place,  
Lest these brutes still hold  
Stupid notions of the chase."

Off he scoured; the trick, thus played,  
Had sly reynard's ruse  
Bare in all its falseness laid.  
Engines for his safety fitted  
Thus must each one use,  
Who would not be thus outwitted.

### The Wurz-Bibber.

[From Oliver Basselin, of the fourteenth century.]

**W**ITH my back to the fire, and my face to the  
board,  
And flagons around me with jolly wine stored,  
It shall not be my fate here below  
Like a chick with the pip to dwindle away,  
When my nose ought to boast of a violet ray,  
And my face beat the crimson in glow.

When my nose takes a hue, half of red, half of blue,  
I shall then bear the colours my love likes to view;

Oh! your wine gives the loveliest glows!  
There sure is more taste in a bright touch of red,  
With rubies enriched, than in tints pale and dead,  
Like those which your drink-water shows.

A swill at the spring is commended by all,  
Lest a dropsical fate should my worship befall;  
But I die if I swallow a drop.  
Wanting savour or smack, could I take to a drink?  
No, surely; nor will any neighbour, I think,  
With a grain of good sense in his top.

'Tis the love of good wine shows a good-natured soul,  
And since the defunct never trowl the brown bowl,  
Let us drink, as unsure of to-morrow.  
Here's a health, then, all round to this company:—  
Let each one who loves me my follower be,  
And away with all moping and sorrow!

### The Charms of Fatherland.

[Hortense Beauharnois, daughter of the Empress Josephine, and wife of Louis Bonaparte, sat for a time, it will be remembered, on the throne of Holland. She was a woman of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, and deeply attached to her native France. The subjoined lines were written by her when about to return to that land after a long exile.]

I GO to see my own dear land once more;  
I go to die where first I saw the light!  
How much your loss, ye cold ones, I deplore,  
In whom the thoughts of home no thrill excite!

Ye fields, of childhood's joys the teeming scene,  
With hosts of tender recollections sown,  
The twofold charm ye offer us, I ween,  
Of instant joys mixed up with those long gone.

All here below feel more or less the tie  
That draws us where our infant cradles lay;  
Sweet sympathy, which makes life lightly fly,  
And from the grave takes ev'n its gloom away!

Wearied with absence, lengthened out too long,  
Of former pleasures I delight to dream;  
My heart revives, and Hope inspires my song.  
And still is home, dear home, the cheering theme.

### The Young Maid and the Flower.

[The following little piece was composed by Chateaubriand on the untimely decease of a friend's daughter.]

THE coffin descends! and a garland of roses,  
By a father's hand dropped, on its lid reposes,  
To the bridegroom death a dower!  
Earth! open thy arms, and take to thy bosom  
These twinlings of beauty, cut off in their blossom,  
The fair young maid and the flower!

Ah, give them not back to this impure dwelling,  
Where sorrow and pain have power of quelling  
The bliss of man in an hour!

---

No storm shall blast them when laid in thy keeping,  
Heat shall not scorch them, noise break not their  
sleeping—

The fair young maid and the flower!

How brief was thy span of enjoyment, poor maiden!  
But yet the dark future, with care and grief laden

For others, thy peace cannot sour!

Oh, night! shed thy dews for their grave-turf's  
adorning;

Their life was a short and a sweet summer morning—

The fair young maid and the flower!

## APPENDIX.

It was stated in the Preface to this Volume, that the author intended, in an Appendix, to give some idea, as well as leave some record, of the proceeds of his own course of Periodical writing. The general ends which such a summation, it was thought, might tend to serve, formed also the subject of some remarks, in connection with others relating to the bearing of Modern Periodicalism on the literary mind of the nation at large. With respect to personal feelings, it was at the same time observed, that parties in the position of the writer could not look back on the time spent in the engagements of popular journalism, without some regretful emotions, and chiefly from a sense of valuable years having been used less efficiently than they perhaps might have been, from the very nature of the task, as regards either the foundation of solid claims to repute or the acquirement of other advantages. The literary matter referred to has for the most part exactly the character fitted to awaken such impressions, being not quite good enough to give the author the consolation of having therein done full justice to his own powers, and yet good enough to make him grieve over its entombment—for entombed it is to him, in all points of view, though it may be often in the hands of the reading public. It is not possible, as was observed, to make the world fully understand the feelings described, without entering into details as to the writ-



ings in question. It is accordingly done here, as far as seems necessary.

The following list comprises the Stories, or short Tales, contributed to "Chambers' Journal," from the beginning of 1837 to the middle of 1843. The great majority of these stories are original, in the proper and distinct sense of the term. Some, again, are adapted from French *Feuilletons*, though the plots of the latter are most commonly all that can be made use of in British journals. In other cases, ideas of plots may have been taken from anecdotes, and sometimes from a drama. The proper composition or writing is always original.

Abderrahman, the Ommeyade	House of Disaster
Abolition of Torture	Incident in the Career of a Commercial Traveller
Adventure of a Canadian Trader	Incident in the Queensberry Family
Alleen-a-Roon	Inundation
Apelles, a Greek Romance	Invalid of Alicant
Ass and Treasure	Irish Story of Recent Occurrence
Austria, Story of	Izarah
Barrack-yard, the	Jacques the Coachman
Bonnie Earl of Moray	Jeanie Ross
Boulogne, Tale of	Jeweller of Strasburg
Campaigner, the Old	Lady Grange
Continental Blockade	Lady of Busta
Countess D'Auray	Lame Pedlar
Cousins	Late Incident in Paris
Crisis, the	Letter-Writer of Paris
Curate of Langbourn	Like Father, Like Son
Dairyman's Bill	Like Son
Deaf and Dumb Boy	Lost Flowers
Discoverers of Madeira	Macintosh, Story told by Dr
Dialike	Maclean and Cameron
Easter Eggs	Madame de Brinvilliers
Emily Warrington	Mandrin, the Smuggler
Exchange, the	Marchioness of Ganges
Falconer and Bruce	Martin Guerre
Ferry of Boldside	Merchant of Bristol
Fireside Story, Edinburgh	Modern Romance of Real Life
Fisher Willie	Monsieur Durance
Flanders, Old Story of	Mozart's Requiem
Fortunes of a Country Girl	Muleteer, the
Fortunes of the Grenadier Moreau	Napoleon's Three Warnings
Friend of the Man of Letters	Neldpath Castle
Gardener of Sidon	Old Story of Flanders
Gibraltar, Remarkable Trial at	One Good Turn deserves Another
Glendale	Our Lady Tendradia
Gubbins, Mr	Ox's Minuet
Heir of the St Gerans	Painting, the
Helen Trefusis	Palais-Royal, Signal of the

Pariah Boy	Story from Herodotus
Perouron, the Bellows-Mender	Story of Joseph Ridge
Piece of a Hundred Sous	Story of the Log of Wood
Place and the Marriage	Story of Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Pool of the Drowned	Story of the Orleans Regency
Prisoner of the Greyfriars	Story of a Pyrenean Bandit
Process of Macioun Gerard	Story of the Pyrenees
Rachel Orme	Story of the Runaway Slave
Remarkable Spanish Trial	Story of the Seventeenth Century
Repository, the	Story of Sir Robert Innes
Rise of a Pacha	Story of Sweden
Romance in Real Life	Story of a Tear
Romance of Reality	Story of Urbain Grandier
Scene in Napoleon's Life	Story of the Vendean Reign of Terror
Schmitz the Engraver	Tale of Boulogne
Seaman's Tale	Tale of the Passions
Simple Story	Tale of Real Life
Steamboat Romance	Testament, the
Story of an Adventure in the North	The Mid-Day Signal of the Palais-Royal
Story of the American Frontier	The Old Campaigner
Story from the Causes Celebres	Three Visitors of Bernardin St Pierre
Story of Flanders	Tweed, Tale of
Story of the Forty-Five	Vale of Manor
Story of the French Revolution	
Story of Harriet Shirley	

These hundred and odd Tales—almost as long as the Thousand and One of Scheherazade—may not possess much merit or value, possibly; but they suited the purposes for which they were composed, and, doing so, they stimulated to no attempt to raise them above the required standard. Time, indeed, would scarcely have permitted this to be done. They formed but a part of the products of the same pen, during the same period. Five Hundred Articles, or Essays, of a general description, were composed from the date of 1837 to the middle of 1842; and to the list may be added from Forty to Fifty Biographies, or Biographical Sketches, all being published in the Journal mentioned. To say that these papers were of a varied description, is not to describe their composite character sufficiently. But the tasks of the same date extended further, and, when looked at now, appear not free from a tinge of heterogeneousness. An Edition of "Paley's Natural Theology," to which Notes were attached, and in which the Text was brought up to the advanced state of Science at the present day, constituted another labour of the writer in the

days in question; and his name was prefixed to the work when it appeared. A half-volume of some considerable extent, upon "Greek History," came likewise from his pen; and other works besides, as "Quetelet on Man," and the "Information for the People," occupied a share of time and attention.

These literary labours the author feels no disposition, it may be supposed, to view disparagingly, yet they do not give much satisfaction in the retrospect, as has been observed. The distraction of the mind from stable individual efforts consequent on such occupations must infallibly cause regret, especially where some literary (and above all poetic) ambition exists. To mere leisure-moments is left the production of those works with which the name is actually and openly to be associated. The present writer, for example, had dramatic aspirations; and a five-act Play, entitled "The Conde's Wife," was written, and produced on the Edinburgh Stage. But, though by no means disapproved of by the public, and even termed by Mr W. H. Murray "an Oasis in the desert" of pieces presented to him in his Managerial capacity, it has, at least in the author's eyes, some of the faults of all leisure-hour compositions. As Wordsworth truly says, the Muse is a jealous mistress, and will be contented with no divided homage.

Since the writer has recorded so much regarding the past, let him also observe that, in later days, he has still remained attached to the labours of Periodicalism—chiefly, perhaps, from having grown inured to desultory and discursive modes of thinking and writing. The majority of his later Essays—and they have been numerous—have been contributed to "Hogg's Instructor." A long and not inelaborate work on the "Clans of Scotland" completes the roll, or, at least, is the only other published performance of the author meriting notice here. Newspaper essays are but intended for the hour, and with the hour lose necessarily much of their interest.

Though, in this his first endeavour to collect the scattered poetical efforts of past days, the author has felt a wish to leave some account of his productions collectively, he has also endeavoured to extract a moral from the sentiments with which the retrospect has impressed him. Periodicalism is a great feature of the literature of the age, and the multitudes whom it attracts into its walks would do well to think seriously ere they rest upon it solely as a source of either a fair subsistence or reputation. The few who connect its occupation with business carry off all the prizes in the lottery. Genius of the first class will indeed usually force success there or anywhere; but the more moderately gifted, though they foresee it not in their fresh and ardent youth, will too often find, after the lapse of long years, that, in following Periodicalism exclusively, they have not pursued the course most likely to eventuate (as say the Americans) to their perfect well-being in life.

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